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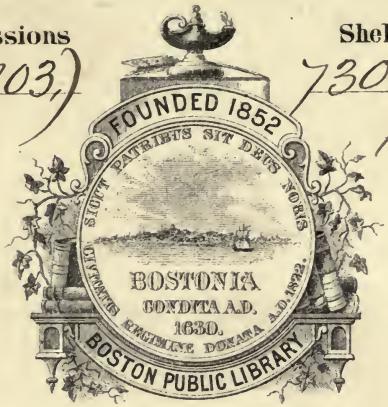

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MOSS ROSE

by

Mrs E. P. HOWARD

NEW YORK

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THE

MOSS ROSE,

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FOR

1852.

EDITED BY

MRS. EMELINE P. HOWARD.

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Preface.

Again the Moss Rose ventures before the lovers of the beautiful—the lovers of Flowers; and hopes to find a place in the splendid Bouquet of Fashionable Literature. Superior to its predecessors in the charming dress in which it appears, we hope the fragrance of its heart of hearts will not be diminished.

The productions of many of our most gifted writers are found within its pages; and if others appear who are young, and as yet unknown in the literary world, may not they be considered as the variegated and plebeian moss which contrasts so beautifully with the glorious and showy petals—the "veil of moss"—the finishing grace to the queen of flowers; and altogether calculated to please the eye and delight the mind?

In the fragrant atmosphere of the admirers of Flora, may this expanding bud flourish, undisturbed by the keen breath of criticism.

The pure and good love flowers; and to the young especially we would say—cultivate a taste—a love for them; they are free gifts to all—fresh from the Creator's hand; and add much to the innocent pleasures of life;

E. P. H.

Delhi, July 1, 1851.

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Isabel.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dread,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?''

SCOTT.

In July, 1848, at Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, the American army, late from Mexico, was disbanded; peace having been proclaimed between the two nations. Care-worn and weary were those who had survived perils by land, and perils by sea; and perhaps the waste of war was never more apparent, than at the time of the arrival of the troops upon their native shores. With tattered clothes, pallid faces, and impaired health, many sought their early homes—the wreck of what they had once been. Some were thrown out of employment, homeless and destitute, a burden to themselves, if not to the world; while others, whose vigorous constitution could better bear hardships, and whose firm moral principle could resist temptation, returned in triumph to their anxious friends. With many the sword was literally exchanged for a ploughshare, and the spear for a pruning-hook.

And not alone were the living borne in the gallant, crowded ships over the mountain waves. Some, whose eyes were closed in death's last sleep, were brought to be buried in their native soil, with military honors. And this is the glory of war! Honors for the dead—mourning for the living.

Among those belonging to the army, were doubtless many whose hearts beat high with joy at the prospect of meeting loved friends at home. Much as they delighted in defending their country, they were yet excited by the thought that they were soon to tread again upon their native soil—to look upon faces they loved lang-syne, and to hear the welcome of those voices which once were music to their ears.

Henry Warwick and Anson Brookfield formed a friendship some time previous to the commencement of our tale. Each had slowly but surely been promoted from a private soldier to the rank of a commissioned officer. Their acquaintance commenced after their names were enrolled among those of America's defenders; and gallantly did they maintain their position under her banners. Their friendship, based upon esteem, was firm and lasting; and though, in the chances and changes of war, they were often separated, yet they enjoyed the hours of meeting to talk over their hair-breadth escapes, and rejoice together that thus far each had possessed a charmed life. As if by tacit consent, they avoided speaking of their earlier days, and dwelt mostly upon the present and future. Perhaps tender recollections hovered around the endeared hearth of home; and a true soldier, wedded to his country, and pledged to fight her battles, is sometimes jealous of his own affections. Of course they would indulge in

no feeling of regret for those they had left behind, and the best prevention seemed silence. Under General Taylor they shared the victories of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, on the 8th and 9th of May, 1846; and while they rejoiced in the defeat of Generals Arista and Ampudia, they mourned the almost irreparable loss of Majors Brown and Ringgold, and Lieutenant Blake.

And many, alas! were the brave spirits, in those and after battles, who left their bones to bleach upon Mexican soil But why dwell upon those scenes which tried men's souls?

On the red field of Monterey, September 23d, Lieutenant Warwick was for a time disabled by a wound in the right arm. Faint and bleeding, he reclined upon his elbow, and anxiously looked forward to observe our standard still waving proudly over his countrymen. On—on they seemed rushing to slaughter, and the streets were now slippery with blood. At a great sacrifice, a foothold was at length gained in the enemy's line. The shouts of victory died upon his ear, as a deadly paleness came over his face, and he swooned upon the encrimsoned ground. But the battle ceased not, though he was insensible to its progress.

At length his temples were bathed with refreshing water—a cordial applied to his parched lips, and his head gently raised. He seemed at last to revive.

"Anson!" said he, feebly, "my best friend—tell my father that I died honorably—bravely, for my country—in the performance of my duty."

"You shall not die!" said a soft voice in broken English; and, with an effort, Warwick looked up. A young Mexican girl, beautiful as the ideal of a poet's dream, was

binding up the lacerated arm. The blood had ceased to flow, and recovering from the oppressive faintness which he had mistaken for the approach of the king of terrors, he silently watched the interesting countenance of her who had preserved his life. Never before had he seen one of such surpassing beauty—where woman's tenderness, and exalted virtue and fortitude, were so strikingly perceptible.

"And this," thought he, "is a specimen of that race, whom we are pursuing with such zeal. Like the good Samaritan, she binds up the wounds of an enemy. How can I again raise the sword against her countrymen!"

By means of broken words and gestures she made him understand that he must remain perfectly quiet while she attended to others lying at a little distance, and she would return to him again. He only succeeded in learning her name, "Phedora," and she was gone upon her errand of mercy. Her dress and appearance indicated exalted rank; and he carefully observed her movements, as fearlessly, among the warlike missiles, she ministered to the necessities of the wounded and dying—whether Mexicans or Americans, all equally shared her attention.

Warwick was amazed, that one so young and lovely should leave a home of opulence for the field of carnage, to alleviate the sufferings of an enemy, and that in the midst of constant exposure to the fire of both parties.

"Henry! my fine fellow," said Lieutenant Brookfield, as he approached the wounded officer, "I have found you at last. Are you safe?"

"How goes the battle? quick!" was the response.

"Favorably, but not yet decided," said Brookfield; "but who dressed your wounds?"

"An angel of mercy," he replied, "who saved my life. Look! see her flitting yonder, like a spirit, among those armed men—raising their heads—bathing them, and carefully removing whatever may oppress." And he sank down exhausted by the excitement.

"What is the nature of your wound, Warwick? is it dangerous, think you?"

"Oh, no," said he faintly, "only a flesh wound, I think; and being much heated in the engagement, the blood has flowed rather freely, as you perceive."

"Yes; and might have been fatal but for the attention of the unknown lady, thanks to her sweet face and disinterested kindness: but keep quiet, Warwick, and do not fatigue yourself with talking, while I get a litter to remove you?"

"One word—how came you here?"

"I received orders from our commander to seek you, learning you were wounded, and convey you to a tent."

"Not yet—not yet. Phedora will be here soon. I must see and thank her."

"As you please; only be quiet as possible:" and he stepped behind a little embankment, as the lady seemed coming in the direction of his friend.

True to her promise, she approached Warwick, and again examined the bandaged arm. Finding him much better than before, she intimated that with care and quiet he might do well. Brookfield joining them, she proceeded on her angelic mission.

A litter was procured, and the wounded man was borne to a more comfortable place of repose. Ere they left the spot, both turned to look at Phedora, who was still engaged in her labor of love, entirely unmolested.

Just then a chance ball struck her, and she fell to the earth, mortally wounded. She, too, was borne to the tent, and carefully attended by the Americans, till death ended her sufferings, about twenty-four hours afterwards.

In due time Warwick recovered, and was able to join his regiment—but with far different feelings than formerly. If his sword was raised against an enemy, the fair face of Phedora seemed to plead for her countrymen; and afterwards, in the battles of Buena Vista, Churubusco, and others, he felt disposed to act wholly on the defensive. When the colors of our happy republic floated broad and free over the walls of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and when ranging through the halls of the Montezumas, he could not banish from his mind the spiritual gaze of her who had been his preserver. A strange conflict was in his bosom; but fidelity to his country overruled all personal feelings.

Now the war was over, and they were once more upon American ground. Is it strange that each heart beat high, and pulse quickened, at the welcome which awaited them? When their feet pressed the firm soil that a few years back was moistened with the blood of those brave souls who nobly achieved their country's independence, can we wonder if an honest pride filled their hearts, that this was their own country—"the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

Brookfield, whose parents resided in New York city, and were anxiously expecting him, invited his friend to accompany him home, and spend a few weeks there; promising that he, in return, would go with him to his residence, in the western part of the State.

We purposely pass over the welcome of the long

absent son, on the return of the wanderer. Such scenes are too sacred for the eye of curiosity; and can only be felt or witnessed, to be understood. Oh! what a fountain of affection welled up from each heart!

CHAPTER II.

"Ye call up memories that I thought
"Forever buried in the past."

"She binds not her luxuriant hair
"With dazzling gem or costly plume,
"But gayly wreaths a rose-bud there,
"To match her maiden bloom."

MRS. OSGOOD.

"BLESS me! how tall sister Bell has grown," said Brookfield, as the two friends were sitting together in a drawing-room; "what an astonishing change! When I left home, seven years ago, she was a delicate little girl of eleven; and now I am quite surprised, and proud of her grace and beauty."

"It seems strange," said Warwick, "that you could ever tear yourself from such a home, to enlist as a soldier, and share the trials of a soldier's life."

"Of those trials, I knew little or nothing. It was, perhaps, a boyish whim—the love of glory—or something else that induced me. But our circumstances were then quite different. My father was poor; and unwilling to be a burden in any way, I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity to provide at least for one, if I could do no more."

"And your parents consented?"

"I knew the unwillingness they would feel to part with one of the household band, and therefore enlisted with a number of recruits, without the knowledge of my parents;

and being about to embark for Florida, I wrote and informed them of the step I had taken, of course representing everything in the fairest light."

"And felt brave enough, Anson, to face the enemy's fire, though not to witness a mother's or sister's tears."

"Just so, Henry; and I assure you I thought of them often when pursuing the hostile Indians through the swamps and marshes, suffering from hunger, and thirst, and fatigue. My father, meantime, was fortunate in business, and rapidly acquired wealth. When my term of service in the army expired, we were upon the eve of a battle in Mexico, and duty to my country told me I ought not to leave it, as you well know. But you have never told me what induced you to choose this mode of life."

"I entered the army at the call of my country, and with my father's sanction—he being an old soldier, and my mother died before I could realize her value. Yet well do I remember, even now, her mild, expressive face, and can almost feel her soft hand upon my head as I knelt down to repeat the little prayer she taught me Association with the rough world, and the recklessness of war, harden the heart, and make it for a time forget the joys of childhood, and of "home, sweet home;" but there are seasons when these soft memories will steal over the soul like refreshing dew upon the parched flower."

"Those who think a soldier devoid of feeling, mistake greatly," said Brookfield; "though it must be confessed there is not much refinement in a camp. But you are sad to-day, Warwick—are you so soon languishing for a military life?"

"By no means, Anson; but I was at the moment think-

ing of Phedora. Do you not trace a resemblance between her and your sister Isabel ?"

"I had not thought of it," was the reply,—"but there may be a similarity in the forehead, or glance of the eye, I hardly know which "

"'Tis in the manner, too, Anson, as well as in the fine forehead and beaming eyes. Unfortunate Phedora ! a martyr to her benevolent heart."

"And yet, my friend, who would not rather bid adieu to life so gloriously in relieving the wounded and dying, than spend long years in vanity and uselessness ?"

After a pause Warwick said, "I was never before captivated by a fair face ; and when I saw and adored, 'twas as if I worshipped a meteor that gleamed on my pathway, and then left me in deeper darkness than before. But like a meteor, she is for ever gone, and I think of her only as a beatified spirit."

Brookfield sought to change the subject, and divert his mind by mentioning his sister's party on the morrow evening ; and laughingly intimated that as they were among the lions of the day, and were requested to appear in full uniform, it behooved them to make the necessary preparations.

The appointed evening came. Wealth and splendor and beauty dazzled the eye. Several officers who had returned from Mexico, were there besides our friends ; and as all were permitted to wear their uniform for some months, they were habited accordingly. The whole presented a novel appearance in the goodly city of Gotham. Truly military equipments have a most bewitching effect upon spectators ; at least so thought many of the fairy belles, who, with their planning mammas, sought to

win the attention of those who had waded through blood to fame. Most brilliant was the scene; the young and beautiful, as well as ladies of a certain age, were sparkling with jewels. Diamonds were flashing and reflecting innumerable lights, till it seemed a glowing picture of the mines of Golconda. When Warwick had leisurely cast his eyes over the goodly company, they involuntarily rested upon Isabel Brookfield, who formed a striking contrast to her gay young friends. No jewel glittered in her auburn hair, nor sparkled on her neck of snowy whiteness. In her hand she held two moss roses with their opening buds and glossy leaves, which he had presented her the previous morning. Above her forehead another of pearly white, with its emerald settings, seemed to confine a lace veil which hung gracefully over her shoulders. A bracelet of her parent's hair encircled her wrist. These were her only ornaments, except that of a meek and quiet spirit, which was indelibly stamped upon her features.

"Surely," thought Warwick, "she is worthy of the noblest heart that ever beat within man's bosom! How incomparably superior to the glittering butterflies that surround her! Well may her brother be proud of her!"

Many were the little circles of individuals grouped together that evening to discourse upon some favorite theme; but the absorbing and all-powerful topic seemed to be the late Mexican War. And while the military gentlemen were replying to questions, and relating many exploits within their knowledge, even the scenery of Mexico was before their mind's eye. Corpus Christi, and the Nueces—Matamoras, and Point Isabel at the mouth of the Rio Grande—Camargo and Monterey—the narrow mountain pass of Buena Vista, where Santa Anna's twenty-

two thousand men were defeated by less than one-fourth the number of Americans—the city and castle of Vera Cruz, the great port of the Gulf of Mexico—Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, and Chapultepec,—and even the renowned city of the Montezumas near the beautiful Lake Tezcuco, with its floating gardens—all seemed like a grand diorama passing before the vision. To complete the picture, we should hear the cannon's roar amid the groans of the wounded, and behold the plains strewn with the victims of the battle—perhaps the flower of our youth thus perishing on the field of glory.

The evening passed pleasantly away. At length the guests dispersed; some to dream of the handsome officers —some, perhaps, of wars and rumors of wars—and one, at least, to dream of a seraphic face among the roses, that looked sadly, almost reproachfully, at the sword which hung by his side.

CHAPTER III.

"——— His early days
Were with him in his heart"

WORDSWORTH.

A MONTH soon glided by. Constant association, and a more intimate acquaintance only served to strengthen the bands of friendship. Charming as Isabel had at first appeared, her attractions increased; a well-stored mind gradually unfolded itself, and evey ruling action of life was the result of high resolve and fixed moral principle; and more than all, of the mild precepts of true religion. Her influence was felt in the young circle in which she moved, and the wiser and more advanced in life loved her society also. The eldest of the daughters, she was a valuable assistant to her mother, in caring for the juvenile members of the family.

And now her brother and his friend started upon their tour westward, journeying leisurely through the country, that they might enjoy the fine scenery and bracing air of our favored land. Many villages had sprung up as if by magic, since Warwick had last looked upon the landscape, and growing cities towered proudly among the forests at the West. What a change will a few years accomplish in a new country! Everything he beheld was full of interest to him, and as he approached his early home, his anxiety to behold his father increased. His mind dwelt

upon each familiar spot of his childhood—the old red homestead with high gable ends, shaded with maple, and linden, and locust trees,—the large door-yard intersected by gravel walks, bordered with flowering shrubbery, and a few choice plants—the kitchen garden—the fruit enclosure—the bubbling spring that trickled down the hillside, and danced along near a summer-house, and over which, in boyish days, he had constructed a tiny bridge—the neat barn where he had enjoyed many a frolic upon Saturday afternoons with his young friends and schoolmates—a favorite rock where he reclined under the shade of a dense overhanging tree, for reading, or reflection, or for building air castles—all were vividly before the mind's eye as they journeyed onward.

At length they met—the father and the son! With a proud heart, Col. Warwick pressed Henry's hands in his own, and retained them for a few moments, gazing in his face with silent thankfulness that a merciful Providence had saved his life, and preserved him from the many evils which beset a soldier's pathway. A welcome was speedily extended to his son's friend, Lieut. Brookfield, and the regard of each was mutual. An interesting young orphan, Helen Neville, was the companion of her uncle, Col. Warwick; and with a face radiant with smiles, she accorded a welcome to the returned soldiers. Oh, how much was to be asked and answered between father and son!

And Rochester was then in its pride! Several gallant officers were there to receive the hearty welcome and hospitalities of the worthy and refined inhabitants. Delightfully did our friends pass a month in and about the city, visiting all places of note in that vicinity. The beau-

tiful Genesee, the river of Western New York, after receiving innumerable tributaries, rolls its crystal waters by the rapidly growing city of Rochester, and empties into the noble lake Ontario. To stop at the towns and villages that bordered the river, and had sprung up like flowers in the wilderness, was a source of great pleasure to both. Mount Morris, particularly, with its neat buildings and righly laden fruit orchards, seemed to offer peculiar charms. Nor was a trip neglected to the magnificent sheet of water that thunders over the rocks at Niagara, beneath the glorious bow of promise; fit place for man to gaze in silent awe at the stupendous work of Omnipotence. Well, indeed, is the scene worthy of a voyage across the Atlantic, to obtain a sight of it!

Among the many persons with whom they became acquainted in R———, was a retired merchant from New York, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, Caroline and Florence. The family were evidently entitled to a rank with aristocracy. Mr. Acton, though of gentlemanly deportment, seemed purse-proud, and extremely close in pecuniary matters—but was, also, proud of the accomplishments of his still beautiful and fashionable wife and interesting daughters. The latter were just turned of eighteen, and had completed their education. Twin sisters, their resemblance was so close that strangers were unable to distinguish them—even their parents might be deceived by a change of some little ornament or ribbon worn as a mark of distinction. Like most others thus situated, they delighted to make the resemblance as striking as possible, and sportively enjoyed the surprise of their friends who discovered themselves in error. Their disposition, habits, and tastes were similar, with one ex-

ception—Caroline was fond of reading, and passed much of her leisure time in the study of judicious books; while Florence, full of life as the merry bird that flits from tree to tree, preferred to study Nature in her various forms. A ramble in the grove or wild wood, in search of flowers, or insects, or shining pebbles; to gaze upon the fleecy clouds with ever varying forms that float across the azure sky; to hear the music of the feathered songsters, and watch their graceful motions through the air—these possessed so many attractions for Florence, that when liberated from the confinement of a school-room, she resolved to bid adieu to books for a season. They were spending a few weeks at Rochester, with some relatives, and intended afterwards to visit Buffalo, before returning home.

Warwick and Brookfield were thrown frequently in their society, and appeared to enjoy it, finding the young ladies agreeable and accomplished; and Caroline and Florence were, in turn, gratified by the attentions of the handsome officers. Mr. Acton had ascertained that the friends of both were wealthy, and secretly rejoiced at the prospect of his daughters' conquests.

All proceeded together to Buffalo; but our friends spent only two days there, and then returned to Col. Warwick's at Rochester.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Tho' faded be their smile—
Yet for the sake of what hath been,
Oh! cast it not away!"

MRS. HEMANS.

The sweet face of Isabel Brookfield sometimes wore a pensive shade, and the mirthfulness of former days seemed to be passing for ever away. Was the absence of a newly found brother, for a few weeks, sufficient to fade the roses upon her cheek?

Her duties are not neglected, but eagerly does she seize upon her hours of retirement. She is absorbed with a treasure in a casket: is it the miniature of one her heart holds dear? Let us gaze between the auburn ringlets that fall so gracefully upon her snowy neck and shade her blushing face, as she gazes upon the object. No manly features meet the eye, no hidden jewel sparkles there. The withered bouquet of moss roses and buds, that she held in her hand upon the evening of her entertainment, alone is to be seen. What value can be attached to that? Oh, it is a keepsake—a souvenir, perhaps—and we all know how dear to the heart is the gift of a friend. How pleasant to examine trifling gifts, long cherished with care. Each one tells a tale as we gaze at it—and if the donor is absent, or sleeping beneath the clods of the valley, how greatly is the value enhanced! A sigh or groan will involuntarily escape the burdened heart, when we look upon a memento of the departed.

"In morning's early blush—
In evening's hallowed hour—
She turns away, alone to gaze
Upon her cherished flower."

And thought she ever of the giver?—one who was far away, and perchance remembered no more the careless gift of friendship? Little might one read what passed within the deep cells of her innocent heart; but if we look upon her fair face, we shall know that naught unhallowed enters there.

The treasure was safely enshrined, and the labors of the toilet completed, when Isabel descended to the drawing-room. Edward Fitzroy and his sister soon called. The former had long been one of the many admirers that fluttered about her path; but he elicited no preference in return, farther than esteem for his virtues. Formerly she had felt for him only indifference—now a feeling almost of disgust arose in her bosom, and with difficulty she managed to treat him with tolerable politeness. His sister had long been her friend, and was a kind of connecting link between them—at least so far as affability was concerned; and she soon exerted herself successfully to entertain her visitors. Another and another entered ere the two retired, and restraint was soon removed. Two hours thus passed, and wearied with what had once been a pleasure, she sought her room to muse upon the past—the present—and the veiled future.

Greatly relieved was Isabel when she learned that Fitzroy, far from mourning over the disappointment of his hopes with regard to her, sought to win the heart of another with whom he had long been acquainted, and

who had just returned to the city after an absence of several weeks. She felt that he was worthy of an undivided heart, and rejoiced that he was about to wed one who report said was deserving of him. Her daily round of duties was again a pleasure, and health bloomed upon her cheek. Previously, however, a letter from her brother announced his intention to return in a few days, and spoke highly of the pleasure he enjoyed with the hospitable father of his friend. He gave a glowing description of the scenery through which he had passed—of the society he met—in short, seemed well pleased with everything. He spoke of the Actons—of Helen Neville—of his trip to Niagara—and closed by saying that Warwick would accompany him home, but as yet they had formed no plans for the future.

With a face bright as angelic sweetness, Isabel again moved in the circle of which she had been one of the richest ornaments, and who could gaze upon that face without feeling assured that there was still purity upon earth?

CHAPTER V.

"Wealth may boast his splendid hall,
Pomp and luxury and pride,
Sculptured roof and pictured wall—
There's no comfort in them all
Like my own fireside."

J. CLARE.

"WARWICK!" said his friend, upon their return to Rochester, "I intend leaving for home on Monday next; will you return with me? Do so; and then we will arrange our plans for the future. I have spent too much time in idleness already."

"What now, Brookfield!" was the gay reply; "has the sentimental Caroline or the lively Florence turned your head? or are you unable to decide between them?"

"Perhaps I might with propriety ask you the same question," laughingly replied the other.

"I believe I am in no danger from that quarter," said Warwick, "either from the attacks of their bright eyes, or the calculating father's plans. Excuse my plain speech, if indeed you have an interest there, as I have supposed."

"Then I will frankly tell you, Henry, you mistake if you think me attracted to them further than the enjoyment of their society in public. I find them agreeable and pleasant companions; but had I really formed an attachment for either, I think love would have taken wings at the development of a net to entrap him."

"The girls are doubtless worthy, and I regret, for their sakes, the course of the money-loving father; yet neither

would be the wife a soldier would choose. Perhaps we are both fastidious, Brookfield!"

"It may be so: yet the sweet face of Helen Neville, your orphan cousin, tells me that however fastidious, she, at least, will come up to the ideal of excellence."

"My little cousin Helen? why have you not intimated this before! or rather why have I not had sufficient penetration to detect your admiration?"

"Simply because I have avoided any manifestation of it, feeling my unworthiness to solicit her hand."

"Nonsense, Anson; I think too highly of my cousin's good taste to suppose she would reject you."

"I scarcely dare hope; but her bright face is imprinted upon my heart, and shall be a talisman to preserve me from evil; and when I have made some necessary arrangements about my business, I hope to win her as the mistress of my heart and hearth."

"Success attend you! and now that the excitement of war is over, I, too, should like to settle down in domestic life, with the sunny face of the one I love best ever near, as the soother of sorrow, the partaker of joy, and an unfailing friend. I can conceive of no other place so pleasant as one's own fireside."

"But, Warwick, you will never love again, I fear, and then where will you find the sunny face to illumine the fireside?"

"I perceive I have a secret for your ear, Anson; another time I will tell you all. Oft, in my sleeping and waking moments, I have dared to paint to myself visions of earthly bliss, which I hope may yet be realized. A fair, bright face, with love-beaming eyes, where woman's tenderness stood forth confest,—like, very like the pre-

server of my life, who is now an angel above, but if possible of more polished beauty, was aiding me forward in life's pathway. How much more pleasant to contemplate such a picture, than a repetition of the reality through which we have passed in the last few years."

They returned to the city. Autumn reigned in all its grandeur: the forest trees on hill-side and mountain were gorgeously arrayed in maroon and crimson, scarlet and gold and pale green. Nature seemed to have put on her gayest apparel ere she was wrapped in the icy shroud of winter. They viewed the scene with wonder and admiration, so surpassingly beautiful, so unlike anything they had seen in more southern climes. Should a painter truly imitate our American scenery at this season of the year—by nations who had never witnessed it, the coloring would be condemned as an exaggeration. They paused again to take a glimpse of those beautiful sheets of crystal water, which stretched in gemlike splendor among the trees, and reflected the brilliant hues from the branches that bent admiringly over Nature's mirrors. Cities, towns, and villages hemmed in these placid lakes; frequently were their spires seen amid the forest, and the busy hum of industry was heard where lately wild animals prowled unmolested.

A few months after arriving in New York, the friends found themselves again thrown into the society of the Aetons. Another was bowing at their shrine, though they were welcomed as friends. They shared the happiness of all parties; when in due time Fitzroy received the hand of Caroline, and Florence was wedded to the chosen of her heart, a young physician, and one worthy of her.

Meantime, our friends were established in partnership

in the mercantile business there. Wearied with a roving life, they laid aside everything pertaining to military honors, and sought the calmer joys of home. They were prosperous and happy,—as all may be who resist temptation, and sustain an unsullied reputation; and offered a striking contrast to the unhappy beings who, though possessing the name of brother soldiers, fell victims to the vices that surrounded them, and which terminated in sorrow and shame, if not in death.

Each has taken to himself a wife, as friend and counsellor in times of need—one judiciously selected to share his joys and divide his sorrows; both realizing their bright dreams of domestic happiness. Helen Neville, glowing with health and beauty, proves all that her fond husband anticipated, when he styled her "the ideal of excellence;" and Isabel Brookfield, as the wife of Warwick, is ever to his eyes as beautiful as when she appeared among the sparkling throng, decked simply with the moss roses he presented to her.

A Fragment.

BY MRS MARY E. HEWITT.

We dwelt beside the sea. There, on a cliff,
Darkly o'ershadowed by a jutting crag,
Where far below hung the wild sea-bird's nest,
And high above the swooping eagle's eyrie,
Have I reclined in dreamy idleness,
And listen'd to the voices of the waves.

How bright they leapt, those laughing waves at morn,
To catch the sunbeams mirthfully upspringing,
Like fairy sprites disporting joyously,
Tossing, as 'twere, the cool lymph from their palms,
To join their elfin revel urging me.

Or where afar commingled flood and sky,
Mark'd I upon the dim horizon's rim,
Some outbound ship careering on her way;
A sea-nymph floating on her pearly shell,
Her white robe streaming out upon the wind,
Seem'd wreathing up her fair arms to the cliff,
And forth my heart went with her o'er the tide.

Or when at evening, for a cooling draught,
The sun in ocean plunged his brazen shield,
And the loud waves came booming o'er the deep,
Hurrying and charging wildly o'er the beach,
A warlike band of Tritons seem'd to advance,
Sounding, 'mid clash and din, their wreathed shells.

The Anglo-Saxon Race.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Stretch forth! stretch forth! from the south to the north,
From the east to the west,—stretch forth! stretch forth!
Strengthen thy stakes and lengthen thy cords,—
The world is a tent for the world's true lords!
Break forth and spread over every place,
The world is a world for the Saxon Race!

England sowed the glorious seed,
In her wise old laws, and her pure old creed,
And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,
And her resolute energies, ever young,
And her free bold hand, and her frank fair face,
And her faith in the rule of the Saxon Race!

Feebly dwindling, day by day,
All other races are fading away,
The sensual south, and the servile east,
And the tottering throne of the threacherous priest,
And every land is in evil case,
But the wide-scattered realm of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! brethren all!
By one great name on your millions I call,—

Norman, American, Gael, and Celt,
Into this fine mixed mass ye melt,
And all the best of your best I trace
In the golden brass of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! faithful and free,
Lords of the land and kings of the sea,—
Anglo-Saxons! honest and true,
By hundreds of millions my word is to you,—
Love one another! as brothers embrace!
That the world may be blessed in the Saxon Race!

Vala; or, the Nightingale.

A MYTHOLOGICAL TALE.

I. NORLAND.

Far off, there is a land where the unbroken fields of snow stretch themselves drearily and without end, toward the ice-bound pole. There, for two-thirds of the year, gloomy night, ancient mother of all things, reigns oppressively over the half-ripened harvests, save when the pale midnight sun casts its oblique rays into the pine forests, and illuminates them as if with streams of flowing silver. The sea breaks upon the rocks of the sounding coasts, and awakens myriads of polar birds, who wheel and scream in the air like so many spirits haunting the desolate heights, while the mists, hanging about the cliffs, twist themselves into gigantic and fearful shapes, which fill the minds of the human dwellers there with a mysterious awe. There, too, the ages of Saga and the Heathen have left their stupendous traces. Every mountain, every vale, almost every tree has its tradition of spectre and transformation, and even while you walk the level field, deep rumbling subterranean sounds tell of the great cauldrons of the giants, and of the far stretching and brilliant grottoes, beneath where the elves have their home, and the fiery gnomes forge their terrible weapons of war. But it is not all cold and desolate. To the south, the sun, in the summer time, warms the valleys

and woods into summer-bloom; the air grows soft and balmy; the brooks are unlocked from their frozen sleep; the snug little farms are astir with the sounds of cattle and farmers afield; and the heavy mosses which cling about the firs, blush with their rosy and purple wild flowers. But the days of the blossoms are few and short, and the friendly rays darted by the shining southern skies fly swiftly back to their more genial home. Yet the people there, both south and north, have warm sunny hearts; if nature repels them by her outward aspects, they find so much the more of what is beautiful and lovely within. The glow and brilliancy of fancy, the depths of imagination, the ever present verdure of love, the melting fire of affection, compensate for the want of the dazzle and heat of tropical climes.

From that land, many long years ago, the snocker or cockle of adventurous mariners put forth into measureless seas of ice, seeking for settlements in Greenland. The courageous youth Bitracca first, afterwards Lief, and still after him, Kathine. Along the coast, between the cliffs, winding through the hundred islands of the strand, like the sea-maws, they skimmed the seas. Through foaming breakers, and through whistling storms they sailed, outflying the south-west wind, but the much longed for Greenland they did not find. They found instead a more distant land—a land whose shores no longer nurtured the icebergs, but were white with silver sand, whose surface was overgrown with wood, where the day and night were of almost equal length, and where they ate the luscious grape and Indian corn under the noble Masur or spotted maple tree Then on the Dighton rocks they carved the hieroglyphics of their short stay, and went back to their

northern home never to return again. Though to them the dangers of the ocean were a sport, and the wild whistling of the tempests music, and the mad heavings of the sea a dance—they never more returned. They have slept for long eras now beneath the snows.

II. LITTLE VALA AND THE BIRDS.

Centuries, we say, had fled, when a daughter of that bold northern race, a child, was playing among the flowers of the forests that skirt the ancient capital of Manheim. She was blue eyed and flaxen haired, and skipped along the ground with limbs as lithe and flexible as those of Kulnesach, the reindeer, when he flies across the frosts. She sought the deep groves, where she had come to know the name of every plant—the ladies' mantle, and the silver weed, and the wild strawberry—and where she could talk with every bird, from the robin and starling, to the linnet and the nightingale. As she walked along, a subdued murmur of tiny voices sounded from the grass, the spires of which bent to each other, as if to hold some sweet converse. The flowers exhaled their richest and most exuberant odors; the purple rays of the setting sun fell upon the dark brown shadows of the forests, here and there, throwing far into the dusky glades a golden beam of light, in which many-colored butterflies and myriads of sparkling moths were sporting. Note upon note of enchanting melody floated upon the air; and a strange, half real, half heavenly elation excited her mind, and gave a quick spring to her steps. She recalled many a gay and grim legend of the mountains and fields; of the alfer who dwell in the middle of the oaks; of the dwarfs who shape the flashing dwarf crystals, and of the too fasci-

nating Necken, whose inaudible songs accompany the bubbling of the brooks. Brushing the diamonds of dew from the bushes of the wild rose, she penetrates to the inmost thicket of a glen, overhung with moss-grown trees, and surrounding a fountain—the fountain of Uller, as she called it, whose source is in the distant Rain Valleys. There she took a seat upon a velvet rock, and called her favorite birds, each by its own gentle name, which she had given. The linnet she named Lofna, after her who had power to reconcile divided friends; and the nightingale she called Siona, because she awakens the first sweet feelings in the breasts of youths and maidens; and the lark she called Hlyn, as she could sing away all the tears from the eyes of the unfortunate. These, and a thousand others, came flitting about her, hopped nearer and nearer, and eyeing her askance, at last timidly circled round her head, and coquettishly played with her locks. In a voice sweeter than their own, she sung to them:

Hither, sweet minstrels, come hither to me,
And carol your loves from the beech-nut tree,
In dresses of russet and crimson and white,
Whose colors were dyed in the dawn's golden light;
Through the winding glades of your leafy home,
Come finches, come sparrows, come seven-sleeps, come!
And pour on the tides of the tuneful breeze
Rich gushes of many-voiced harmonies.

To which all the feathered tribes, flitting down from their secluded retreats and their lofty out-looks, quickly joined in reply:

Who calls us away from our silent repose
On the dew-spangled branch of the fragrant rose;

The stalk of the mullen, the curl of the vine;
The soft silken lap of the wild columbine?
'Tis Vala, the sybil, the gay child of song,
Who wanders the thickets and mosses among,
To learn the sweet art that is hid in your throats,
Then yield her, ye warblers, your richest of notes.

Scarcely had she closed, when still other troops upon troops flocked around, which listening attentively, at last poured out their hearts in powerful streams of melody. The woods rang, and re-echoed with the bewildering chorus. Vala listened to the infinite modulation, sound rising upon sound, note intertwining with note, now distant, now near, now swelling like a gale, and now tinkling like the bell of the goat-herd on the Alpine peak, till her whole being was bathed and borne upward by the thousandfold harmony. Reverently, absorbed with breathless awe and adoration, she listened, till overcome by her ecstacy, she dissolved into tears. Then the birds crowded more closely than ever about her; they watched her with their round bright eyes, hopping anxiously from spray to spray, as if they knew and sympathized in her distress. One by one they approached and sang their cheerfullest songs; the thrush whistled from the thorn-bush; the robin chirruped in the fir-tree; the linnet carroled from the sprigs of the ash, while the lark filled the whole woods with profuse thrills and outpourings of sound. Vala lay for hours in this swoon of ravishment and bliss: but what her dreams were then, whither her mind wandered, what glorious scenes she saw, what sweet communion with the spirits of the bird-heavens she held, no one knows, and a spell was upon her that she should not tell. She came gradually to, but the night had ad-

vanced and warned her to return; yet as she went, while the shadows were gathering fast she sighed to herself: "Oh, why was not I a bird, that I might fly away, when dark winter comes, to summer realms, where they sport and sing for ever!" Then a deep, mysterious voice said to her from the air, "Thou shalt be a bird:" but in her destraction she heard it not, and hurried on gloomily to the cottage where her parents dwelt.

III. SORROWS AND SAGAS.

The dark winter soon came, and the birds went away; but our little Vala flew not away with the birds. She sat lonely and drooping by the lambent fireside, and longed ardently for the return of the spring. Near the pine-torch on the table sat the father, ruling the big copy-books to be used by the children of the small school he taught in the village. Ever and anon he would look up from his work, take a whiff from his painted pipe, and, casting a glance at the idle girl, mutter that she would never earn her oatmeal, much less a coriander cake. She is more idle than the dogs who sleep in the pastor's kitchen. Then, the mother—the excellent housewife—as she dipped the curdled milk into a pot, with a huge silver spoon, in preparation for the next day's morning meal, would heave a sigh. She too lamented the dreamy idleness of the child, but, mother-like, thought some good would yet come out of it. The girl grew more sorrowful still, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. "Away with you to bed!" shouted the father, who proposed reading a word or two out of Atterbom to himself, and did not wish to be disturbed. Vala stole noiselessy to her solitary room; and, as she was accustomed to utter all her

emotions in song, she took a seat by the window, where she might look at the pale moonlight as it fell upon the red fir-cones, and sung:

Ah me, what aileth
My sorrowing heart,
How sore it waileth
Some nameless smart.

In this mine anguish,
God! pity take,
Who in rood did languish,
For my poor sake.

But the good mother from below, who heard her voice, and knew by the tone that it was a plaint of distress, ascended the stairs soon after, and sought to beguile the child of her wo, by stories of the old Scandinavian past. She would talk of Alvater, creator of gods and men, who held the least as well as the greatest of his creatures in his complacent arms; of Fráa, the mild and bounteous, whose look was an eternal spring, and who loved to hear the prayers of mortals; of Baldar, the beautiful, brilliant as the white lily, god of eloquence and just decision; and of Bragur, who strikes the chords of the golden Telyn, while his wife, Iduna, keeps the apples of immortal life. Rousing her interest thus, the good mother would branch off into the more fearful or more fantastic traits of northern mythology. Then she would tell of Thor, the thunderer, whose hammer struck along the skies, crushing thunder out of every object; of Gerda, the daughter of the ice giants, whose shining white arms, stretched out of the windows of the north, set the whole heavens ablaze with lights; of Heimdal, who guarded the seven colored

bridge to the skies, against the evil giants ; who could hear the grass grow, and the wool on the backs of lambs ; and finally of the fair sisters, the Nornas, who sit at the foot of the wondrous ash, Igdrasill, whose roots are deep down in the gloomy kingdoms of Hala, but whose top reached to the highest heaven. Thus the mysteries of life and death, and of much that is after death, were darkly shadowed forth to the child, as they had been to the childhood of the nation—to take in future time a clearer significance.

Yet mingled with these obscurer traditions were given truths from a better source—such as the immortal bard of Firthloff's Saga chaunts to the "Children of the Lord's Supper," when he tells them that

"Love is the root of creation: God's essence: worlds without number
Live in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and be loved, he breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and, upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of Heaven."

All this the good mother breathed over her child, and then repeated, in a tone half recitation and half song, to a wild northern air, this charm to rest:

High o'er the summits
Broods Peace,
Among all the branches
Thou see'st
Scarcely a breath ;
The birds are asleep in the nest;
Wait thee, now—thou, too, shalt rest,
Calmly as death.

Under the influence of this the gentle Vala, composed, cheered, and comforted, sank into a soft sleep, only to dream of Gladheim, the palace of Joy, and Wingolf, where the perennial fountains flow.

IV. THE STRANGE LADY.

Spring came at last, and the summer, and with the latter, the mid-summer's eve, a day peculiarly dear to the good people of the Northland. It was a day of merriment and happiness, when all classes, dressed in their holiday attire, might have been seen streaming toward the high festival trees. The houses were decorated as for a fete. In the interiors the floors were strewn with fir-twigs, mingled with blossoms and leaves of flowers; while the outsides were hung with evergreen boughs, and branches woven in interminable wreaths around doorways and windows.

In the centre of the village, the point to which all the various groups were tending, they had planted tall trees, which, stripped of their bark, were wrapped round with many colored strips of paper. A thousand nameless objects dangled in the wind from their outstretching arms, empty egg-shells, which clattered as they swung, little flags waving merrily, clippings of paper, wind-mills, dolls gravely treading the thin air, and all making sport for the youngsters, who gathered in multitudes below. There, too, on smaller poles were suspended sweetmeats and playthings, to which the eager longing children bent their eyes, as the happy groups in Germany do about the Christmas Tree.

Merrily the music sounded from the flute, the cithern, and the harp; heartily the young men and the maidens

whirled away in the waltz, which Schiller so beautifully compares to the winding dances of the stars. The old women chattered and gossipped; the old men laughed and sipped their home-brewed ale; while the children, in the maddest mirth, gamboled and frolicked over the green grass of the plain. But the loudest in her mirth there, and the wildest in her antics, was the little girl that had made so many friends among the graves. She ran and leaped with the fastest, screamed with the loudest, danced with the gayest, and when the boisterous sports were done, she gathered the little circles round her, and sung with the sweetest grace, and at the same time the archest drollery, her Song of the Birds.

Come, children, away,
From the dance and play
To the groves!
Where the flowers are springing,
And the little birds singing
Of their loves.
Tralla—tralla—lira, lirada!
How the merry little rout
Through the branches flit about,
Tralla, lira la!
And split their swelling throats
With a rubadub of notes,
To wee—tiskadee—wobble—wobble—cha!
Tralla, lira, lira, la—lira la!
Chirrup, chirrup—peewet—to whoo!
Chatter, whistle, warble, cuckoo!
How the insects glitter,
And the green leaves twitter,
Tralla! tirala!
While the starling, and the wren, and the linnet sing,
And the alfer dance in the fairy ring,
Come away!—Come away!

As the echoes of her sprightly voice died off in the distance, the birds in the copse seemed to catch and prolong the strains, which they mingled with the vesper hymns they were then sending up, with the fragrance of flowers, into the evening glow. All the children, entranced, yet amazed and provoked to laughter by her imitations, broke simultaneously forth into clappings and shouts of applause. "Again, Vala," they cried, "again, Yuchla; thy voice is clearer than the bell, brighter than the lark's, when, from the dewy depths of the sky he heralds the morn, and richer than the nightingale's, from the darkling shadows of the woods, lamenting the thorn in her breast." The elders, attracted by the noise, came nearer, and soon formed part of the group.

Vala, nothing loth, but pleased with the pleasure she had given, remarked, with a charming simplicity, "I am so happy that I can sing; I learned it first from the birds. Well, now, listen to a story of the neck!"

She then sang as follows:

As the last red glow of twilight
  Fell from the dark'ning skies,
I sat by the crimson ocean,
  And saw the gray mist arise.

I saw the yellow foam curling,
  From the waters' gentle swell,
I heard the mysterious music,
  Of the sea-snail's pearly shell.

Out of the billows a maiden,
  Begirt with the green sea-grass,
Arose, with her tresses dripping,
  And gazed in a silver glass.

She gazed in her silver mirror,
And she combed her golden hair,
While she sang the song of the Necken,
To a wild and wondrous air.

She sang of her coral dwelling,
In the ocean caves below;
I felt a resistless longing
Down in those realms to go.

I felt that my feet were gliding
Along the sands of the shore,
I knew that mother and sisters
Would find me on earth no more.

No burst of approbation followed this legend, which was sung with as wierd and wondrous an air as it ascribed to the Neck; but the whole circle stood breathless, with their blank faces and their eyes staring, as if they had been smitten suddenly with some great dread and sorrow. The girl, too, overcome by the emotion of her own song, cast down her head. The blood had fled from her cheeks, her looks were wild, and she trembled in every limb. "*Ach Gott in Himmel!*" exclaimed a little lady who suddenly appeared in a brilliant dress of changeable satin, adorned with jewels and chains, and ornaments of all kinds, and who, elbowing her way through the throng, was the first to break the silence—"*Ach, Liber Gott!* but can she always sing so?" rushing towards the girl, she caught her up in her arms and gave her a thousand kisses. "Dearest angel, daughter of all the Lichtelfs, can you sing more like that?" "Oh, yes, indeed," replied she, the solemn, mysterious expression still remaining on her features; "I can sing all the songs Odin taught Volthar, when he hung him nine days in the

wind, pierced by a sword. 'T was on the tree whose root mortals dare not name. No king's daughter, no son of men, can sing them—but they only whom the Aser love, who have drunk of the honey-dew, and read the runes. Nine songs I know," she continued, in an elevated inspired tone—"yes, twelve; which Dain, the dwarf, and Asvid, the giant, and Dwalain, the elf, and Voluptsa, the prophetess, have heard, yet beside them no other. The first is for help in the time of need; the second for medicine; the third blunts the swords of our enemies; the fourth breaks the chains of evil love; the fifth directs the flying arrow; the sixth charms away anger; the seventh puts out the flame of burning houses; the eighth turns beasts into men; the ninth disarms the witches when they fly through the air; the tenth stills the winds; the eleventh raises the dead; and the twelfth awakens true maiden's love! Ha! ha! ha!"

Then the girl, laughing strangely, ran away, calling her companions after her as she went. But the strange lady followed at the top of her speed, shouting to the volant troop to come back: "Vala, thou eldest-born of Freai, come back. Vala—I will get thee gold and silver, and precious stones. Thy path shall be strewn with flowers, and the young men and the old men shall call thee blessed." After awhile, Vala ran back.

"But who are you?" asked the girl.

"Oh!" replied the stranger, "I am the queen of the Enchanted Realm, which hangs between the heavens and the earth, where the spirits of light and beauty have their home. In the world it is, yet above it—a terrestrial Valhalla, whose midnight is more gorgeous than its noon, and the commonest people glitter in all the magnificence

of kings and queens. There dwell the heroes of all time, whose praises are struck on golden harps by the immortal bards, while Valkyrias of poesy, music, and the dance, carry round their foaming cups of delicious mead. There the wretched are made glad, the dull lively, the prosaic ideal, and the common-place glorious. No kingdom of earth is so old; none will last so long; it began before Odin; it will live longer than the gods. It is everywhere in time, and omnipotent in space; and when the wolf Fenris shall have swallowed the past, the gay and beautiful and sublime creatures of our world will still flourish and bloom."

Vala, who had hung with rapture upon this description of a new and beautiful world, sprang suddenly into the arms of the lady, exclaiming, "Oh! take me there, dear lady, take me there; 'tis of that world that I have dreamed since I was a child. Where is it, and what is its name?"

"Lichtalfheim, or the Temple of Mingled Delights by the initiated; though vulgar mortals, in their profane speech, have called it the theatre!" resumed the lady.

"The theatre!" shrieked now the pious mother; "God in heaven protect us! The theatre! 'tis the black home of Loki; 'tis the lowest hall of Nifleheim, where the serpents coil and hiss. Come hither, my child, and pray to be forgiven for having thought of that wretched abomination."

But the child did not go; she clung to the Changeable Lady; she insisted that she must see the new world; she expostulated with her parents; she wept; she stormed; she gave them no peace thereafter, but in vain.

At last, after several months, when they found she was pining away, they consented, with sorrowing hearts, that

she might pay a visit to the strange lady, and her magical haunts, should she ever again be found. Scarcely had they spoken, when she appeared. Again, they were reluctant, but teasing, importunate Vala prevailed, and finally set out. We will not describe her ardent joy, as she approached the sacred premises; nor yet her infinite disappointment and sorrow, when she was told by the arch-magician that long years of toil would be necessary to fit her for a reception as one of the enchanted people. She was told that far away lived a song-smith, a stern but powerful Kobold, who could alone prepare her to be initiated into the celestial arts and mysteries.

V. THE SONG-SMITH.

Vala's parents were poor, and it was only with infinite difficulty and sacrifice that they procured the means of sending her to the far-off forges of the song-smith. But her hopes were bright, and she consoled them, in their sore distress and need, with rainbow promises that she would send them back mountains of gems. They smiled at her excited fancies even in the bitterness of their distress, and parted from her with drooping eyes.

She traveled over seas, over mountains, over plains, over dales, and at last arrived at an immense and populous city of the Gnomes, which glittered in the sun-light like a thousand pinnacles and spires. She was without friends and alone; her soul sank within her as she saw the gay crowds pass by her in the thoroughfares. The gorgeous palaces of the genii rose on all sides of her, in overpowering splendor. Brilliant plates of glass covered their fronts; ornaments of gold were wreathed about the high broad doors; the columns were of marble and porphyry,

and the interiors were furnished with the richest silks, tapestries, and porcelain. But, alas! this magnificence was not for Vala. She was doomed to work out her hard apprenticeship far away in the distant dens of the great city, where the dirty gnomes and the black alfer, hideous, begrimed, and distorted, were incessantly manufacturing the indescribable splendors of the more fortunate spirits. There, amid filth, discord, and rioting, she selected a little cell where she might sing unobserved.

Early the morning after her arrival in the Gnome city, she arrayed herself in her tastiest garb, and set out for the workshop of the Song-smith. He lived in a spacious hall, that seemed to be constructed entirely out of the lungs of mortals, save that the floors were of box-wood, the sleepers of brass, and the beams of catgut. It was elastic like India rubber, and could be inflated or collapsed. On the sides stood confused crowds of inanimate figures, most of them grotesque and monstrous, but a few graceful and pleasing. They were inanimate only when left alone; but if a stranger touched them they gave out the fearfulest sounds that were ever heard in the witches' chorus on the Brocken—sighs, shrieks, gibbers, hisses, wails, and roars. They would scream like an infant in agony; they would howl like brutes in their rage; they would chatter like ghosts in the cold moonlight; and they would groan and whistle and tramp like tempests in a wood. But let a friend or familiar approach them, and suddenly, their hideous screechings would change into the sweetest Æolean harmonies that ever floated around Odin's crystal throne. As Vala entered, she trembled to her inmost nerves. She could hardly reach the high stand where the tall Song-smith sat in the midst of the

instruments of his trade. He was gloomy and dark, and his eyes shot forth a strange unhallowed fire. "What do you want?" he asked, in a soft southern tongue, but with a severe and repulsive accent. "I want to be taught all your art and mystery," was the modest half articulated reply. "Sit down then, and sing there," rudely continued the Smith. Vala, almost sinking with agitation, essayed to sing an old rhyme about Sir Ulef and the Elves; but she was too much frightened to get beyond a single stave. The gloomy old Kobald frowned!

"Hum!" after a time he said, the strange fire radiating from his eyes, "what baroque and devilish stuff is that? It will not do; you have no manner, no style, no *aplomb*, no *tout ensemble*,—no, ah! but yet you have a voice,—go home! and come to me in three years! adieu." Saying this, he bowed her down stairs. Poor Vala! The Peri driven from the gates of Paradise could not have been more sadly wounded, and grieved, and cast down, than she was when she heard this dread sentence, coming like a moan from the immeasurable voids. The sweet fancies of a life were turned into wormwood and gall. Her rainbows of hope had suddenly vanished into thick night. A black, utterless despair covered the earth and the heavens. Her limbs scarcely bore her to her little dark cell, when she flung herself upon the bed and wept aloud in all the desolation of an inconsolable anguish. But it was not for herself she wept: she thought of her parents far away on the earth, struggling wearily under the heavy load of poverty; she thought of her brothers and sisters doomed to long lives of graceless unrequited toil; she thought of the disappointment that would come upon all who had conceived so much from the promises

of the Changeable Lady. Oh, she said, it would be so beautiful to sing, so beautiful to console the old and bowed down and broken hearts, so beautiful to scatter treasures among the poor, when I return among the mortals. But now I am forced down into the dark halls of Elidmir; I walk alone through the pale realms of Hela, whose palace is Misery, whose table is Hunger, and whose servant, Delay: Mitgard, the snake, encompasses me, and Nidhoggur, the dragon, will gnaw for ever at the roots of my joy. Indeed, indeed, I shall wander, like Ran's daughter, the dolorous, with pale hair, from rock to rock, seeking warm hearts that I may clasp to my cold bosom.

In the midst of her repinings, a canary who hung a prisoner at the casement, warbled a farewell strain to the setting sun. She sprang from her bed, took the bird and laid him close to her white breast. The sound had revived grateful reminiscences of the hours that she had formerly spent in the wood. Who, dearest Consoler, she said, taught thee to sing but the Alfater of whom the good mother speaks? Hast thou any song-smith? hast thou then years of apprenticeship; hast thou the *aplomb* and the *tout ensemble*, and the other horrible things? No! no! no! Then she put aside the bird and took up the cither, which was her constant companion, and sung this rhyme, which she had heard her father sing in earlier days, the music of which, perhaps, more than the words, was her inspiration. Perhaps too, in the closing stanza she fancied there was something suited to her own condition.

In dreams I go back to childhood,
I shake the years from my head;

How the images draw me homeward,
  Which I thought so long since dead.

High o'er the umbrage there glimmers
  A castle which stands alone;
I know its broad towers and turrets,
  Its gates, and the bridges of stone.

From rude armorial bearings,
  The lions look friendly and true,
I greet the familiar old objects,
  As I hasten the court-yard through.

There lies the Sphynx, at the fountain;
  There the gray fig-tree gleams;
There in the casement's shadow,
  I dream my earliest dreams.

I walk in the silent chapel,
  I seek my ancestor's grave.
There is't; and there, from pillars,
  Hang the old helmet and glaive.

My eyes, thro' their mists see legends,
  But ah, can read them no more,
Tho' clear, from the painted window,
  The light falls broad on the floor.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
  I see thee now face to face,
Yet thou from the earth hast perished,
  The plough goes over the place!

Be fruitful, I bless thee, oh field,
  The dearest, yet saddest to me,
And I bless him doubly, who ever
  May drive the plough over thee!

For me, I will fold up my feelings,
Will take my harp in my hand,
And over the earth as I wander,
Go singing from land to land.

The last verse was sung in a tone so plaintive, and yet so passionately sweet, that it arrested one who was passing below in the street. "*Per dio,*" he said to himself, "but Dante's Beatrice never sang so divinely amid the choir of Paradise! Who can it be? I must see." He ascended to the room and entered. It was the Song-smith himself—and the song, he found, was one that had, years before, been made out of the incidents of his own mortal life. He caught the girl in his arms; he smothered her with kisses; he showered whole skyfulls of praises on her; in short, there were no bounds to his enthusiasm. "Come," he said, "come live with me! I will teach thee all I know; I will make thee the wonder of the world—a Mara—a Sontag—a Malibran." "No," answered the modest maiden; "I hate your horrible Nifleheim, and I will never sing in it more." Then she tore herself petulantly away.

She was as good as her word, and she never sang there, though the whole city afterwards rose in a mass to shout her welcome.

VI. LICHTALFHEIM.

But in the inscrutable decrees of the Nernen, who sit at the pools of fate, poor Vala was destined to go through her wearisome but fruitful years of discipline among the Gnomes. They were years of toil, of pain, and of struggle to her—years when she had to battle incessantly with stout heart against the Black Spirits, who malignantly

sought to seduce her into their own infernal realms; who plied her with the poison draught of false praise, and drove her to madness with the ring and clatter of their foul discords. But she fought on resolutely to the end; until she was summoned to attend the mysterious ceremonies of that magical Lichtalfheim, for which she had so often yearned. Her way thither led through a dreary lawn; no fresh dews fell upon the grass; no golden beams from the sun bathed it; and the perfume of flowers was changed into noxious exhalations. High walls, whose loopholes gleamed ever and anon with many colored balefires, rose on every side of inextricable passages and lanes, soft with the mud and rubbish of a deluge. In the midst of all stood a dingy Dome, sacred in the day time to silence and rats; but in the evening, eager, tumultuous crowds pressed round its fantastic front, some in rags, and some in jewelled dresses of ermine and silk. As she approached, a little boy, with a link, beckoned her to a small door in the rear, which she entered, and threading her way up endless winding stair-cases and along dark corridors, she came full upon a great open space, which had the look of an immense gloomy cavern. Strong smells of burning sulphur and paint puffed out from its huge black jaws.

Such another confused, wonderful cave of the Imps she had never seen. It seemed as if all the objects of creation had been taken apart and flung there into heaps. Faint lights flickered at long intervals on the columns and walls, only serving to render the darkness more visible, and the forms more hideous and grotesque. In one place the trees stood on their tops; great feudal castles, projected down from the midst of cities, hung like Fata Mor-

gana in the air; carriages rode on the roofs of Swiss huts; and the vast ocean wrapped itself round a piece of gilt furniture. In another place, periwigs, skullcaps and coffins were irretrievably mingled with stew-pans and burnished armor. A motley crowd of all imaginable personages move busily through the openings—cardinals, kings, mermaids, ghosts, and Jack Puddings: gauze angels with little wings chatted with green snakes and salamanders; fearful sepulchral figures were smoking pipes on the stuffed bodies of elephants; clowns twigged the nose of a sleeping Belshazzar; and little undressed children sat eating lollipops from the crater of Mount Etna. Then frightful discordant noises arose, screaming and snoring and wailing—as if all the familiars of the Song-smith had made this their Walpurgis rendezvous.

Whoop, scream, clatter, smash,
Kettles thunder, cymbals smash;
Trumpet, flute, and violin
Swell the preparation din;
Fiddles shriek, and oboes sigh,
Bassoons echo from the sky,
Small drums madly roll and bang,
Viols sob and howl and twang;
Demons all from lowest hell,
Who toll their fiend-wold's dreadful knell.

But scarcely had Vala time to note her own surprise, when a bell sounded, like the silver bell of the alfer, and all the parti-colored figures glided away to their dens: the jar and tumult ceased; the trees and houses and water-falls rose into their natural positions, and a broad flood of light poured suddenly in on all sides, as from ten thousand stars. Then she felt that she was at last near

what she had long sighed for; then a mighty presence, like some deep master-passion, hovered above her; she inhaled a rapturous inspiring atmosphere; her head swam with wild dizziness of delight, and her whole being was roused into a ravishing strength and excitement. She raised her eyes; and she found herself, in a moment, by some irresistible and powerful enchantment, back into the early ages of Gaul: the sacred oaks of the Druids rose gloomily with their deep shadows around her; the altar of sacrifice burned in the woods; the crescent moon hung in the dark blue skies; the mystic wreath was on her brow; and her bosom swelled and palpitated with the fiercest contending impulses and passions. She had been transformed by a solemn charm into a priestess and a mother. A Roman general had won her most passionate love; he had left her, the base one, for another; and now the fierce warriors and gloomy vengeful elders of her nation demanded at her hands his life. Oh! then how love and wrath, and superstition and pride battled in her pent-heart. How she plead with him in æolian strains, so soft that they might have charmed the evil spirit out of Loki; how she threatened him, in the harsh roll of gongs! In the yearnings of an infinite despair, she raised the knife over her sleeping children; in the prompting of as infinite a love, gave herself for their sakes to the flames. With what proud dignity, with what heart-wringing pathos, with what natural sweetness and tenderness, with what wild fire and fearful energy, she went through the varying phases of her new life, who shall describe? And when she fell in the dread temple of Irminsul, in that final agony of love and self-sacrifice, it seemed as if a tempest had dragged the sphered moon from its sky.

She fell, apparently never to rise again. But suddenly a roar like the crushing of Thor's hammer, and lightning flashes from ten thousand eyes, restored her to her own natural life. She rose from the funeral pile, pale, trembling, timid; a myriad of upturned delighted faces greeted her from the air—each step of her feet pressed innumera- wreaths and clusters of flowers from the solid earth; jeweled hands waved her the warmest greetings of ducal and royal hearts; a soft shower of golden rain enveloped her; and multitudes of voices, on the breath of kisses, proclaimed that henceforth and for ever her name should be written in the Immortal Runes. Then a stream of happiness poured into her soul, such as mortal had never known,—such only as the dwellers in Ashgard feel when they ride with the heroes on the plains of Ida.

VII. THE DRAGON-SHIP ELLIDA.

Once immersed in the witch element, Vala soon became its mistress, the bewitchingest of its many witches and fays. Her charms were more powerful and seductive than all that is told in the eastern fable of Scheherade, or the northern sagas of Arne Magnusen. Now, a simple, tender, devoted peasant, she subverts the wiles of the famous devil, Robert of Normandy; then an orphan and subtler girl, she entrances the great army of the Tyrol; again she sports with Puck and Ariel and Robert Good- fellow, where the wild Bermudas ride; and anon she raises buried nations of Asia from the tomb. Wherever she waves her wand and speaks the magic words, new glories and splendors spring from the clouds. But now, in the midst of her triumphs, the old scenes of her incantations find her no more; she disappears—and her worshippers

are inconsolable for her loss. She is out upon the seas, which roll her to some distant land. The angry aegers of the tempest flap their pursuing wings behind her! the hundred-footed trolls lash the waters into fury with their twisted and scaly tails, huge sea-crabs and walruses lift the seething billows upon their backs, and dash them down again fearfully into the briny deep; but what recks the courageous Vala. Her dragon-ship Ellida, whose iron jaws eat living coals, and whose lungs emit red hot smoke, whose broad white wings sweep the clouds from the sky, and whose feet are swift revolving wheels, walks fearlessly over the backs of all the monsters of the deep; in vain they breathe their rage, and weave their spells; she flies a race with the tempest, and leaves the sea-gulls behind. The brave Ellida glided like the phantom-ship of the Flying Dutchman toward the setting sun; and soon Vala saw a new earth arise out of the opening fogs, gigantic in its grandeur and resplendent with the beauty of groves. It stretched from the vast dark ocean, to where the bounds were lost in the golden mists of evening. On the north rose lofty palaces, thousands of miles in breadth, which shone like crystals in the sun; to the south waved tropical forests and palm groves, where birds of exquisite and gorgeous plumage strayed, and awful mountains, covered with stately pines, were upheaved to the everlasting snows. Fields luxuriant with corn that might have filled the granaries of empires; orchards red and purple with the richest fruits; magnificent cities busy with trade and bursting with vast accumulations of wealth; pleasant villages sequestered in the blue shade of the hills, where the bells of cows or the songs of the laborers were heard; cataracts thundering

from their steeps; an incompressible activity of life; a prodigious greatness of structure; a rushing sound of multitudes advancing as if they knew not whither; ten thousand nameless signs and agencies of some new work begun, some fresh creation heaving out of chaos—all these things, so new, so strange, so grand, bewildered and oppressed Vala with a profusion and weight of emotions that she had never before felt. "This is, indeed, a new earth," she exclaimed, "whose inhabitants fly through measureless spaces on the backs of flame-breathing griffins, and talk to each other from the most distant extremities of their globe in the tongue of the lightnings."

As she approached the shore, there was heard behind her a roaring, and a clamor as of ghouls, mingled with hissings and wild sobs. A fearful quaking came over her, that seemed bodeful of the crash of worlds. Then a voice said "Behind is the past—look!" And she looked and saw a vast black cloud drawn over the east. Far back in the dim vistas, deep down in the dread abysses of its many foldings, dubious phantoms and spectres wandered and vanished. Foul Faiths, and Bloody Rites, and Lies, and Oppressions, and the Agonies of Battle, all monstrous and oppressive things, flapping their heavy wings like vultures in a vain struggle against a storm, were swallowed up by that tremendous Darkness. But again the voice sounded and said, "Before you is the future—see!" and instantly as she turned, she grew dizzy with the intolerable splendor. It seemed as if seven suns were blazing at once from a firmament of sapphire and garnet; yet as her eyes expanded to the light, she saw through a soft purple haze interminable plains profusely decked with the most odoriferous plants; bright colored

birds and butterflies were flying in and out of the branches of gigantic but graceful trees, under which beautiful wild animals basked in harmony; countless children sported on velvet laws, and amid dewy underwoods, which passing streams reflected in various brilliancy; the forms of noble women, of heroic towering men—ministered to by innumerable gracious spirits, who laughed from the rose-buds, and danced in the rainbow beams—sat in lofty circles, conversing in tones more inspiring than music or the most delicious wine.

When Vala had stepped her foot upon the new earth, she received into her being, with the perfume of the balmy atmosphere, a sense of indescribable peace and joy; all diseases fell from her limbs, and all sorrow from her mind. She would have rushed with the wings of an eagle to join the multiplying groups of happy and free people that sprang up on every hand; but she was arrested by a hallowed awe. One prospect after another opened and revealed to her new splendors of appearance, new delights of life. She saw each separate society wheeling about the other like the celestial orbs, in inextricable harmony, amid the effulgence of glory; but suddenly the mighty hosts came toward her: they bore her on their uplifted arms to their white shining central palace, while in mystic fire-characters were written across the skies, "JENNY LIND"—"Welcome the Nightingale"—"Glory for ever to Art!" "This," whispered the intoxicated girl to herself, "must be the far-famed Muspelheim—region of blessedness and undying growth, the inmost residence of the gods." Saying this, she was in a moment transmuted into a nightingale of stupendous size, and then hovered away beyond the reach of mortal eyes, into an ineffable blaze.

Drawn & Engd by J C McRae

OH GIVE ME FAIRY FLOWERS.

"Oh, give me Fairy Flowers."

BY MRS. C. E. R. PARKER.

"Oh, deck me not in gems," she said,
"Oh, deck me not in gems;
I care not for the jewell'd light
Of princely diadems.
But give me flowers—the fresh—the fair;
Oh give me fairy flowers,
To deck my robe—and deck my hair,
From my own garden bowers.

I know where gleam bright gems," she said,
"Bright gems in emerald set,
Fair rose-buds glistening in the dew,
And blue-eyed violet.
The jasmine stars, like orient pearls,
I'll twine amid my hair,
And lilies of the valley sweet
Upon my bosom wear.

Nay, let me go," the fair girl said,
"Nay, let me go and wreathe
A chaplet of my garden flowers—
A coronet I'll weave:
Ye'll say 't is fairer far than gems,
Ye'll say it is more fair,
My coronet of garden flowers,
Than gems of beauty rare.

I care not for bright gems," she said,
"I care not for bright gems;
I care not for the jewell'd light
Of princely diadems.
My heart is with its early home,
And its dear garden bowers;
Oh, deck me not with gems," she said,
"But give me fairy flowers."

The Shunammite.*

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was a sultry day of summer time:
The sun poured down upon the ripened grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless; the cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots;
And the sky looked like silver, and it seemed
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

"Haste thee, my child!" the Syrian mother said,
"Thy father is athirst"—and from the depths
Of the cool well, under the leaning tree,
She drew refreshing water; and with thoughts
Of heaven's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,
She bless'd her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on,
With his soft hands pressed closely to the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills,
And through the little green hollows where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,

* 2 Kings, iv. 18–37.

Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brow
Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.
Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The pliant withs out of the shining straw,
Cheering their labor on, till they forgot
The very weariness of their stooping toil
In the beguiling of his earnest mirth.
Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosened sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—
"So still!

"'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! O heaven!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like ingots all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness.
"Yet so still!—
How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There were no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!—
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that* there?
And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him?—and prayed
Morning and night for him?—and *could* he die?
No—heaven will keep him. He will be my pride
Many long years to come; and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's; and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him!—*He* to die!"
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish.—
Suddenly
Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled
From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched

His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow—very slow
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a still prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lip to his—and looked again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whispered in his ear, "My son!—my son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!

* * * * * *

The man of God came forth, and led the child
Unto his mother, and went on his way.
And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
Living and smiling on her—with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more!

Oh for a burning word that would express
The measure of a mother's holy joy,
When God has given back to her her child
From death's dark portal! It surpasseth words.

Too Fast and too Slow.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Frank Hairbrain and Moses Meeker were schoolmates and contemporaries, but not friends. They were the opposites of each other in everything, and mutually despised their different habits, tempers, tastes, inclinations, and pursuits. Moses never opened his lips, or put one foot before the other, without pausing to consider what he was about—while Frank, on the contrary, relied altogether on impulse and the spur of the moment. He went headlong to work, and trusted to Providence for the result.

"What a thoughtless fool is Frank Hairbrain," would Moses mutter to himself. "He'll one of these days break his neck coming down stairs, for want of counting the steps."

"What a dull, slow-motioned fellow is Moses Meeker," would Frank say; "he loses more time in thinking about an affair beforehand, than it would take me to do it ten times over."

One night they were both descending the stairs in the dark, and Frank in his haste, tumbled from top to bottom.

"There," cried Moses, "I told you what would come of your not calculating beforehand."

Moses proceeded after him very carefully. He had previously counted the steps, but unluckily missed one; the consequence was, he fell on his nose, and sustained a severe contusion.

"There" cried Frank, laughing, "I knew how it would be. See what all your forethought comes to!"

Each blamed the other, and drew from these accidents an argument in favor of his own habits and disposition.

From school they went to college together, and entered in the same class. Moses was determined to do nothing without reflection, and often considered so long that he was behindhand in his studies. Frank, on the contrary, never thought of his lessons until it was absolutely necessary to learn them, and the last moment was frequently too short for his purpose. When the examination came on, the professors were puzzled which to place above the other; but at length decided in favor of Moses, because he was the steadier of the two. Frank wondered how such a slow-motioned snail as Moses should get above him, and Moses was astonished to find such a thoughtless dunce as Frank should be next him in the class. They left college together, Frank with the reputation of a lad who had a fine genius, but no application; and Moses had the credit of being an industrious plodding fellow, who supplied his want of capacity by perseverance.

It was now necessary for them to choose a profession, and Frank, without a moment's hesitation, decided for the sea. Moses, on the contrary, calculated on the advantages and disadvantages, the facilities and obstacles, until his father began to be rather impatient.

"Moses," said he, one day, "have you chosen a profession yet?"

"I am considering about it," said Moses.

"Well, I wish you would conclude soon. Time is precious, and you are losing it every day."

"It is a matter of too much consequence to be settled in a minute."

"Very well—I don't want to hurry you—but recollect that those who are always thinking, will never come to a decision."

"I will consider of it, sir."

In the meantime Frank had made a voyage, and came back heartily tired. He was out of all patience with a calm—a storm was still more disagreeable—the captain was little better than a tyrant—the society of the sailors uninteresting—the monotony of the ship intolerable—and to see nothing but dolphins and flying fish for a month, was enough to give a man the blue-devils.

"You should have thought of this before," said Moses.

"Pshaw!" replied Frank. "But what have you done all this time?"

"I have almost resolved to become a merchant."

"Almost! You have, have you?" cried Frank, laughing. "Well, then, we have just arrived at the same point—I have tried one profession and am now going to try another, and you have just determined to commence one. Let us start fair, and see who wins the race at last."

"Why, I am not exactly settled; I wish to look about me on all sides, inside and out, and pause before I come to a final decision, But what are you going to undertake next?" asked Moses contemptuously.

"The law."

"You'd better consider."

"Not I—I am resolved to attack Coke upon Littleton, Blackstone, and Barlamaqui, tooth and nail, and take my chance for becoming a great lawyer."

"Have you calculated the pros and cons, the whys and the wherefores ?"

"Not I—for see what your pros and cons have come to—you have lost half a year already in choosing a profession."

"Well, and you have lost half a year in a profession you have abandoned."

"But I have seen the world and gained experience, while you have stood biting your nails and perplexing yourself for nothing."

"Yes—you have learned to swear, drink grog, and smoke cigars."

"And you have learned nothing."

They separated.

"What a thoughtless ninny-hammer is Frank Hair-brain !" quoth Moses. "He'll never rise, for want of consideration."

"What a thoughtful blockhead is Moses Meeker.!" quoth Frank. "He'll never come to any good, for want of promptness and decision."

Frank entered the office of a distinguished lawyer, who resided in a country town and boarded and lectured a limited number of students—that is to say, as many as he could get. His method was to converse with the young men on the subject of their studies, which answered all the purposes of familiar lectures. In the course of these, he one day gave a definition of law.

"It is the perfection of reason," said he; "it is a rule of action for the government of mankind." And he de-

sired Frank to impress this upon his memory, assuring him a definition was half the battle, and sometimes supplied the want of every other species of knowledge.

Part of the occupation of the students consisted in transcribing various legal instruments, for the purpose of giving them a practical insight into the forms of judicial proceedings. The first job put upon Frank was copying a declaration with sixteen counts. After reading it over, it occurred to him it was all nonsense to be writing the same thing sixteen times—so he omitted all but the first and last counts. When the lawyer returned to the office, after having by his ingenuity and learning procured the acquittal of a fellow that deserved the gallows, solely on the ground of a mistake of an "and" for a "but" in the indictment, he asked how the declaration came on.

"All finished, sir," said Frank.

"The deuce! what, already?" and he thought he had got a treasure of a student.

Perceiving the enormous hiatus, he turned to Frank, rather sharply, saying—

"Why zounds, sir—you've left out body and soul—there is an omission of fourteen counts."

"Why, sir," replied Frank, "they were all exactly alike, and I thought it a waste of time to repeat over the same thing so often."

"You did, did you?"

"Yes, sir; and then there was such a waste of words. I counted the whereases, and they amounted to three hundred. I don't see the use of such a mass of unnecessary words."

"Indeed!"

"Nor of charging a man who it appears only shook his

finger at another, with beating him half to death with fists, sticks, staves, knives, swords, bludgeons, corn-stalks, and all that sort of thing."

"Pooh; these are nothing but fictions of the law."

"But I don't see the use of fictions in the law, sir."

"You don't?" cried the lawyer, in a rage. "Not see the use of law fictions—then, d——e, sir, let me tell you you'll never be a lawyer if you study till doomsday."

"I believe so, too," replied Frank, in despair. "I think I will study divinity—there are no fictions there."

"Do so, it's all you're good for," said the lawyer, walking about chafing and repeating, "Not see the use of repeating the same thing over again—nor of multiplying whereases—nor of law fictions—why the fellow would pull down the 'perfection of reason,' which can no more stand without these, than a stool without its three legs."

Poor Frank was walking home in rather a melancholy mood, when he found Moses, standing at the corner of a street, uncertain whether he should turn down to the right-hand or the left. It was a nice point, and cost him a great deal of cogitation. Being roused by a slap on the shoulder, from Frank, he rubbed his eyes, and came to himself, as it were.

"What are you about?" asked Frank.

"I am considering," replied Moses.

"Ah, the old story."

"Well, how do you get on with the law?"

"I've just got off with the law!"

"How so?"

"O—why I could not comprehend the fundamental principles, such as whereas, repetitions of the same thing, and, above all, law fictions; and so I gave up in despair."

"How much better it would have been," said Moses, with astonishing solemnity, "had you only calculated the this, and the other thing, like me. You see what time you have lost."

"O, I have not lost my time entirely."

"No—why, what have you gained?"

"Why, a knowledge of the importance of whereas—repetitions of words—and law fictions—is that nothing? But what have you been about all this time?"

"Why, I have been considering what I shall do."

"O, but I suppose you have made up your mind now?"

"Umph—why—not—exactly; I like to take my time, and cast about me, and look before I leap, you know."

"Of course you have decided at last?"

"Why, pretty nearly. But the truth is, I am so bewildered with the liberal professions and that of a merchant, that I have not exactly come to a conclusion yet."

Frank laughed aloud.

"Well, I see we have got to the same point once more. You have not made your choice, and I have chosen wrong. Let us try again. I am going to study divinity.

"You'd better consider."

"And you'd better decide."

And thus they parted, as usual, each thinking the other the prince of blockheads.

Frank, without a moment's hesitation, entered upon the study of divinity, and plunged deep into the fathers. One day he got hold of Tertullian, and was delighted with his eloquent declamations. The professor snatched the book out of his hands, or rather from before him, for it was a mighty folio in parchment.

"You must not meddle with that book," said he.

"Why not, sir?" asked Frank. "The style is beautiful—it is like ebony—dark and shining. St. Cyprian, I recollect, when he asked for his works, used to say, '*da mihi magistrum*'—'give me my master;' and Latantius, that he was '*omni literarum genere peritus*'—'skilled in every kind of learning.'"

"All that may be true—but have you not read in St. Jerome, and others of the orthodox fathers, that he was more to be prized for his wit than his opinions? Sir, he was tainted with the devices of Montanus, and is therefore a dangerous companion for young students, who should never perplex themselves with false doctrines."

"Fictions again!" thought Frank; "they will certainly be my ruin. But, sir, in what did the heresies of Montanus consist? I should wish to know, that I may avoid them."

"Humph—why he was—a—a—heretic."

"In what, sir?"

"Young gentleman, replied the professor, hastily, "you'd better apply yourself to the study of orthodox writers, and let these mischievous propagators of error alone."

"But, sir," asked Frank, modestly, "how am I to establish my faith on a basis of truth, unless by comparing it with what is false, and deciding according to reason?"

"Sir," answered the professor, impatiently, "you will never do for a student in divinity, if you talk about reason. Reason, sir—reason is a false light—a jack-'o-lantern—a firebrand snatched from the bottomless pit—a beacon to lure mankind upon the rocks and shoals of error. It was

the great cause of the fall of Adam, and will be the ruin of his posterity to the latest generation."

"Alas! sir, I had thought it the most precious gift bestowed upon mankind—'reason,' says Lord Bacon, 'is—'"

"A fiddlestick."

"'The distinguishing mark which separates the human race from the beasts of the field—'"

"The mark of Cain."

"'The crowning gift of a beneficent being—'"

"Silence, young man!" roared the professor; "silence, I say, and be good enough to prepare to return home immediately. You will never make any figure in your present profession, with your precious reason!" and he bounced out of the room.

"Mercy upon us!" thought Frank; "who would have thought that reason was so all-important in law, and so pernicious in gospel?"

The professor returned in a few minutes with a letter, which he desired Frank to carry to his father, giving him, at the same time, to understand that he was not to return. The letter ran as follows:

"Sir—I can make nothing of your son. He is the most unreasonable person I ever met with, and is perpetually referring everything to the test of reason. I have, therefore, sent him home, that you may consign him to some other study, and would recommend that of medicine, where this same mischievous reasoning faculty may be of some use to him.

"Yours, &c., Cyrillus Fulgentius Plum."

The old gentleman scratched his head, and was confounded at these reflections upon honest reason, whom he had ever held in high respect.

"Why the deuce do they attempt to prove the truth of their doctrines by argument," thought he, "if reason is such a mischievous and mistaken umpire? I can't comprehend, not I, why reason should be indispensable in everything but the most important affair of all."

Frank was determined to lose no time, and commenced the study of physic the very next day. On his way to the place, he met his old fellow-student, Moses Meeker, who was at that blessed moment calculating the shortest cut to a certain point of the city whither he had determined to go, which took up more time than was necessary to walk the whole distance by the longest route.

"Well, parson," said Moses, with a silly air of mockery, "when do you give us your first sermon?"

"I shall never preach in this world," replied Frank.

"No—why?"

"Because I have the misfortune to be a reasonable being."

Such was the conclusion drawn by Frank from the sweeping anathema of the over-zealous professor, who, instead of mildly and firmly cautioning him against indulging the self-sufficient pride of human reason, in opposition to authorities sanctioned by time, by the belief of millions of men of all countries, and by the words of the Omnipotent himself, had denounced that great faculty which is indispensable to the comprehension of truth, as the agent and the source of falsehood and unbelief. But to return from an explanation which seemed necessary to correct any misconception of our meaning, which is not to ridicule the pious and honorable professors of divinity, but the excesses and abuses of a fanatical and fiery zeal, which "o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side."

"The misfortune to be a reasonable being!—what do you mean? I never heard you accused of that before."

Frank explained as well as he could, and announced his determinatian to become a physician.

"You'd better——"

"O, I know exactly what you are going to say. For my part, I'd rather take my chance, and go wrong fifty times, than stand stock still doing nothing, like you. Have you hit upon a profession yet?"

"Why—no. I have consulted all my friends and acquaintance, except six; and so soon as I get their opinions, I shall decide irrevocably, once for all."

"Do they agree in opinion?"

"O, no! there are six of one, and a half-a-dozen of the other."

"You must be sadly puzzled."

"To death. I don't know what to do, or which way to turn myself. I've a great mind to ask your advice."

"Now don't—I've enough to do to steer my own bark clear of the breakers, let alone yours. Besides, I'm in a great hurry to begin the study of physic."

"Yes, you're always in haste. You plunge head foremost into the first noose that comes in your way, and lose your whole life in crawling out backwards. You'll never get along in this world—I've of ten told you so, Frank."

"Well, after all, Moses, I'm just where you are. Nay, I'm better off, for I have learned that a sailor's life is a dog's life—that law is the perfection of reason—and that what is an excellent thing in law is good for nothing in gospel. By the time I have tried every one of the liberal

professions, I shall be qualified to make a choice, while you will be still at your calculations—and then I shall settle down quietly in——"

"In the grave," said Moses, interrupting him.

"Well, well, that settles all doubts, by relieving us from the necessity of choosing at all."

"But you'd better consider——"

"No—I mean to decide first, and trust the issue to chance."

"Remember, Frank, how you tumbled down stairs at school, and sprained your thumb, for want of calculating the steps.

"And recollect, Moses, how you tumbled down the same stairs and broke your nose, for want of calculating the number of steps right."

They parted as formerly, each laughing at the other in his sleeve.

The doctor with whom Frank was to pursue his studies, had several other students, to whom he occasionally delivered lectures, on the principles of his profession, in the evening.

He began one of these as follows:

"According to the results of reason and experience, it must be evident——"

"My dear doctor," interrupted Frank, "reason is a mere will-o'-the wisp, a decoy with which the pride of human nature deceives itself to its utter ruin—a firebrand snatched from the bottomless pit—a——"

"Pray, young gentleman," answered the doctor, pulling off his spectacles with great deliberation, and looking wistfully at Frank; "pray, young gentleman, where did you learn this extraordinary respect of reason?"

"Of the famous professor, Dr. Cyrillus Fulgentius Plum, sir."

"Very well; all I have to request is, that you will unlearn it as fast as possible. Without reason and experience, assisted by the seven sciences, no man can be a physician."

"Impossible—quite impossible, sir—I can't think of jeopardizing my future happiness merely for the sake of a little worldly prosperity."

"Then, sir, you'll not do for a doctor—no, sir, not even a horse doctor, or a quack." And Frank was immediately dismissed with the following note:

"Sir—Your son is the most unreasonable and absurd young man I ever knew, for a reasonable being. He denounces reason as a will-o'-the-wisp, and heaven knows what besides. I have no doubt he is mad, and recommend a strait-waistcoat as a precaution.

"Yours, &c., Celsus Æsculapius Bolus."

The good parent was perplexed beyond measure with these two letters of Professor Plum and Professor Bolus, one of whom sent his son home for referring everything to the decision of reason, and the other for reasoning upon nothing. But being a philosopher, he lighted his pipe, and suffered things to go their own gait.

Without stopping to let himself be eaten up with chagrin at these provoking disqualifications which beset him at every new trial, Frank forthwith placed himself in the counting-house of an eminent merchant, who had grown rich by the mere force of the instinct of saving. One day the old gentleman was directing him to make an entry in his day-book of some sale or other.

"Is it according to reason and experience?" asked

Frank, who was determined to be right this time. "Does it correspond with the seven sciences?"

"The seven devils!" exclaimed the merchant, whom gout and money had made as testy as a young belle of a rainy day. "The seven sciences, and reason and experience! what the plague have these to do with the price of tobacco? I can tell you what, sir, no more of such nonsense, or you won't do for a counting-house."

"I think so too," said Frank, and sliding from his high three-legged stool, quietly put on his hat, and was walking home, meditating on what he should turn his attention to next, when he was attracted by one of the most spruce, trim, neat, fashionable, frisky little belles that ever set a man dreaming of impossibilities.

"Heavens! what an angel! I'll marry her before next Saturday, or my name is not Frank Hairbrain," said he, unconsciously aloud.

"You'd better consider," answered the veritable Moses Meeker, "before you take such a desperate step."

"No—I am resolved to marry that girl off-hand, and take my chance for the rest."

"Well, I begin to think of looking out for a wife too. But I shall go quite a different way to work, and do nothing in a hurry. I mean to study her character, and take everybody's advice before I commit myself."

"Very well, every one to his notion, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. But I'm for a *coup-de-main*—I am determined to be married by next Saturday."

"You'll repent—mind what I say—you'll repent—I don't like the cut of her eye."

"'Tis the eye of an angel."

"It looks rather Tartarish. You'd better calculate the matter a little."

"No, no—I tell you it's all settled in my own mind."

"What a simpleton!" thought Moses.

"What a shilly-shally fool!" thought Frank.

The young lady was not given much to calculating like honest Moses Meeker, except in the way of marrying as soon as might be convenient. Her father being on the eve of bankruptcy, had hinted the prudence of disposing of herself, if possible, before the explosion of his affairs had frightened away all the beaux, as the explosion of a gun does all the little birds. Frank offered himself at the third interview—was accepted—and on Saturday was married, according to his wise determination.

The fathers of the two young men died not long afterwards, and circumstances threw them apart, so that they did not meet again for many years.

One pleasant, mild, yet melancholy summer twilight, as Frank was sitting on a bench on the Battery, taking care of the children, while Mrs. Hairbrain was walking a few dozen turns arm-in-arm with Count Muschkin Puschkin, a foreigner of distinction, a venerable-looking person, stooping mortally in the shoulders, and carrying a gold-headed cane, stopped deliberately before him, placed his stick deliberately on the flag-stones, leaned on it deliberately, and looking Frank deliberately in the face, accosted him with great deliberation:

"If I don't mistake my calculations, you must be my quondam friend, Frank Hairbrain, though you look very old, considering the short time since I saw you."

It was not above twenty years since they last met. But twenty years, when we look back upon them, are a

shadow, a dream, a span—nothing, or less than nothing.

"Right," answered Frank, rising with his usual celerity and grasping the hand of the deliberative gentleman; "and if I don't mistake in my calculation, you can be no other than my old friend Moses Meeker. Are you married, and have you got a profession yet? How come on the pros and the cons, Moses?"

"Alas! no," replied Moses, shaking his locks, now mixed with lines of gray. "I'm not married yet, nor have I a profession. But I calculate—hem—*you* are married?"

"Yes," answered Frank, sighing, and also shaking his locks, which, too, were now of the sable silver.

"Well, well, I don't envy you."

"There is no occasion."

"I hope you are comfortable—got a good wife?"

"Can't brag much on that score—I was a little too precipitate."

"Ah—yes—I remember I told you so. And yet, Frank, as old age approaches, I confess to you, I sometimes wish I had calculated less, and trusted a little more to chance."

"And I will confess," said Frank, casting his eyes towards his wife—"I will confess I often catch myself wishing that I had trusted less to chance, and calculated a little more before I got married."

"I was too slow, and consequently did nothing right."

"And I was too fast, and consequently did everything wrong."

"How much happier I should have been, if I had only possessed a little of your off-hand determination."

"And how much happier *I* should have been, if I had only possessed a little of your prudent calculation."

"If I only had it to do again!"

"And if I only had it to do again!"

Sighed the two old acquaintances as they shook hands and parted for ever.

Alas! poor human nature! how happy we should be if we could only live our lives over three hundred and sixty-five times, and profit by the blunders of each!

The Lady and the Knight.

BY MRS E. A. C. HULCE.

"Afar by the sea my castle stands—
Oh, say! wilt thou go with me?
I have gather'd there gold from distant lands,
Bright gems that are all for thee.

Tho' never of Love thy lip did speak,
Yet Love hath an eagle eye;
And I know by the hue of thy changing cheek,
When you deem'd not a step was nigh;

When it flush'd and paled as with sadden'd dreams;
And memories of the past
Came mournfully rushing as sound of streams,
When they chime o'er the pebbles fast.

Oh, Love is a prophet, whose glance is deep,
And keenly it scans the soul;
Every burning thought like a treasure keep,
But electric 't will pierce the whole.

By the shadows that steal over twilight hours;
By the droop of thy raven lid;
By tones like winds over autumn flowers,
In vain is thy secret hid!

Lady! the star-light is over the dell,
Let's away to the far blue sea;
By the tremulous tones of that last farewell,
I have trebled my power o'er thee!"

"In vain, Sir Knight, is thy murmured tone,
Tho' a world thy bribe should be;
Long by the sea will thy castle stand lone,
Ere a mistress it win from me!

And boast not of Passion's lava-flame—
It dies at a holy prayer;
For naught but true records the heart will claim,
When Duty is graven there.

Weary and faint are the steps that even
Brings back to our household tree;
And fiends in hell, and eyes watching in Heaven,
Await what I say to thee!

Strong is your faith in your purposed power,
But the lily's shield is mine;
And Love eternal that guards the flower
Is a stronger love than thine.

Tho' weak and frail is the child of clay,
Yet high is our spirit's trust;
For those who seek Him in life's affray,
He strengthens the humblest dust."

And roam'd then afar that tempter Knight;
But often till light grew dim,
There knelt that Lady at fading light,
To whisper a prayer for him.

For a deathless soul is of priceless worth;
And the Lady did ween in love,
Of prayers of his own there would be such dearth,
He would never be known above.

The Angel Watcher.

BY MRS. E. P. H.

It is a beautiful and pleasant thought, that the spirits of the departed, especially those who were young and pure upon earth, hover around us in our quiet hours. When the cares of the world press heavily upon the burdened soul, or adverse fortune or faithless friends cause us to turn away in heart sickness to the retirement of the pensive twilight hour, and all is still but the low music of the wind sighing through the trembling leaves—we can almost feel a soft breath upon our cheek, or hear the rustling of the presence of a loved spirit which renders the atmosphere more holy around us. The fevered brow seems fanned by a refreshing coolness, and we feel encouraged by the angel watcher to hope on, and trust confidingly in Him who doeth all things well—and who, in his own good time, to the faithful in heart will grant re-union and rest in heaven. And when the pillow is pressed for repose in the long and weary nights, but sleep refuses to nestle there, while the brain is crowded with troubled visions of the day, a bright face of angelic sweetness peers through the darkness, to guard, and soothe, and bear the evening orison to the eternal throne.

I knew a young mother, whose wealth of love was garnered upon her first-born, a fair bird of angel plumage, that rested in her bosom with confiding love. Long and intently did she watch in silence the sleeping boy, as if her whole soul were absorbed in his existence. But her

mind was not idle—yet scarcely did she seek to penetrate the thick veil that hid the future; for she felt that the little being was too pure for the dross of earth—and that his immortal spirit was destined to be an angel in Heaven. Oh! the love that existed between that parent and child. It was such as few can know, and fewer feel. Another and another occupied the place of the first-born; but scarcely was that love diminished, though so equally divided among each. Mysterious power of maternal ties!

"Daughter! give me thy heart!" in firm, but gentle tones, fell on her ear. "Give me thine idols," and the widowed mother's heart bled in its bitterness, when her fair haired, delicate boy became an angel.

To her little orphans, her spirit clung even more tenaciously, and together they braved the cold world. Clouds and darkness, anxiety, and care pressed heavily upon the soul, but the flitting of a seraph's face dispelled the gloom; and "mother! dear mother!" was like balm to the wounded spirits.

Years rolled on; a period short when past, but long—very long in passing—fraught as those years were with many trials. We might turn from page to page in the history of that mother's life, and find much that is dark and tearful; but a bright spot illumines its sadness—the Angel watcher is ever near.

The mother is no longer young. The storms of life have bleached the tresses that once shaded her young brow—and time and care have pencilled lines upon those smooth features. The sons have attained to manhood; and new thoughts, attachments, and motives must necessarily actuate them: and though a mother's love can never die, she feels that they are in a measure estranged

from her—and more frequent, perhaps, are the visits of the Angel watcher, with the bright seraphic face—and the low, sweet tones of "Mother! dear mother! come up hither!" sound joyfully prophetic.

To her, the angel is a little angel still; he has not grown old like the wearied of earth—but is of such as form that blest band which surround the Eternal's throne, and of that number of whom our Saviour said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I once knew twin sisters, very fair, pure and lovely, and bound together by indissoluble ties of affection. Joyously they sported in the morning of life—their tiny feet wandering beside the bubbling stream, to watch the glittering fish that frolicked in the glassy waters, like themselves, without any fixed aim or pursuit; or again they might be seen climbing the sunny hill-side, and gathering wild flowers to deck each other in fairy beauty; or twining a wreath of violets around the neck of a pet lamb, which looked up alternately to each with eyes of love and innocence. Or perchance they were filling a little basket with the delicious blushing strawberries that dotted the meadows, to present to their fond parents; or with their young hearts overflowing with benevolence, were tripping lightly to carry them to a neighboring cottage, where a poor and aged invalid would look the gratitude she could scarcely speak for such kind remembrance.

School days followed, and together they scanned the enlightening pages; new ideas were developed—new thoughts uttered—new feelings called forth. What a world of splendor, adaptation, and wisdom, burst upon the mental vision! The buoyant spirits were slightly hushed—the calm, serene beauty of young womanhood

was stamped on each fair brow. Stronger were the links of love rivetted that bound them together—one heart, one purpose, one faith was theirs—and they were inseparable. Inseparable ? alas ! that such ties should be severed, even for a season. Fever, and sickness, and pain paled one of the loved and loving ; and the angel of mercy bore her immortal spirit to the Eden of the blest. Why clung the lone mourner to her solitude, like the dove bereft of her mate, shunning the society of those who would share her sorrows ! Dearer far was the presence of the Angel watcher that looked in upon her loneliness, whispering hope and trust to meet in a brighter world. "Come, sister !" was music in her ears, and again the calm smile returned to her lips,—a subdued joy to her eyes.

Thus passed three summers. Again the autumn wind moaned sadly for the departed warmth and freshness and glory; and the falling leaves covered the dead flowers. Mournful was the requiem of summer's farewell—but we knew that in a little time the glorious season would return again with unimpaired beauty. Unseen, unheard by all but the home weeper, was the urgent call, "Come with me, sister !" In the enjoyment of triumphant faith, she whispered in return, "I come, dearest !" and with the sound of the autumn blast she passed away.

Lonely is the dwelling of the bereaved parents through the weary day; but when sleep has pressed down the eyelids—in the unexplained mystery of dreams, two bright faces from the spirit world look pityingly upon their sorrows, and in tones low as the snow-flake when it kisses the earth, they murmur—"Dear parents ! we wait you ; haste away !"

I know a lady, whom the frosts of more than sixty

winters have visited with their decaying influences, who is awaiting, with well trimmed lamp, the summons of her Master. The receding world, in its dioramic beauty, has left the impress of some bright passages, as well as of dark and cloudy seasons—or scenes of peril. The rainbow hues of life's morning are faded—the burning rays of the noon-tide sun have passed away—and a peaceful sunset and calm twilight approach. To her, the world has lost much of its power to charm, and seems but the threshold to a never-ending eternity. How changed from its appearance at our first setting out in life!

Oft in her sleeping and waking dreams, the companion of earlier years—the Angel watcher—dispels the darkness saying, "Come with me, beloved! to the new home prepared for us, where there is no more parting, nor sorrow. nor decay." And these visits are hailed as a happy omen—ere long they will be re-united in Heaven.

The Season of Love.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The spring-time of love
  Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
  And balm in our way;
The sky, earth, and ocean
  In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
  Is *couleur de rose.*

The summer of love
  Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley
  Their music impart;
And the pure glow of Heaven
  Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
  That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
  Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer,
  The smile of the year—
Which comes when the golden
  Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings,
  Repose and reward.

The winter of love
  Is the beam that we win,
While the storm howls without,
  From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
  The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
  Of life for his own.

The Esmeralda.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY J. F. COOPER.

"The brilliant exploit upon which this tale is founded, was performed in the early part of the revolution in Peru. San Martin, after freeing Chili from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the very gates of Lima, and, with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient capital of Peru, soon after the occurrences here detailed."

It was on a bright and sunny evening, that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, and taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the "liberty men"* of the American frigate Macedonian, then lying in the harbor. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half dozen sailors, arm-in-arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain strove to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors, slung like panniers, amid-ships, and guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated *en croupe*. Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the propriety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after-guard," as they styled the driver. But once on shore during a three years' cruise, the sailors had gone from the extreme of

* Sailors on shore with leave.

temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throwing out their legs horizontally, perform-the mock military to perfection: then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted, "heads up, ye lubbers!" and set order at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccuped their discontent at being "triced up" to such heavy sailers, as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals, aimed ineffectual blows at the "after-guard," and ran desperate risk of life, as some restive beast, throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilarated, but not tipsy, with just enough aboard to show off the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled their songs, practised their manual fun upon the drunkards, and moved most merrily along. By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Callao just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilian brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf, or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people. Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians, and idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and American "damn," the Spanish "caramba," the French "sacre," and the Dutch "der teufel," were all heard, were all mingled in the general clamor and

hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, nobody remained to witness their departure but a few guarda-costas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful and tranquil bay across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Callao, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates Macedonian and Esmeralda; the latter a new ship, fully armed, provisioned, manned, and equipped for a six months' cruise; and a little farther out lay the British frigate Hyperion; all three within half gun-shot of the castles. Within the men-of-war the merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay; and far off, in the shadow of the island of San Lorenzo, lay the patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane.

The stern sheets of the pinnace were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fireside on the Roanoke, the youngest would have been called a boy; but here, in the Pacific, the officer of a Yankee frigate, it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated him anything but a man. There was an air, too, of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedience, that showed he was a favorite among the crew. In place of a chapeau-bras, like that worn by his companion, the large straw sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black handkerchief, twisted around his head, shielded it from

the damp air, which already began to float over the water.

"In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero, and measuring its immense brim against the sky, "where did you get this upper rigging? and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau?"

"It is too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian, evidently willing to avoid the subject; "put the broad brim down, and mind the yoke ropes. Here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantman."

The sudden shock, which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created a confusion on board the pinnace, which effectually interrupted the conversation. The hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands, "back water;" "steady;" "pull ye'r starboard oars;" "altogether now;" "give way, boys," followed in quick succession, and the pinnace shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the Esmeralda.

"Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian. "So fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board. A sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just abaft the mainmast."

"They're deep in frolic," replied his companion. "I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going on board to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing told me that they had not returned at sun-down."

"The more fools they," answered the other, "to blow it out with Cochrane at two gun-shots of them."

"He is not the man to interrupt them," was the reply; "he lies so idly under the island, that his men will soon not know brace from buntline."

"I don't know," continued the Virginian; "his vessels showed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here, and his flag-ship walked across our forefoot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many a day."

"Nothing but show," said the other.

"The commodore did not think so, however, or else all hands would not have beat to quarters, the ship cleared for action, bulk-heads down, decks sanded, and matches smoking. No, no. Cochrane will be alongside of the Esmeralda yet, and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to-night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye, she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent, her guns run out, and yet so still —not a living soul to speak to us from her decks; no sound about her but the rippling of the tide against her hawse."

The further remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over. The sailors betook themselves to the forecastle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue jacket was droning forth to his companions. The officers, after reporting themselves on the quarter-deck, either turned in for the night, or joined the different groups that were lounging about the afterpart of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with

his sombrero on his knee, and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around, and made the subject of sailor jests; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story, its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

"You see, reefers, the purser and I having come to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow-out in Lima; not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter, and having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa, to carry me to town, and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheepskins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sunset when we left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half-way, the mist came rolling over from the sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travellers. Some loaded mules passed us; but, with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants of the king's highway. I possessed Spanish sufficient to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted cosily enough, until we heard the clatter of a horse's hoof upon the road behind us. In another moment, a horseman, nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came, and he was gone. Here, and away. Lightning could scarcely have been quicker. But still, as on he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought, too, that he had holsters; and I would swear

to the long straight sword which clinked against the stirrup-iron. Small time for observation, you say. Well, so it was; but time enough for all. The guarda-costa saw everything that I did. 'Bravo!' he said, as the stranger, unmoved in his saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing, 'Bueno Cabullero! That fellow sits well, signior.' 'Like a hero,' replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman; but before the words had passed my lips he disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile further, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa. After passing us, he turned at right angles to the road, and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist, before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with almost equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me, and asked imperatively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of turning informer, so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda-costa. I was afraid all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantage the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, in assuring the Spaniard that 'Cabullero' had pushed on to Callao; and in a moment more, the vidette were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way. The Peruvian chuckled, and did not pretend to

conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. 'Santa Maria! how he rode!' said the guarda-costa, as if thinking aloud; 'and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him.' 'You speak roughly of your friends,' said I. 'Friends!' repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pummel of the saddle, threw back the broad brim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eyes full on my face, to read in the deep gloom the expression of my countenance. For a moment he looked cautiously around, and then rapidly whispered, 'I, signor, am a Peruvian, but not a free-born man. Who made me—who made the Incas slaves? The Spaniards.' The guarda-costa paused; then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilian fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone,—'No, signor, there are our friends.' I scarcely recognized the stupid custom-house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being. But the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and before I could reply, he was again as when I hired him.

"In the meantime we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck upon a train of thought which was far from pleasing, for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally muttered discontented sounds, as thought came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning, without success. His sullen answers prevented conversation, and we proceeded most unsociably, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate.

'Que viva?' sounded hoarsely from beneath the old archway. 'San Martin,' fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands. I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second, and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprang from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted 'Viva le Rey,' in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot. My guide was more alarmed than I was. San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Limanians trembled, was pronounced, instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and after some impertinent examination, I was damned as a North American, and suffered to proceed. My guide, however, was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima, and none of those whom the bustle at the gate had collected seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia—and I rode it often enough to know—stopped at all the grog-shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good; but I soon saw that the crowd were determined to thwart them. To make a long story short, I was in the centre of a Lima mob, led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was the head spy of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valor at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence

in my face. This brought things to a crisis: '*A la muerte*' was the cry, and the last thing I can recollect was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

"How long I remained insensible I cannot exactly say. When I recovered, I found that I had been laid at the door of a huge church; under the idea, I suppose, that I was dead. I felt miserably stiff and cold, and for some minutes did not attempt to move; at last, after one or two efforts, I got upon my feet, and ascertained that my limbs were unbroken, and that my doubloons were still at the bottom of my fob. Some Peruvian gentleman had taken a fancy to my watch, and to a new chapeau, mounted for the occasion. He might have spared them, for they were borrowed articles. No matter, however; the watch never had any insides, and the hat must have suffered pretty severely in the scuffle. The first thing I did, on turning around, was to peep in at the door of the church, which stood conveniently ajar. As I peeped in, some one from the interior peeped out; for I thrust my nose into the pale face of a tall, monkish-looking person, who was about leaving the building. Both of us were sadly scared, and starting back, we stood staring at each other in the star-light, until, recovering the first from the panic produced by the unexpected rencontre, I turned and ran with the best speed my stiff limbs would admit of. After going a considerable distance, I stopped to listen. No sounds came from the direction of the church; but from the opposite quarter I heard the steps and clattering arms of a relief of soldiers. I stood by a low garden wall, and in a moment I was on the other side of it. The relief passed by, and the noise it made was soon lost in

the turning of the streets. I was now in a large and handsome garden. The smooth walks, the fountain which tossed its waters so coolly on the night, broad grass-plats, the rows of flowers, the neatly trimmed hedges, amused me for some time, and resolving to wait here the return of light, I threw myself upon a garden-bench, and summoned all the recollections of past pleasures to assist the slow progress of time. But time, notwithstanding, took his own way, and jogged most lazily on. I got up—I drank at the fountain—I walked about, and at last, attracted by the sound of music, set myself to discover whence it proceeded. After losing it, and recovering it several times, I found myself under the verandah of the house to which the garden was attached, and which some lines of tall hedges had at first prevented me from seeing. Curiosity brought me to the house; curiosity led me into the verandah; and curiosity placed me snugly enough at the window of the very room at which the musician was. Of course I went on tip-toes, and scarcely daring to breathe, ventured to peep into the apartment; intending, if all things permitted, to discover myself, and ask for a night's lodging, and a hat of some sort or other. The room was a large one, lighted by a shaded lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and made everything appear soft and moonshiny. Next to the window at which I sat, was the door leading to the verandah, directly opposite to which was another door; and in the right-hand wall a third, of a much smaller size, might have led to a sleeping apartment. A table covered with a crimson cloth stood in the centre, and upon a sofa beside it, and opposite to the small door, was reclining the minstrel of the hour. The guitar which had attracted me was lying on

the table, and the lady who had touched it was reading what appeared to me to be a letter. I'd tell you what, reefers, she was worth looking at. I could not see her eyes; but then her exquisite figure, and the prettiest little foot you ever beheld, seen to such advantage on the dark covering of the sofa, and her jet black hair, and beautiful mouth, and high commanding forehead—she was a glorious craft, such as I have not seen since I left old Virginia.

"Thinks I, she can't be hard-hearted enough to refuse me shelter; and I was on the point of giving an introductory 'hem!' when 'tap, tap, tap,' on the opposite door, announced a visitor. Not at all alarmed, the lady put away the letter, and answering the summons, introduced a tall, strapping fellow, dressed in the common apparel of a guarda-costa. Matters looked promising, I thought, for another adventure, and drawing myself a little farther from the window, I awaited it. The guarda-costa sat down without much ceremony, and had not uttered twenty words before I ascertained the whole secret of the matter, and heard some of the finest love speeches that were ever made to mortal woman, so far as my knowledge of Spanish enabled me to comprehend them."

"Let us have them, Hal, do," said the listeners, crowding even closer round the orator. He shook his head, and proceeded.

"Such things always lose in the telling, and are, in fact, arrant nonsense to all but the parties interested. The Peruvian took off his straw hat, and showed a noble countenance, and a head of thick and curling hair. He threw the poncho over his shoulder, and I saw plainly enough the uniform of one of San Martin's officers; another glance, and I became convinced that this was the stranger

whose horsemanship had excited my admiration on my way from Callao. It was not very fair to be a listener, I allow; but I considered the Peruvian as a friend, having seen him before, and curiosity to see a real love affair, after one or two twinges, overcame all scruples of conscience. From what I could gather, the lady was the daughter of a Spanish royalist, and the officer was a lover of unprecedented constancy. Duty to his country had made him join the patriots; duty to her father had retained the lady in Lima, while her lover was conquering with San Martin, and approaching the capital of Peru. Arrived at last in its neighborhood, and fearing for her safety if the place was entered by force, he had obtained admission to the town in disguise, appointed the present hour, in the letter which I had seen her reading, for an interview, and now urged her rapid and immediate flight with him to Valparaiso, in a vessel lying in the harbor. She spoke of her father, his hatred of the patriot cause, and his consequent inveteracy against her lover; she urged her duty, and the danger of flight. To all this my friend pleaded like a hero, as I have no doubt he is. He rose from the seat which he had occupied beside her, and paced the room with impatient steps; and at last stopping before her, with his back turned towards the smaller door, began to repeat his arguments for flight. Suddenly her eye became fixed, the color fled from her face; she looked as if she would have screamed, but could not. Her lover bent forward with anxious eagerness, and vainly solicited the cause of her visible alarm. I saw it, and one moment more found me involved in difficulty and adventure. While the impetuous lover was detailing his plans, the small door had been pushed gently open, and a person, whom I

can swear was the father, followed by two others, all well armed, entered the room, and sprang towards the Peruvian. I shrieked aloud, however, before they reached him, and he turned in time for defence. In a moment the broad straight sword was gleaming over the head of the companion of the old man, and would have descended fatally, had it not struck against and extinguished the only light in the chamber, that hanging from the ceiling. All was shrieking and screaming for a moment, when some one jumped from the open window, overturned me, and darted into the garden. I was now very seriously bruised, and, when lights were brought, was discovered lying in the verandah. But the Peruvian was gone, and the lady was nowhere to be found. The broken glass of the lamp, and an immense straw hat, were all that remained in evidence of the occurrence.

"The old don swore at me until he was exhausted, and shut me up for the night in the cellar, as an accomplice of the Peruvian. In the morning, he carried me before a magistrate, who would have committed me to prison, had I not been recognized by a Spanish gentleman who had seen me in the frigate. By his exertions I was released, and with the sombrero of the runaway lover to pay me for bruises and broken bones, I joined the liberty boys; and here I am, spinning long yarns to a parcel of sleepy reefers."

The attention of many of the listeners had, during the latter portion of the Virginian's story, been diverted by the crowd which had collected on the quarter-deck, and were leaning over the larboard side of the ship, and the Virginian now joined a group of them himself, with the question:

"Well, reefers, what's the go now? Is this the first time you have seen a whaler's boat towing his casks to the watering-place, after eight bells?"

"Devilish big casks those the leading boat has in tow," said a sailor, who had ascended a few feet in the main-shrouds.

"Casks!" repeated a midshipman, dropping a night-glass at the same time into his left hand. "If those black-looking things are not boats filled with men, and coming on with a long and steady pull, this glass is not worth a rotten rope-yarn."

Every eye was now exerted to its utmost powers of vision; the glass was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes all on deck were satisfied that a long line of barges, each crowded with men, was pulling up directly astern of the Macedonian.

"The Scotchman is on the waters to-night," whispered the Virginian. "What did I tell you in the boat? My life for it, Cochrane is in the foremost barge; and see how he keeps us between him and the Esmeralda."

His companion made no reply, but turned to look at the tall masts and taper spars of the Spanish frigate, and then again upon the advancing boats. By this time the word which had been passed below, had brought the whole ship's crew upon deck, every man of which watched with almost breathless interest the approach of the barges. The topmen stole silently aloft, and most of the sailors and officers instinctively placed themselves in the neighborhood of their respective posts. Not a wave was upon the waters, and the night breeze as it passed fore and aft the ship was scarcely felt against the cheek. The Chilians came on with muffled oars, and their long, steady

strokes soon brought them under the stern of the Macedonian. So silently did they move, that, as they passed alongside, no sound of voice or oar could be distinguished, and, clad as they were in white, they seemed like a band of spirits, rather than mortal men moving on the deep. No hail was given by the American ship. Officers, quartermasters, sailors, were spell-bound with intense interest, and the very sentinels seemed to forget their existence, as they gazed on the Chilians, whose approach, undiscovered by the Spaniards, became every moment more doubtful. Already had they passed, and breaking off alternately to the larboard and starboard of the Esmeralda, clasped the fated vessel in their embrace. Instead of following in the line, the last of Cochrane's boats pulled under the cabin windows of the Macedonian, and held on to the rudder chains. The officer commanding begged, entreated, threatened his crew. They would not proceed. In sullen cowardice they concealed themselves during the combat which followed. In vain did the officers of the Macedonian order them to let go, and urge them to avoid disgrace; the chaplain even joined his entreaties; they made no answer, but kept their place, the only cowards of that eventful night. When the fight was over, they pulled silently to the Esmeralda, and, preserving the secret of their baseness, participated in the honors of the occasion.

In the meantime one of the barges glided to a gun-boat under the bows of the American. The clash of sabre upon steel, the words "*silencio o muerte*," a hum of voices, a dead stillness, and the gun-boat had changed masters. This broke the spell on board the Macedonian. A kedge was carried out, the gib hauled up, the chain slipped, and as the head fell off from the wind, a cloud of canvass

dropped from her spars, and solicited the breeze. Long ere these preparations were complete, the Esmeralda was the scene of conflict. The first man who boarded from the main-chains, after cutting down the sentinel at the gangway, was shot by the sentinel at the forecastle. Cochrane was the next, and in a few moments the deck was crowded with his followers. The Spaniards were sleeping on their arms, and as they struggled from below, the contest became fierce and doubtful. There was one pause only in which the assailants ceased to slay, as they watched with intense anxiety the effect of the wind upon the jib. Had the head fallen towards the shore, the Esmeralda must have been deserted and burnt by the Chilians; but fate decreed it otherwise, and there was was one loud "hurrah" as the bows gently turned towards the island of San Lorenzo. The Chilian sailors on the spars soon clothed the vessel with her canvass. From royals to courses every sail was set, and falling astern of the Macedonian, the Esmeralda followed her slowly from the shore.

The fight continued while the vessel got under way, and "Jesu," "Santa Maria," "caramba," joined with English oaths and exclamations, came loud through the din of battle. At one time the voice of Lord Cochrane was heard encouraging his men, and ordering more sail to be packed upon the spars. Then came a volley of fire-arms, which drowned all sounds besides, and illuminating the deck, showed the rapid gleam of descending sabres. Then there would be a momentary pause, as one party or the other gained a temporary advantage, and then again the wild uproar swelled with redoubled fury. At last, the Chilians, collecting in a dense mass upon the quarter-

deck, made a quick and fierce charge upon their opponents. It was met, and for an instant met successfully; but the strength of the Spaniards was broken, and the next moment they were heard dropping into the sea, as their pursuers forced them over the bows. The spar-deck was now still, but below all was confusion. A gun-brig which had repelled its assailants, fired its single piece of artillery directly under the cabin windows of the Esmeralda, and the indiscriminate slaughter of friend and foe was the consequence. This, however, produced no effect upon the combatants, and the victory on the gun-deck was still doubtful, when Cochrane, with his successful followers, rushed down the gangway, and quickly decided the fate of the Spaniards. The wave was their only refuge; and springing from the ports, some gained the shore by swimming, others found their graves where they fell.

The Virginian, and his companion in the cutter, had watched the progress of the fight from their station in the foretop of the Macedonian, and were still gazing on the deck of the Esmeralda, when a flash from the shore, the howl of a ball passing between the masts, and the dull report of a cannon, drew their attention to another quarter. Lights were seen hurrying along the ramparts of the fortress of Callao, and the sound of drums came faintly from them. Flash after flash succeeded the first in quick succession, until one continued stream of fire gushed from the long line of batteries. To the eyes of the young men, every gun seemed intended especially for them.

"What! not a spar gone yet? and only one hole through the main-topsail?" said the Virginian at last, after coolly casting his eyes upwards upon the canvass of

the ship. "It can't be so long, however; the light duck scarcely draws, and the courses and topsails hang like lead. There goes the cross-jack yard," he continued, as the crash of splintered wood was heard upon the quarter-deck. "The lanterns at the peak and jib-boom end would have distinguished us from the Esmeralda, if Cochrane had not hoisted them as soon as we did."

"By heavens! though, there goes his peak light," cried his companion, as a shot severed the rope. The lantern fell over into the sea, floated a moment, and was extinguished.

A better aim on the part of the Spanish gunners, or the gradual approach of the vessel within the range of some of the cannon of the fortress, made the situation of the ship more perilous than it had yet been, and three or four balls almost grazed the heads of the fore-top men. Still both spar and sail were uninjured, and the only effect of the shot was to hush the whispered conversation which had been hitherto maintained.

The silence was at last interrupted by an interjectional whistle from the Virginian, as a shot went through the sail immediately above him.

"This firing will deaden the wind until canvass nor duck will hold it: and the Scotchman hangs on our quarter, determined that, if he sinks, so shall we."

"Don't whistle for the wind, mister," said an old sailor in a superstitious tone; "it never comes when it is called, and we want it too much to anger it."

"That whistle brought it, though," cried the other. "The Esmeralda's courses draw, and our heavy sails begin to feel it; we'll walk yet, if the puff holds."

The communication was accompanied with a visible

change in the spirits of the seamen, as the sail, after one or two heaves, swelled steadily before the wind. The progress of the vessel, however, was still slow, although the danger every moment decreased, and it was upwards of an hour before the shot of the fortress fell short. Daylight by this time began to dawn, and showed the sullen batteries, surmounted by a heavy dun cloud, and frowning over a bay which they had so fruitlessly attempted to guard. The Macedonian cast anchor far beyond their reach, and the Esmeralda, uninjured, and in gallant style, moved to the island of San Lorenzo.

During this eventful night, the captain of the American frigate had been detained in Lima, and at sun-rise of the second day after the fight, the launch and gig were ordered down to Chorillos to meet him, and to receive on board such Americans as feared the consequences of remaining in the city during the first moments of excitement which would follow the intelligence of the capture of the Esmeralda. The gig was commanded by our friend the Virginian, and after a long and heavy pull, he found himself beneath the high and rugged cliffs of Chorillos. Here the boats remained without the surf, while the Indians, wading through it, brought the passengers on board. "All aboard" had been already cried, and the oars were in the row-locks to return, when the appearance of a troop of San Martin's cavalry on shore, and their loud shouts and earnest beckonings, delayed their departure. As the sailors rested on their oars, an officer, who appeared to be the commander of the soldiers, came hurrying to the beach, bearing on his arm a female, whose horse he had been seen to guide as his troops came full gallop on. He gave her to the huge Indian who offered his assistance,

and followed him into the surf. A short and low conversation was held between San Martin's officer and the American commander. The former then returned to the shore, and the latter gave his rapid orders to proceed to Callao.

By evening the party were again in their frigate, and a knot was soon seen to assemble round the young Virginian, as on the preceding evening. He seemed to be urging a doubtful point with peculiar energy.

"How did I know them? Why, did'nt I see him plain enough in the room, and did'nt I hear his plan of getting her to Valparaiso? The captain ordered me to the launch, but not before I saw her face. No, reefers, no! True love got the weather-gauge of the old don, her father, in Lima, and kept it at Chorillos."

"Home, Sweet Home."

BY MISS SARAH ROBERTS.

My own dear home! how sweetly fall
The words upon mine ear;
Lov'd beings glide before mine eyes,
And gentle tones I hear.
And summer with its sunshine hours
Of glad and joyous mirth,
And winter with its world of bliss
Around the social hearth:
Husband and children gather'd there,
And happy, happy me,
Knowing no bliss beyond those smiles
I love so tenderly.

My own dear home! 'tis a sweet spot,
So pleasant to the eye;
The traveler pauses on his way,
Its beauties to descry.

And asks what hand of taste and skill
Arrang'd our garden fair,
And train'd the roses and the vines
With such exquisite care.
A noble river rolleth by,
And from my window here,
The white sail and the boatman's oar
Gladden mine eye and ear.

My own dear home—ah, happy me!
Dear husband's step I hear,
God bless his kind and noble heart!
Be mine his way to cheer.
My boys come bounding in from school,
Their mother's kiss to claim,
Kitty and gentle Lizzie, too,
Are shouting mother's name.
Oh, may I make their home to them
The spot they all love best,
An emblem of their heavenly home,—
A place of peace and rest!

My own dear home—'tis woman's part
To beautify and bless,
And make the little world of home
The abode of happiness.
By sympathy and patient love,
The perfect wife to be;
And far above all other gems,
To wear humility.

To act the mother's weighty part,
Most true and faithfully,
Remembering that her children are
Heirs of eternity.

My own dear home—Father in Heaven!
Smile on it in thy love;
Make it in purity and peace,
Like thy bright home above!
And first and best, oh, Father! grant
That mild religion's sway
Dwell in our hearts most earnestly—
Control us day by day.
When time and sense shall be no more.
And faith is lost in sight,
Unbroken may our little band
Dwell near thy throne of light!

The Sisters.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

"Is it not beautiful, sister?" said Pauline Renard to her sister Grace, as reclining under the shade of a large tree beside a bank of wild flowers, which skirted a little lake of sparkling water: they were examining a flower very intently. "Is it not most beautiful? Look at the velvet-like texture of the corolla, as well as its heightened blush, and see how regularly and closely the petals are folded over its heart of hearts, as if it had a secret to conceal from the eye of the world. And not less beautiful is its mossy calyx, with now and then a little leaflet clasping the bright petals, as if to shield them from harm."

"Yes, sister," replied Grace; "it is very lovely, and seems 'born to blush in your shining hair,' and to have caught the hues of the glorious sunset. And this is, indeed, a most charming place, is it not, Pauline?"

"To us, it is, Grace," was the reply; "how quiet everything is around us! The water is just rippled by the breeze, and yonder see those merry little birds flying coquettishly near the surface, occasionally dipping their wings and throwing the spray to glitter in the sunshine."

"And in the joyous spring," said Grace, "the modest violets, with eye of blue or pearly white, bending so

Drawn & Engd by J.C. McRae.

TWO SISTERS.

gracefully around the margin, like the setting of a gem, where the beauty is heightened by contrast; and the little Mitella with its white fringed bell occasionally peeping from their midst—afterward, in the warm breath of early summer, the pure wax-like Monotropa—the sweet Lily of the vale—the rich Side-saddle with its nodding purple flower and half-closed cup—the splendid Laurel, which grows here in such wild beauty, but like the red man refuses to be civilized and cultivated—these deck this fairy dell; and later still, the fragrant Pond-lily, like the Egyptian Lotus, looks up gloriously from the calm water; and now the yellow Golden-rod, the sky-blue Veronica, and red and white Clover border our fairy lake. Do you not think, Pauline, it is the loveliest spot upon earth?"

"You are a sweet little enthusiast, Grace, but I cannot disagree with you. I love the wild flowers too—the sweet wild flowers—but this is my floral queen;" and their attention was again engrossed by the cherished flower.

A wreath of Moss Rose-buds confined the luxuriant hair of Pauline; and the fair-haired Grace, two years younger, with an arm encircling her sister's neck, rested upon her shoulder in admiration of her favorite. At length a shade of sadness passed over her face, as she said—

"Dear sister, are not these our happiest days, when, blessed with the society of our dear parents and each other, we can rove free as the wild bird about our favorite haunts? What shall I do if separated from you, Pauline?"

"I trust other days of happiness are in store for us,

my sweet Grace; but this shall be our 'trysting place;' should we ever be separated, in the last summer month, when the moss roses in our flower garden send their fragrance upon the gale—under this shady elm will we meet, and speak of the halcyon days of childhood, unless, indeed, our residence be so far away as to render it impossible. Even then we will be present in heart."

"And should we live to be old, sister, and bear the marks of age," said the younger, "think you the world will appear to us as it now does?"

"Probably not; though the heart never grows old, if the outward body does; but the freshness must be gone —perhaps much of the enjoyment;" said Pauline.

"I think I should not wish to live till a wrinkled face and grey hair gave me a disrelish for the beautiful."

"Neither would I desire it; but that is looking far into the future. I, who am scarcely nineteen," said the elder, "can little judge the heart of sixty. But why so pensive to-night, dear Grace?" said she, tenderly; "life has many charms for us now, and methinks we should rightly enjoy the present, and live with reference to an eternal world of happiness."

"Yes, Pauline, that bright world where all is pure and holy, where flowers never fade, where sorrow never enters. Here the budding and decay of flowers mark the swift passing of our years. I love to call to mind those beautiful lines of the gifted Mrs. Hemans:

"'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose color'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.'"

And having risen to bend their steps homeward, they again glanced over their fairy spot, with grateful hearts. *Life was sweet.*

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Renard, of French descent, had in early life married a lady in Philadelphia, and selected a homestead not far from one of the noble rivers that course through a great part of the Empire State. Here everything that wealth could purchase and taste could arrange, made their home most delightful Two daughters, who were lovely as their fond parents could desire, received an education principally from their accomplished mother; but death had made sad inroads in that happy mansion, and two sons, some years younger, were taken from them by that scourge of our land, the scarletina, and were laid to sleep in their quiet little graves till the resurrection. The parents mourned over their disappointed hopes; but time, the smiles of the daughters, and, more than all, divine consolation, brought resignation and a chastened joy to their bosoms. Christian virtues and graces were early inculcated upon Pauline and her sister, and a love of the beautiful instilled into their hearts. Possessing a disciplined and well regulated mind, the mother was fully competent to train their own for usefulness and happiness; and they rapidly expanded under her fostering care. If Pauline possessed more energy, decision of character, and independence of thought and feeling, Grace, on the other hand, was more confiding, affectionate, self-sacrificing, and patient. But their characters had become so strongly assimilated by being constantly together, that everything between them was in the most perfect harmony. Their

wishes, thoughts, aims, were the offspring of kindred spirits. Well educated and accomplished above most of their sex, they excelled, also, in beauty of form and feature.

During the summer season their retirement was enlivened by the society of friends from the city, who were desirous of inhaling the pure air, and of enjoying such polished and agreeable society as the mansion afforded. Many young gentlemen had been fascinated with the sweet faces and winning ways of the sisters—and many more with the enviable fortune they possessed—but they remained seemingly insensible to admiration, innocent, heart-free, and happy.

At length Mrs. Lifford and her daughter, from New York, came to spend a week at Roseland Dell. This was not their first visit to this charming spot; but, hitherto, Mr. Lifford had accompanied them, being a distant relative of Mrs. Renard. Within the previous year, Mr. L. had found it necessary to go West, upon urgent business, and was one of the unfortunate persons lost in a schooner, during a storm, upon Lake Erie, not far from the shore. Overwhelmed at this sudden bereavement, the widow and daughter had thus far lived in seclusion; but after several pressing invitations, they decided upon a visit to their friends, so early in the season as to be in no danger of meeting other company from the city, and, at the same time, be benefitted by a change of air. As a protector in their travels, they obtained the company of Mr. Lifford's nephew, Frederick Hamilton, a young lawyer of decided talent.

This gentleman, of most pleasing personal appearance and a fine intellectual countenance, could not long remain

insensible to the worth and beauty of Pauline and Grace. Like twin rose-buds, they were ever together; and like beings from another sphere did they appear in his eyes. He saw much to admire in all of his new friends. Among his acquaintances at home he had witnessed considerable unhappiness, in the domestic state, by injudicious marriages; and had resolved never to wed till he should find a lady who possessed all those rare gifts his vivid imagination had pictured. Despairing of being the fortunate finder of so much excellence, he had resigned himself to his fate, little doubting he was doomed to a life of single blessedness. Even his cousin fell short of his ideas of perfection, and, as yet, none had attained to that high standard he sought.

Now chance, as it were, had thrown him into the society of two such beings as he had dreamed of, but never expected to meet. It required little penetration to discover that they were lovers of Nature, in all her various forms; but by long, interesting, and well-directed conversations, with much tact, he managed to draw out the rich treasures of their minds, and was amazed at their capacious powers. Nor were they scarcely inferior in accomplishments, excelling upon the harp and piano. Many an hour, during that blissful week, was devoted to music; Mr. Hamilton with his flute accompanying the three young ladies. His attentions were general; but his own heart told him, at length, that he had a choice; yet this he wisely determined should remain a secret for the present.

Another eye, however, was quick to discern the preference, and the song-bird of happiness seemed about to take its departure from her bosom. Mary Lifford had almost unconsciously attached herself to her gifted cousin.

Mistaking her admiration for a sisterly regard, she sought no means to overcome it till she discovered her error; and then, accustomed to have every wish gratified, she was fully determined to win him by her powers of fascination —and did not despair, though he treated her only with the politeness of a friend. She knew his fine feelings and scrupulous fears with regard to matrimony; and had no uneasiness lest her charms should be eclipsed by any within the circle of her acquaintance. Impenetrable as he seemed, she yet thought to take the fortress in triumph and bear off the palm of victory. Alas! for her—that another should awake his purest affections—his ardent love!

"It must not—shall not be;" thought Mary. "Much as I have loved my pretty cousins, I cannot allow either of them to rob me of such a priceless treasure. They shall think me betrothed to Frederick, and we must hasten away."

An opportunity soon offered to commence the execution of her plans. The family were assembled in the drawing-room, and Mr. Hamilton stood near Pauline, who was seated at the piano, turning over the leaves of a music-book. Mary and Grace were standing by a window, apparently in conversation, but the former was scrutinizing the face of Frederick, as he looked steadily and absently upon an open book before him. At length he rallied, and asked Pauline for a song.

"Have you a preference?" she inquired.

"None," was the reply; "take, if you please, the one now before you."

"This is one of Grace's favorites, Mr. Hamilton, but I will attempt it." And she played and sang—

"BRING FLOWERS."

"Bring flowers! wild flowers, from the sunny hill-side;
Bring the modest wild flowers to deck the young bride;
The gaudy exotic may please the gay belle,
But the flowers of the forest its beauties excel:
Then twine we a wreath from the green mountain crest,
And place on the brow of the maid we love best.

Bring flowers! wild flowers, all native and fair,
Unsullied by touch, nor made sickly by care:
A dew-drop is sparkling in each tiny bell;
The bee sips the nectar, and flits to his cell:
Their fragrance is borne on the breeze of the morn—
Bring flowers, wild flowers, the bride to adorn.

Bring flowers! they tell us how dear to the heart,
Is the smile of young Beauty, untutored by Art:
The brilliant may dazzle—the wealthy may shine,
But the sweet modest floweret alone shall be mine.
Then twine we a wreath from the sunny hill-side,
And place on the brow of the lovely young bride."

Pauline rose and gave her seat to Miss Lifford, who sang, with visible emotion, the following

SONG.

"The smile from my lips is banish'd,
And care sits on my brow;
The rose from my cheek has vanish'd
Then say wouldst thou love me now?
My heart is sad and lonely;
Shall thine be a broken vow?

The Mignonette, though cherished
With anxious, watchful eye,
Still with the myrtle perish'd,—
Like them, I, too, must die.
My heart is sad and lonely;
Wilt thou breathe for me a sigh?

The ring thou gavest is broken,
I turn in grief away
From the sight of Love's first token,
And its dreams in bright array.
My heart is sad and lonely;
Canst thou be happy and gay?

The sod will press this bosom,
The willow above me wave,
And zephyrs kiss each blossom
That nods above my grave.
And then all sad and lonely,
Will tears thy red eyelids lave?"

When she had concluded, her agitated manner did not escape the notice of the sisters, who at once conjectured what she wished; and a pang darted through the heart of Pauline, but she presently resumed her self-command, and raising her eyes to Mr. Hamilton, she met his ardent, tender gaze; and, blushing deeply, reached forward for a book to hide her confusion, and soon left the room.

"I cannot believe, Grace," said she, when they were left together, "that he has ever sought her love, for I feel sure he has too much nobleness of heart to trifle thus. She may have voluntarily given her affections to him."

"Perhaps she may refer to one far away," said the younger; "one who has broken his vow, and caused her heart to be 'sad and lonely.'——But our guests leave to-morrow."

"Yes, and probably we shall never see them again," said Pauline, in a soft, if not tremulous tone, "and the passing week will only be as a bright spot on the page of memory."

"One on which we will love to dwell," said Grace.

The next day the visitors departed, and the family were once more alone at Roseland Dell.

CHAPTER III.

Domestic duties occupied the ladies for a few days, for they were unaccustomed to that dreamy idleness which seems such a necessary ingredient in the character ofa certain class of would-be fashionables; and they had been early taught that industry was the key-stone of happiness, necessary for the well-being of soul and body. Their visits to the dwellings of those in humble life had been omitted during the week; but none in the neighborhood might be called very poor, for pecuniary aid and advice had placed all above want: and none were then ill, for restoratives and refreshments were always bountifully supplied to the needy from the hospitable mansion. Those calls were now made with interest and pleasure.

They were approaching a cottage near the road-side, where honeysuckles were climbing over the trellised door, when a little girl, about six years old, saw them, and cried out, "Oh, mother, mother! the good young ladies are coming again; may I run and meet them?" And away she ran, in high glee, and soon reaching them, gave a hand to each.

"How do you do, Suzy?" said Pauline, "and how is mother and aunt Grayson?"

"Mother is very well, thank you, and aunt Grayson, too. She helps mother spin, and holds the baby, and reads," said the little girl.

"And do you read, too?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; and I have hemmed those handkerchiefs you gave me, beside doing my other work."

"Then you have done well," said Pauline; "I am pleased to find you so industrious;" and the child's cheeks glowed with pleasure at the well-merited compliment.

"Your door-yard looks very pretty, Suzy," said Grace, as they drew near; "I suppose your father takes time to keep the weeds so nicely out of your flower-beds."

"Oh, no, ma'am," was the reply, "father goes to the mill very early, and does not come home till dark; and then, you know, he could not see to pull up the weeds, besides being so tired; so I do it."

"Ah! when do you find time, Suzy?"

"In the morning, before the sun is out, is the prettiest time; but if mother wants me then, I have a great many odd minutes through the day."

"Suzy," said Grace, "I hope you will always continue as anxious to improve the moments in doing good, as you are now. You will then be a comfort to your parents, and be happy yourself."

Again a rich bloom mounted to the little girl's cheek, as she replied, "That is just what the tall gentleman told me, a few days ago."

"What tall gentleman, Suzy?"

"Why, he was a stranger, ma'am, I think. He had pleasant, dark eyes, and a smile upon his face. I was weeding my flowers one morning, as he was walking by, and he stopped to ask me all about them, and was pleased to see me so busy, and said he hoped I would be happy and good, and be a comfort to my parents."

They now entered the cottage, and made inquiries after

all—Grace fondling her pet, the baby, while Pauline was congratulating the infirm aunt Grayson, whose health was now so much improved, that she was able to make herself quite useful to Suzy's excellent mother. Pauline's eyes rested upon a new snuff-box which aunt Grayson had left in a conspicuous place as if to attract attention, and remarked,

"You have a pretty new box, aunt Grayson!"

"Ah, yes, my good young lady, I have many blessings. Last week a young man came in one morning, apologizing for his intrusion, as he called it, and saying he had seen my little girl at work in the door-yard, and had called in to rest a few moments and enjoy the prospect. I told him that Suzy was not my little girl—that I was a widow, alone in the world, and unable, from bad health, to take care of myself—that the goodness of the young ladies up at the mansion had placed me in this comfortable home; and they paid the miller's wife for my board. He asked me a great many questions about you both, and spoke very kindly to me, hoping I would soon be well. Two or three days afterward he called and gave me this box as a keepsake, for he said he was going away."

"Did he tell his name?" asked Pauline.

"No, Miss Renard, but he was a tall, noble-looking man, with a high forehead, and black eyes and hair. When he had gone, I opened the box, and found in it a gold piece."

"So you see, aunt Grayson, you are cared for—I hope many happy years are in store for you," said Pauline; and having spoken a few cheerful words to Suzy's mother, they walked on.

They next entered the humble dwelling of old John, the woodcutter. Here, too, they found their benevolent efforts had been aided by the liberality of the unknown.

"Heaven bless the young gentleman," said old John, "he is one of Nature's noblemen, and fit to be a king, or rather a president!" added he in a lower tone of voice, "for that is better still in our free country."

"A thrill of pleasure sent the blood to the face of Pauline; and she and Grace at once understood that their late guest was the gentleman who had scattered so many golden flowers in his pathway. At every stopping place they found he had preceded them; even in the little school for children which Pauline and Grace superintended, he had looked in, encouraged and questioned them, and had spoken words of comfort and hope to the teacher.

Ten days had elapsed since the departure of the visitors from Roseland Dell; and Mrs. Renard and her daughters were occupied in the drawing-room, when Mr. Renard entered with a letter, and seating himself near a window, seemed absorbed in its contents. At length, when he had finished, he said,

"This letter is from Mr. Hamilton, announcing the safe arrival of our friends at home, and he expresses in strong terms the pleasure he enjoyed while with us. What think you of our new friends, Constance?" said Mr. R., addressing his wife.

"I am much pleased with him," was her reply. His countenance and appearance are alike prepossessing—and a further acquaintance, though a short one, only confirms my good opinion of him. Did you notice his finely-formed head, Mr. Renard?"

"I did," he answered. "His intellectual faculties are beautifully developed. And what think you, my daughters?" added he; "you surely must have formed an opinion also."

"Quite favorable, too, papa!" said Grace, who spoke, as Pauline was just then bending over, in some perplexity about her work.

"And does my Pauline think as highly of him, too?" asked the persevering father. Without raising her eyes, she answered hurriedly—"Yes, papa, we thought him very agreeable and intelligent."

"And would you like a repetition of his visit?"

"Oh, papa!"

"He informs me that business will call him in this direction in about three weeks, and begs to be permitted to pass a few more days with us on his return. His particular friend, a young clergyman, will accompany him, the Rev. Edward Belmont, whom he wishes to introduce to us."

"We shall welcome them with pleasure," said Mrs. Renard.

"Why are you pensive, my little Grace?" asked her father.

"I was thinking, dear papa," she answered, "how happy Miss Lifford will be if—"

"If what, daughter?"

"If she marries such a worthy man."

"As Mr. Hamilton, do you mean? Why do you think of that, my child?" asked the father, anxiously.

She told him about the song—the visible effort it cost her—her silence and sadness afterwards—and the suspicions she and her sister at first entertained. "But,"

she added, "I can hardly think it possible, after all; for no change was perceptible in his politeness to her afterwards."

"I cannot believe him so unprincipled," said Mr. Renard, "but must look to this. In his letter he has asked permission to address Pauline. We will think of it till to-morrow, and then I must reply to him."

Pauline, meanwhile, in indescribable embarrassment, did not venture to raise her eyes from her work; she plied her needle more vigorously, and occasionally a tear fell; but whether joy or sorrow predominated in her bosom, it would be difficult to tell. She was soon relieved by a proposal from Grace, that they should walk out; and the excellent parents were left to draw their own inferences and conclusions with regard to the past—the present—and the future.

CHAPTER IV.

The letter was forwarded in return. Of its contents we may judge, by the appearance, in about three weeks, of Mr. Hamilton and the young clergyman.

Rapidly flew the joyous hours in the warm breath of midsummer. In this quiet retreat—in this shaded dell, the air was always cool and refreshing; and the guests seemed inclined to put off the day of departure. Nor was it alone the delightful air, or the shady groves, or the charming views that thus enchained them to Roseland Dell. Frederick Hamilton knew full well the powerful attraction that held him there, nor did he wish to break the chains that love had rivetted; and with joy he re-

marked the rapid development of affection in his friend for Grace. Edward Belmont was a young gentleman of moderate wealth, but possessed bright talents and true excellence. He lived in the daily practice of those Christian virtues which render man truly estimable—precept and example going hand in hand. Now at the age of twenty-five, he was rector of —— street church, New York, and still unmarried. He found the mind of Grace a pleasing study, and often detected himself listening in wonder to her conversational powers, when a more familiar acquaintance had enabled her to throw off the diffidence which caused her to appear reserved and silent before strangers.

"Such an one," thought he, "is just calculated for a rector's wife. Her very manner, as well as arguments, would have a tendency to win souls to virtue. But I dare not hope to gain such a treasure—she is destined for a more elevated station than one in which I could place her;" and for the first time he regretted his want of wealth Not that he feared Grace would reject him on that account; but he should hesitate to ask her to share a more humble home with him than one to which she had been accustomed. Besides, he could scarcely blame her aristocratic parents if they were unwilling to place such a pure and delicate flower where it might be exposed to the chill blasts of adversity. And yet, instead of fleeing from her presence, he still lingered, without scarcely knowing why. The gentlemen accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Renard and the sisters in many delightful walks, visiting all their favorite haunts, as well as passing the cottages where the inhabitants of Roseland Dell had been instrumental in promoting so much happiness.

"Here," said Mr. Belmont, as he stood under the shade of a stately elm beside a blue lake, whose edge was fringed with wild flowers, "is the most enchanting little nook I have yet found. Nothing can be more beautiful than the view from this secluded spot."

"Could you write sermons here, Edward?" asked Hamilton.

"I could study them, at least, my friend, and should think that everything I behold would inspire me also, for the works of God are so charmingly manifested. Perhaps were I the owner of such a place, I should enjoy it too well—should consider it almost a little Paradise."

"But it would not be Paradise without an Eve;" said Hamilton gayly, and glancing his eyes towards Grace.

This she observed, and remarked, "Eve might tempt him to evil, and thus prove a hinderance to such a glorious mission as heralds of the cross may bear to mankind; and then it would be Paradise no longer."

"Do you think, Miss Grace," said Belmont, "that a clergyman would impair his usefulness by marriage?"

"By no means, sir," she said, "if the lady be truly an help-meet; she may divide his cares and increase his enjoyments. But it seems to me not unusual for the best of men to be united to the gay and thoughtless."

"Surely you would not depreciate their taste, daughter!" said Mr. Renard.

"Oh no, papa; but rather infer that their own pure lives and charitableness to the faults of others, induce them to overlook blemishes in those they love. Is it not so?"

"Miss Grace is at least very kind to put such a favorable construction upon what may sometimes proceed

from selfishness or want of forethought," said Mr. Belmont.

"Edward! should you ever marry," said Hamilton, "it is to be presumed you will see no faults in your wife."

"Upon such a supposition, improbable as it is, we may presume she will have no faults," was the half jesting reply.

"Do you think, sir," asked Mrs. Renard, "that the gayeties of a city are as favorable to the pure life of a devoted Christian, as the retirement of a country, where the Creator's works, and not those of man's hands, are always visible?"

"There are, doubtless, many more temptations in crowded cities for frail humanity, madam; but the trusting, confiding spirit looks for aid and strength where alone they are given; and may doubtless walk as correctly in the strait and narrow path. But far more beautiful and healthful are the freshness and air of the country. Perhaps its rare enjoyment gives it additional charms."

"I have thought," said Pauline, "that retirement might be sometimes found even in a city; though without that quiet and peace which are here; but should think no locality could possess charms superior to the home of my childhood."

And their conversation was continued as they walked homeward. When they returned to New York, Frederick Hamilton was an accepted lover.

CHAPTER V.

These circumstances had transpired about a month previous to the scene which occurred in our first chapter. No wonder that Pauline was unwilling to speak of her intended departure in a few months—no wonder that Grace found new charms beneath the shady elm, since one whose opinions she highly valued gave it such a flattering preference. The spot was rendered sacred. And while examining Pauline's moss roses, one of which was lying upon her white robe, she could not forbear thinking that soon her dearly loved sister would be far away, and they would be torn asunder, even as the roses were from the parent stem—that in solitary loneliness she should visit this quiet retreat; and scarcely durst she pry into the future, except to dwell upon their happy meetings in the last month of summer.

Preparations were making for the joyful event—the union of two worthy and devoted hearts. Again Frederick Hamilton visits Roseland, but now to claim his bride, and his friend the Rev. Edward Belmont accompanies him, as groomsman elect. The bride, with her sunny face shaded by raven braids, was not more beautiful than the spiritual looking bridesmaid with her blue eyes and flaxen ringlets.

The ceremony over, preparations were made for their departure. Grace sought her own room to give vent to the fountain overflowing within—and throwing herself upon a seat—

> "The wreath of white roses was torn from her brow,
> And the heart of the bridesmaid is desolate now."

After a little time, however, smiles and sunshine returned, and she was one of the bridal party upon the wedding tour.

Now we are aware that a story loses its interest after a pair are married—therefore we will not go with them to Niagara or Saratoga—Boston or Washington. Nor will we describe Pauline's new home, or Grace's loneliness, or the parents' regret for the absence of the loved one. We pass over an interval of some months, till the next August came with its sultry breath, and drove many inhabitants from the sickly atmosphere of crowded cities to seek the healthy, bracing air of the country. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were among the number that sought the charming retreat at Roseland Dell. Again the sisters met at their "trysting-place" to breathe vows of love to each other: one to assert the full realization of her hopes by a union with the best of men—the other to express her joy at the return of the wanderer, and to ask a sister's advice with regard to her own future plans. Grace was betrothed to her heart's idol, and the next month he was to claim her for his own.

And they never wearied of talking of the halcyon days of childish girlhood—of their loved parents—of their favorite flowers—of everything that had given them so much pleasure, though these occurrences were for ever numbered with the past. The present, too, was all sunlight and happiness; and hope and joy traced bright visions of the future. *Life still was sweet.*

September came; and Mr. Renard, amidst smiles and tears, bestowed his remaining daughter upon the truly excellent Edward Belmont. He could not have selected another who seemed every way so worthy of his darling

Grace; but both he and the mother felt it a trial to part with the last well-beloved child. Yet ever self-sacrificing, they sought to banish all regrets, and comforted themselves with the knowledge that their daughters would enjoy each other's society in future, their homes being almost side by side,—and with the hope that the virtuous principles instilled into their young hearts might be the rule and practice of their lives; that thus they might exert a good influence upon others, and eventually reap an everlasting reward.

And where is Mary Lifford, meantime?

On returning from Roseland Dell to the city, while on board the steamboat, Mr. Hamilton found an opportunity, and frankly confided to his cousin his attachment to Pauline—his hopes and fears—his awaking from a cold and heartless sleep into a world of love and light. With difficulty, pride maintained its empire in her bosom, struggling for the mastery—but she heard all calmly, and wisely determined to think of him no more. A closer scrutiny within convinced her that real affection had little to do with her attachment—ambition to conquer the invincible, and pride to bear off such a prize, had been among the chief motives which actuated her. Fortunately, ere she could reply, they were interrupted by the approach of other passengers, and the subject was not again resumed.

Soon after she received the attentions of a gentleman from the South, was hastily married, and settled in Charleston, her mother residing with her. In a life of gayety, a continual round of pleasure, she *seemed*, at least, happy; and if the song-bird of happiness had left her, it was only to make a circuit through the fragrant air, and

return, with perfumed wings, to nestle again in her bosom. The past left no traces of care.

CHAPTER VI.

Time stayed not for the sunny smiles or the bright faces of the young and beautiful. He left his impress where his breath had touched. He deepened the tints of the foliage, and swept it from the naked branches, to make place for the swelling buds of another season. Happy childhood he brought rapidly forward to youth, and manhood, and maturity; and pencilled silver threads among the hair of darker hue above the brow he had wrinkled with care. And still he wearied not—since the creation of the world, he had ever been going onward, onward: building up empires, and crumbling them to the dust—sending the lovely and gifted upon earth, and again hushing them to rest among the clods of the valley. Thus will Time's hand mark the passing years, till the earth shall vanish as a scroll, and his name be lost in eternity.

Let us take a step with him over ten years. Again behold the sisters beneath the shady elm by the lake-side; still beautiful, still affectionate, and enjoying the rare beauties of their favorite dell. Time appeared to have wrought little change there. The body of the old elm might have been somewhat enlarged—some few dry trees may have been for ever divested of their leaves—but the blue sheet of water was still present, with its setting of emerald and fairy gems. The clovers, veronica, and golden-rod were still there to welcome "the sisters;" and the sweet wild birds playfully laving their wings in the placid

lake. A little boy and girl, of uncommon beauty, accompanied both Pauline and Grace, and the lineaments of each bright face told its relationship. During the interval of ten years, they had generally, thought not always, met at their "trysting place," as had been proposed; sometimes alone, sometimes with the cherubs that called them "mother," and whose presence heightened their joys. They were happy—*for life was still sweet.*

Three years more rolled by, and they are again seated beneath the shady elm. But the freshness and the beauty are gone—the flowers have lost their fragrance—bird-music no longer falls sweetly upon the ear, and sadness lingers around the heart.

"Now, sister," said Grace, "the fearful change has come over our spirits, which, in our earlier days, I shuddered to think upon. 'Tis the joyous heart only can make an earthly paradise, and sorrow tinges every spot with its sad coloring."

"Yes, sister," said the other, "our hearts are, indeed, bowed down in sorrow, but ere long we shall be more resigned, and learn to think of our little ones as angels in heaven."

"And we hope to meet them there," was the reply. "Let us not be ungrateful for the beloved ones still left us," continued she. "Let us strive to be more diligent in training our dear children for the bright home above, and remember, that He who lent them for a season, has an undoubted right to take them again to his bosom, where there is no more pain or sorrow." Each had just yielded up a precious child to the Giver. *The bitter was mingled with the sweet.*

Years rolled by. The sisters' annual visit was not for-

gotten; and again, when time and faith had healed their lacerated hearts, together with their excellent husbands and loving children, they could appreciate the beauties that Nature, with a lavish hand, had scattered over the landscape. True, the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth were gone, but, in their stead, was the calm, thoughtful joy of maturer years. Their venerable parents, when in the decline of life, still smiled upon and loved them and their children; and in peaceful joy and resignation, awaited the summons to the bright throne. Filial love decayed not in the daughters' hearts. This beautiful and attractive earth failed to engross all their thoughts and affections. To the pure and spiritual world they looked upward as the haven of rest—the guerdon of hope—the place of re-union with the loved and cherished. *And life was still sweet.*

The Match Girl.

BY MISS A. AUGUSTA LEAL.

Come, sit thee down by me, dear Kate!
And I will tell of the fate
Of a little maid of lowly state,
Who tried to be happy, tho' not great.
All day long, thro' the crowded street,
Sang she merrily—
"Matches! matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

And when night came, so damp and cold,
She sought a garret, rude and old,
Which let in the heat and sunlight bold,
And cried to think no matches she'd sold.
The crowd swept on without heeding the cry
That rang so merrily—
"Matches! matches! six for a fip!
"Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

When she found that none would buy,
A tear, unawares, stole to her eye;
And she sat her down with a heavy sigh,
Still singing loud, though wearily:

Ah, wearily sang thro' the dusty street,
Tho' she tried to sing merrily:
"Matches! matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

Day after day, in the crowded street,
Sang the maiden thro' rain and heat,
Till her voice grew low and very sweet,
Like the faint murmur where waters meet.
Day after day, in the dusty street,
Sang she merrily—
"Matches! matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

When winter came on, cold and bleak,
Tears roll'd down the maiden's cheek;
She trembled so she could scarcely speak,
For she was hungry and very weak:
So she pass'd on thro' snow and sleet,—
Pass'd on silently.
She could sing no more, "Matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

Then the maiden crying with sudden pain,
Clasp'd her hands wildly o'er her brain,
Faintly murm'ring, "Thro' wind and rain
I tried to sing, but 'twas all in vain.
In the cold, rain, and heat, thro' the dusty street,
I tried to sing merrily—
Matches! matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

Ere long, from that garret, rude and old,
They carried the maiden, stiff and cold;
But how she died, they never told—
How all day long, in the sunlight bold,
Thro' the sultry, crowded, and dusty street,
She had sung wearily—
"Matches! matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!"

Then they laid the maiden down to rest,
And placed the cold earth on her breast,
And said to each other, "The maiden is blest;
Her brow with a glorious crown is prest;
She will sing no more thro' the dirty street—
Sing no more merrily,
'Matches! matches! six for a fip!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!'"

Ferdinand De Soto.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

"Ferdinand De Soto, in April, 1541, while searching for gold, discovered the Mississippi river; died May 21st., 1542, and was buried in its waters."
Minutes from my Portfolio.

An offering to thy memory, De Soto,
Thou brave, but hapless one! fated to die
Far from thy native land and sunny hills!
With bold Pizarro thou didst proudly share
The glory of the conquest of Peru!
And with thy coffers filled with sparkling gems,
With sovereign's smiles and highest favor crown'd,
Thou fain wouldst seek among the western wilds
For glittering dust to gild thy lofty name:
Bathe in the fountain of eternal youth,
And live for ever to enjoy the fame
Thou'dst earn'd! Frail mortal! deem'd thou not
That Wealth would lose its charms, and Pleasure cloy;
E'en Fame's loud clarion yet would tire the ear,
Until the wearied spirit turn away
In sorrow or disgust from all things earthly?

Had thy brave soul and powerful intellect
Content remained on fair Hispania's shores;
Long life, perhaps, and glorious deeds were thine:
But mad Ambition urged thee on—still on!

The hidden gold, for later days reserv'd,
Was not for thee! thy dauntless trusty band
Suffer'd the red man's ire, and onward toil'd.
What lured thee forward? what sustain'd thy hope,
When treacherous savages decoy'd where yet
The white man ne'er had trod? Say! didst thou find
The wealth so coveted? Did music sweet
Among the orange groves entrance thy soul?
Didst find the waters of perennial youth,
And lave thy burning brow in luxury?

Thy silence answers with impressive truth,
More powerful than bold language. Thou didst find
What kingly forms have fill'd! ay, where One slept,
Higher than earthly kings or pageantry,
Who waits above to judge the trembling earth!
Didst find a rest from perils! find a GRAVE!
A grave beneath a rolling flood, where thou
So late had proudly gazed—the first European
Who had traced the mightly waters of the West.

Peace to thy soul, De Soto! be thy dirge
Chaunted in solemn strains, by gentle winds,
And rippling waves, and wild bird's sweetest song,
'Till all shall wake to an eternal world.

The Bible.

BY MRS. E. A. CURTISS HULCE.

The Bible ought to be regarded as the standard classic of the world. Entirely waiving its Divine claims, it presents matter for wonder and admiration, in its truthful delineations of character, its infinite diversity of style, the inflexible purity of its moral code, and its sublime and unequalled imagery. It has come to man like a sunbeam, from God himself, and we place on it comparatively little value; had it been hunted out by antiquarian research, from among the dusty tomes of some Egyptian or Grecian receptacle of philosophy, endless would have been the world's admiration of the profound lore; Homer and Virgil would have been displaced from their pedestals, and the student who now lavishes his frenzied enthusiasm over Olympian deities, their repulsive characters and sanguinary battles, would have been awed and purified by conceptions emanating from the throne of the Invisible. There is consolation in thinking that it is the only system which bears upon its face the impress of perfection, the seal of the Infinite. Every other code of philosophy or morals, if untouched by this, however fair in exterior, has something rotten at the core. What a contrast between *sacred* biography and *profane!* In the latter, what varied attempts to elevate the subject to a perfect hero, in some instances almost approaching to an apotheosis! How are his defects carefully glossed over, the darker points thrown into shadow, and all those which

will bear revelation, brought out into refulgent light! The most fanciful embellishments are not wanting ; even history condescends to make Romance her handmaid. But sacred biography, with the torch of Truth, reveals the whole character ; the entire man seems pointed out by the finger of God; "naught is set down in malice," but nothing is extenuated ; a mirror, clear as the sun and of as burning a light, throws back the faultless reflection of the image—humanity as it is. We think of the fair shepherd boy on the green hill-side of Judea, afterwards the sweet Lyrist of Israel ; and when the darker stains which spot his character are revealed, we turn revoltingly away, and wonder at our former admiration. But our interest is enchained to a life whose vicissitudes outvie Fiction in her most varying freaks; a life diversified by the crook, the sword, and the sceptre, now hiding in caves from the wrath of a king whom he generously spares ; anon essaying the purple and the throne ; finally, as monarch and legislator, his deep penitence and piety reconcile our regard to him as a model character. Were a man of capacity and literary taste debarred from every other book, in the Bible he would find almost every department represented—History, Biography, Poetry, and Ethics. No history so ancient, no biography so true, no poetry so sublime. David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan is a beautiful instance of simplicity and pathos. Even the greeting of the Hebrew maidens when Saul and David returned as victors, though tinged with the barbarism of that age, has something in it of triumphant grandeur. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." We too, despite of the rebuke of Christianity, sing our pæans over the hero; we have our

laurel-wreaths, but we mingle with them a few cypress leaves for the fallen and the vanquished. In the third of Habakkuk, where the presence of the Almighty is described, the passages fairly burn with the intensity of their imagery. Isaiah is allowed to be unsurpassed in sublimity by any human production; but there is one book—Revelations, to many parts of which we doubt if it is given to man to possess the key. If it be asked—of what use is it then, or what does it teach, we may answer—humility and adoration. Expositors can not fully elucidate its mysteries. The reading of it associates in the mind some great catastrophe of nature,—the earthquake, or the loud peal of thunder. In reading some of its passages, to use an old Saxonism, "the hair seems to rise on the head;" it surpasses all other books in the inspiration of awe. Read the description of the judgment in the 20th of Revelations as an instance: "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away;"—but opening at random in the book will evidence, that in inspiring emotions of awe, it is without parallel. We have not assumed the prerogatives of the Divine; we have been looking at the Bible as if it were a human composition. To those who can claim its hopes, the cold, forbidding grave truly may wear a halo of glory. Dark as are its portals, they open to that undying future, that spiritual existence, in which the grossness of materiality, the inevitably essential cares that administer to the wants of our animal nature, shall be absorbed and annihilated; to the Christian they open a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Even skeptics have confessed to its power. Hear the avowal of Rousseau, that "if the death of Socrates was that of a hero, Jesus Christ's

was that of a God!" And the Infidel's predilections ever lead him to award the palm to Grecian and Roman philosophy. Men of eminence, who affect to deride Revelation, often show that they have had recourse to its pages; they have confidence that it will enlighten the head, though not reform the heart. There are political speakers, who regard it as their Attic salt; their epigrammatic wit must be pointed by scripture quotations, thus paying it an involuntary, though profane compliment. Those who would become wise in worldly lore, would probably lose nothing by exchanging Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" for the proverbial philosophy of Solomon; though it must be confessed, as a verification of the adage, he was much better at *preaching* than *practice*. We cannot sympathize with those reformers who wish that our present English version should be shorn of its old Saxon strength, in order, by modernizing it, to accommodate it to present refinements. Language often loses in strength what it gains in elegance; and *strength* is the *last* quality which the Bible could well spare. Whatever else may be put on the railway of modern advancement, let the Bible be kept off. The English language has probably already passed its period of greatest perfection and purity; and it needs some great barrier which may act as a conservative power against further inroad. To those who object to the present version on another account, it may be said, that it is a *false* delicacy, not the *true*, that is so *acute* to the perception of evil; purity walks quietly onward, drawing from her own heart images of purity. Dressing up the Bible in modish language, would be like putting a ball-dress on a dying saint.

The Chanting Cherubs.

BY RICHARD H DANA.

I.

Whence come ye, Cherubs? from the moon?
Or from a shining star?
Ye, sure, are sent, a blessed boon,
From kinder worlds afar;
For while I look, my heart is all delight:
Earth has no creatures half so pure and bright.

II.

From moon nor star we hither flew;
The moon doth wane away,—
The stars, they pale at morning dew:
We're children of the day;
Nor change, nor night, was ever ours to bear;
Eternal light, and love, and joy, we share.

III.

Then, sons of light, from Heaven above
Some blessed news ye bring.
Come ye to chant eternal love,
And tell how angels sing,
And in your breathing, conscious forms to show
How purer forms above live, breathe, and glow?

IV.

Our parent is a human mind;
His winged thoughts are we;
To sun nor stars are we confined:
We pierce the deepest sea.
Moved by a brother's call, our Father bade
Us light on earth: and here our flight is stayed.

To the Sun Dial,

UNDER THE WINDOW OF THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES.

—

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Thou silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
Say, could'st thou speak, what warning voice were thine?
Shade, who can'st only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright
Of laughing Fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline
The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.
Yet are thy counsels faithful, just, and wise;
They bid us seize the moments as they pass,
Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of Life's revolving glass;
Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give Eternity to Time.

Bridget Plantagenet.

The life and death of Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of Edward the fourth and his queen Elizabeth Woodville, affords a beautiful picture of repose and innocence, in the midst of those troublous and "disjointed" times, when, if the world were not more generally corrupt and sinful than it is in our own days, it was less enlightened and civilized; and the fierce and ruthless passions of ambition, hatred and revenge, more openly outraged the holiest ties, and set at naught the barrier of the laws, sowing anarchy and dissension, especially among the heterogeneous branches of the royal family, and the turbulent nobles still partially submitting to the ascendancy of the star of York. The most zealous adherents of that unhappy family rather contributed to subvert than to establish its power, by espousing the jarring interests of its several branches, with the same fierce spirit and bloodthirsty animosity which had so long ensanguined the wars of the white rose and the red.

Dearly bought was Elizabeth Woodville's ill-starred elevation! And many were the sadly retrospective glances she cast from her fearful eminence, to that comparative lowliness when, in "maiden meditation, fancy free," she strayed among the quiet shades of her paternal Grafton. It may be, also, that the thoughts of England's queen—of the wife of Edward Plantagenet, sometimes reverted

to her second home of Groby, and to the husband of her youth, the father of her first-born—not that her second union had been contracted solely, or perhaps chiefly, with ambitious views. Edward, the handsomest and most engaging man of his times; a lover—a prince—and the generous protector of herself and her bereaved orphans, could not fail to awaken reciprocal tenderness in the still young and susceptible heart of Elizabeth; and whatever were his after derelictions from conjugal fidelity, to all outward seeming his affection for her experienced no diminution, and her influence over the royal mind remained unabated to the last hour of their union.

But though the queen was discreetly blind to those causes of offence which no quick-sightedness could have averted, the woman and the wife could not steel her heart against all the arrows of jealous and wounded feeling. And too often, when she looked around the splendid circle of her court—whether toward the phalanx of her own aggrandized relatives, or at the kindred of the king, their sinister smiles and hollow courtesy—her spirit sank with sad and sick forebodings, and involuntarily her thoughts fled back to Groby; to the husband in whose house she had been loved and honored, not only by himself, but by all connected with him by friendship or consanguinity.

Among such, Sybilla, the sister of Sir John Grey, had been the beloved playmate and companion of her happy childhood and maturer youth; but far different were their after destinies. Elizabeth was reserved for the splendid misery of envied greatness; and the happier Sybilla, whose earthly prospects were for ever darkened at the period of her brother's death, by the loss of her affianced husband, who fell in the same battle, retired to the nun-

nery of Dartford, where she took the veil, and in course of time became superior of the sisterhood.

Far differently had the lot fallen to Elizabeth Woodville and Sybilla Grey: but among all "the chances and changes" of their lives; even from the days of

> Childhood innocence,
> When with their needles, creating both one flower;
> Both on one sampler; sitting on one cushion;
> Both warbling of one song; both in one key:
> As if their hands, their sides, voices, and minds
> Had been incorporate, they grew together
> Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet an union in partition—

to that after-time, when the great gulf between a cloister and a throne divided their mortal destinies, sisters they remained in mind and heart; and perhaps the whitest hours of the Queen of England's fateful life, were those when, escaping from the gilded shackles of her state—from hollow hearts and dissembling smiles—from covert enemies and rashly aspiring friends—she took temporary refuge at Dartford, in the quiet parlor of the lady abbess, the revered mother St. Agnes, whose heart was as tender and true to its early affections, as when Sybilla Grey and Elizabeth Woodville "shared sweet counsel and sister's vows" together; and as lowly, as though she had been still but sister Agnes, an undistinguished member of the pious community.

The queen was generally accompanied by one or more of her children, in these visits to the nunnery of Dartford. Very frequently by the young Dorset and his brother Richard, her sons by Sir John Grey, and consequently nephews to the lady abbess; often, by Elizabeth and

Cicely, the elder princesses; or by others of the royal offspring; but always—almost always, by one lovely little creature; the dove-eyed Bridget—the fourth and fairest, and in secret, perhaps, the dearest of her six surviving daughters.

Young as they were, the three elder princesses were already contracted nobly; and Edward—who had it especially at heart to match his daughters royally—was negotiating marriages between Mary and Catherine, his youngest born, and the king of Denmark and the Spanish Infante.

Far other espousals were decreed for the young Bridget, in resigning whose sweet promise to the seclusion of a cloister, Edward and Elizabeth, influenced by the superstition of their faith and unenlightened times, considered they were making a sacrifice acceptable to heaven; and perhaps a propitiatory offering, to secure the earthly aggrandizement of their other children. Such, at least, and to gratify the queen's earnest desire, were probably the sole motives of Edward for this pious dedication; but deeper, and holier, and more tender incentives had worked within the heart of Elizabeth, disposing it to that which was indeed on her part an incalculable sacrifice. She had entered, perhaps, with a too worldly and ambitious spirit into the views of Edward, for the establishment of her other daughters; but there were moments, in the very height of her most exulting anticipations of their future greatness, when more maternal feelings, thoughts of tender anxiety and fond misgivings crept into her heart; and her eyes, while proudly riveted on her royal offspring, became suddenly suffused with tears, as she drew to her bosom the young, unconscious creatures, whose lot was

apparently cast on that envied elevation which she too well knew was not the abiding place of peace, nor the haven of happiness and security.

From her very cradle, the young Bridget's disposition had evinced such heavenly sweetness, such saint-like meekness and tender sensibility, as, combined with extreme delicacy of constitution, had peculiarly endeared her to the maternal heart; and the lovely child was, moreover, characterized by a degree of pensive seriousness, probably the result of physical delicacy, which made her more frequently the companion of the queen's retired and thoughtful hours, than a sharer in the youthful sports of her more sprightly sisters and the young princes.

Her happiest holidays were those when she was selected to accompany her royal mother to the holy sanctuary of Dartford, and the society of its venerated superior. To that exemplary woman the young Bridget Plantagenet attached herself as to a second mother, and the innocent endearments of the royal child soon obtained for her a larger portion of the recluse's heart than the pious St. Agnes had believed it possible could ever again have been engrossed by an earthly affection. Then sprang up an earnest and devout longing to sanctify that affection, by winning over its youthful object from the snares and temptations of a corrupt and sinful world, to a life of dedicated purity; from the splendor of earthly courts, to dwell for ever in the courts of the Lord's house, and to minister in his holy temple.

"Spare her to heaven, my sister! this one dear little one—this lamb from thy fair flock. Though hast enough beside to make thee mother of princes in all lands. Secure to thyself, at least, this treasure in heaven; and

to thy child, a crown that shall not pass away—in which there are no thorns, Elizabeth, like those in thy golden circlet.".

So spake the lady abbess to her royal friend, laying her gentle hand upon the fair child's head, as she stood one day beside the queen; while the latter, in the fulness of a vexed and wounded spirit, was pouring her secret sorrows and accumulating cares into the ear of sisterly affection; and detailing the causes of anxiety which had already risen, to overshadow the brilliant prospects of her affianced daughters.

At that moment of mental depression, the pomps and vanities of the world were superseded in Elizabeth's heart by womanly fears and maternal fondness; and after confiding to St. Agnes the state difficulties which had been started to perplex Edward's negotiations for the royal marriages, she continued, "and at best, my sister, if all ends well—if all is successfully concluded, and my daughters become the wives of sovereign princes—will it insure their happiness or increase mine? Alas! St. Agnes, my sister! shall not I be bereaved of my children—of all my sweet daughters?—for this dear little one will in turn be taken from me. They will make thee a queen too, Bridget!—my bird! my blossom! my fearful dove! they will take thee, too, away from me, and make a queen of thee!" and Elizabeth drew the child into her bosom, and wept upon her fair young head.

"Nay, nay, my mother! I will not go: I will not be a queen," whispered the little Bridget, in sobbing murmurs, lovingly clasping her royal mother's neck. "But yesterday I said so to mine uncle Glo'ster, when he jested with me, and bade me say what crown I pleased to wear."

"Did he jest with thee, poor lamb! Oh! Glo'ster, Glo'ster, bitter are thy jests! Did he smile on thee, Bridget, while he talked?"

"Ay, mother; but I do not love mine uncle's smiles, they are so strange—as if he mocked the while; and yet he speaks kind words, and kissed me yesterday so lovingly!"

"Judas!—what saidst thou, sweet one! when the duke was pleased to be so merry with thee?"

"Mother! I said I would not be a queen for all the world. 'Indeed!' mine uncle cried, and looked so strangely: 'wherefore not, fair cousin? must not the daughters of the Lady Grey—I cry her pardon—of my brother's *wife*, be mated like her grace, right royally? Come, little cousin, thou shalt have a king.' And then he laughed; and his looks troubled me, I scarce knew why, for still he smiled upon me—and so I wept, and said the same again. I would not be a queen, to go from England, from thee, my mother, and my royal father, and dear St. Agnes here, my other mother."

"Hear her, Elizabeth—the blessed child!" exclaimed St. Agnes, drawing pious augury from the artless prattle of the little princess. "And did thine uncle Glo'ster question thee further, Bridget?"

"Ay, did he, till I was sick and weary. So I told him my sisters might be queens, and go away; but I would stay, and be a nun in England. 'And wilt thou so, fair cousin?' quoth my uncle. 'Now, by my halidome, a most wise choice; keep to it, little cousin! and, heaven willing, thou may'st live out in peace a good old age; and then he laughed again, and whispered something to my lord of Buckingham; and while his head was turned,

I slipped away to where my mother sat, and shrank from sight behind her mantle."

"But wilt thou be a nun, in sober truth? and wherefore, sweet one!" asked the holy mother, drawing the young princess from the queen's arms to her own bosom.

"Because you are a nun, and seem so happy; and I am always happy here—so happy! and all the sisters are so good to me. There are none here, I'm sure, but love me well, as I love them; and my sweet mother is my mother here—more than a queen—much more—ten thousand times, than when we are in London, or at Elthan, or any other of my father's houses."

"But if thou livest here, and art a nun, I shall not be with thee, my little Bridget: and wouldst thou leave the king, thy father, too, who lovest thee well, and is so good to thee?"

"Not if I might always live with him and thee, my mother, away from all the crowd, in some green wood, where birds and fawns are singing and at play all summer time, and I might be like them, as free and happy; but, alack! they say, mother!—thou saidst thyself a minute past—that I must be a queen, and go away from thee, and dear, dear England."

"Alas, mine own! thy mother spake but truth," said the poor queen; "I must not keep thee, dearest!"

"Pray my father, then," pleaded the lovely child, "to let me come and live here all my life, and be a holy nun, like good St. Agnes; then wilt thou have me still, mine own sweet mother!—still here, when all my sisters are away; and when thou art not here, my second mother will help me pray for you; and so at last, when our time

comes to die, we shall be sure to meet again in heaven, and live together always."

"As if an angel spake!" was the soft pleading of that blessed child; a glance of awe-struck meaning was interchanged between St. Agnes and the queen; but both were silent for awhile. At last, "Elizabeth!" said the lady abbess, "doth not the will of God manifest itself by the mouth of babes? Hath He not spoken by the lips of this innocent, and wilt thou withstand His pleasure?"

"Forbid it all my hopes of heaven and happiness!" the queen fervently replied, as, devoutly raising her eyes to the image of the crucifixion, she inwardly ejaculated a solemn vow to win from Edward the sacrifice of all earthly views for this one beloved creature, and his sanction for her heavenly espousals.

Elizabeth was faithful to her solemn engagement. The pious purpose met with no strenuous opposition from her royal consort; and it was soon publicly known that the princess Bridget was destined to take the veil in the nunnery of Dartford, and at a proper age to enter upon her noviciate.

It is probable that the queen, whose heart, sick of innumerable cares, found sweet consolation in the endearments of her loving and beloved child, would have deferred the consummation of her pious sacrifice till the latest expedient season, had not circumstances supervened to convince her that, if seriously purposed to make good her solemn promise, it behooved her rather to accelerate than retard the hour of its accomplishment. Fresh obstacles were perpetually sown, by the tortuous policy of Louis XI., in the way of the Dauphin's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth; and Edward's mind was agitated by jeal-

ous doubts that his favorite object was thus thwarted by the secret machinations of the French king, whom he justly suspected of seeking to gain time, while, in despite of his engagement with England, he sought to obtain for his son Charles the hand of Mary, the young heiress of Burgundy, and her rich possessions. On the part of James of Scotland, there seemed also a disposition to annul the contract between the Duke of Rothsay and the Princess Cicely.

These contrarieties, and the unfavorable aspect of his negotiations with the court of Castile, for an alliance between the Infante and his daughter Catherine, had so irritated and unsettled the king's mind, that Elizabeth was justly apprehensive lest, with a view to strengthen his hands by some fresh and powerful alliance, he might be tempted to rescind his permission for the dedication of the Princess Bridget, and exchange her spiritual betrothment for an earthly contract. The health of the young princess, now eight years of age, had strengthened with her growth. Already the delicate blossom yielded sweet promise of uncommon loveliness ; and Edward, a passionate idolater of beauty, had more than once commented on her personal improvement with something like regret that the comeliest of his daughters should be devoted to the seclusion of a cloister. About this juncture, also, the Princess Mary—next sister to Bridget—affianced to the king of Denmark, fell sick of the languishing disorder which ultimately terminated her life, at Greenwich, before she was of age to fulfil the nuptial contract; and the queen, painfully foreboding the event, looked forward also to its probable consequence—a determination on the part of Edward still to secure the Danish alliance, by

substituting the Princess Bridget in the room of her deceased sister. As yet, no anticipation of such future contingencies had suggested itself to the mind of Edward; and Elizabeth, having consulted with her friend, St. Agnes, and with her pious counsellor, Rotherham, archbishop of York, was decided, by their concurring apprehensions and strenuous advice, to press for the king's consent that the young princess should be forthwith consigned to the care of the lady abbess of Dartford, and admitted, notwithstanding her tender years, to enter immediately on her noviciate. The royal and paternal assent was obtained, though not without some show of reluctance on the king's part, and, with all accustomed pomp of regal and religious ceremony, the sacrifice was finally consummated. Throughout the public pageant, Elizabeth had borne up like a queen, with dignified composure; but when all was over, and, with no other witnesses than her friend and the archbishop, she was admitted to an interview with her daughter, in the oratory of the lady abbess, the chord of overstrained resolution suddenly relaxed, and all the mother rushed into her heart, as flinging herself on her knees, she wrapt her arms round the sweet innocent, who looked indeed an offering acceptable to heaven, as she stood between the superior and the queen; her celestial countenance and form of infant beauty, invested with the veil and robe of snowy whiteness descending to her naked feet, which was only to be exchanged for the black dress of the order, when the royal novice was admitted to make her last irrevocable profession. "Take her—take her, St. Agnes! I have given her to thee—I have given her to heaven—my best and dearest, now no longer mine!" cried the queen, as, drawing

back her head from the bosom of the now weeping child —on which she had sobbed for a moment with convulsive agony—she resigned her to the wardship of the holy mother, who received the precious deposit with a solemn appeal to heaven, so to bless and prosper her, here and hereafter, as she faithfully acquitted herself of the delegated trust.

"And she is still thine, my sister—more than ever thine!" tenderly continued the mild St. Agnes. "Thou hast lent her to the Lord, and he will keep her for thee; and perchance, even in *this* world, when all thy princely offspring, beside this little one, are parted from thee by their several fortunes, thou mayest resort for comfort and sympathy to the filial heart, which will not cherish thee less dutifully, because thou hast preferred for thy child a heavenly inheritance before a perishable kingdom, and hast lain the sacrifice, unspotted, thus early at the feet of thy Creator."

These words of the lady abbess of Dartford nunnery, were uttered in a prophetic spirit. By thus yielding up to heaven, and her sense of religious duty, the child of her tenderest affection, Elizabeth was unwittingly laying up for herself a source of sweetest comfort and consolation against the evil days, when a black and final eclipse fell on her greatness and her joys; and the descendant of royalty—the wife of a king, the mother of princes, the queen of a mighty nation—was held captive within the realm which had owned her for its sovereign, on the throne of which her daughter Elizabeth still sat with nominal sovereignty.

The mean and rancorous spirit of Henry VII. never forgave the real or imputed wrongs of Richmond; nor

had he consented but with extreme reluctance, and as the only means of securing himself on the throne of England, to mingle his Lancasterian blood with the hated stream of York, by a marriage with Edward's daughter. His secret antipathy to that ill-fated princess manifested itself throughout their union, by a series of unkindnesses and contemptuous slights, that would probably have proceeded to more openly insulting lengths, had not the cautious monarch politically abstained from all measures which might tend to agitate the question of his dubious rights to the crown, and those of Elizabeth, more cordially admitted by the English nation.

But on the queen dowager, the especial object of his aversion, he wreaked without fear or scruple the avengeful malice of his hateful temper. On the frivolous pretence of punishing her for the imputed crime of having yielded up to Richard's guardianship the persons of her five daughters, Henry condemned the unfortunate Elizabeth to perpetual imprisonment in the abbey of Bermondsey; by a refinement of cruelty, rejecting her earnest petition to be allowed the choice of her prison, and permission to retire to Dartford nunnery, where—though the friend of her youth had lately been removed by death—the society of her daughter, her still dearest and most dutiful child, would have rendered more than endurable the lot of her captivity. But within the gloomy walls of Bermondsey was the widowed queen fated to languish out the remaining years of her joyless existence; deprived even of the filial sympathy and pious cares of her four married daughters—the royally mated, but wretched wife, Elizabeth, and her three sisters—all united to English subjects; and strikingly exemplifying, by the contrast of

those inferior alliances to the splendid marriages early contracted for them by the deceased Edward, how impotent is the will of man and the power of princes, when Providence is pleased to annul his decree and set at naught their councils.

Not content with immuring the queen dowager in a conventual prison, the mean-souled Henry farther indulged his inveterate dislike by restricting her—under color of guarding against intrigue and secret influence—from all intercourse with her married daughters, beyond the miserable comfort of receiving from them, at long intervals, a cold and short visit of heartless ceremony. And such is the baneful influence of worldly cares and courtly policy over the best affections of our nature—and such, alas! is the proneness of human hearts, seared by selfishness and ambition, to shun and to forget the unfortunate and the absent, that there was little of bitterness to any but the worse than childless mother, in Henry's tyrannical restriction; and her daughters gradually relaxed even in the poor unfrequent proofs of filial duty and affection, wherewith it was still permitted them to cheer the captive loneliness of their royal parent. After the lapse of a few years, it was well nigh forgotten—not only by the nation at large, but by her immediate family and more familiar friends—that Elizabeth—the widowed queen of Edward IV., the stepmother of England's reigning monarch, and of three proud and puissant nobles—still languished out the years of her desolate old age—for grief kills not—in the cloistered gloom of Bermondsey. But though the memory of Elizabeth—the once lovely and beloved—the admired and envied—the flattered and calumniated—the minion and the sport of fate and fortune—had well nigh

passed away from the land she had ruled over, before a little of its cold earth was required to heap on her remains, Providence had kept in store for the creature thus severely chastened, one drop of sweetness to mingle with her bitter cup, and make "the end more blest than the beginning."

Toward the latter years of Elizabeth's life, Henry so far relaxed in his vindictive cruelty, as to permit occasional intercourse between the captive queen and her daughter Bridget. The former was not allowed to exchange her prison of Bermondsey for the convent of Dartford; but the royal nun was indulged in the liberty of absence from her own cloister, and the inestimable privilege of sharing, for weeks together, and with no long intervals, the solitude of her declining parent; for the meek and blameless nun, the humble sister Alice, of Dartford nunnery, had merged those fatal distinctions so obnoxious to the distrustful temper of the king. Of *her*, therefore, he entertained no jealous apprehension; and his hatred and suspicion of the queen dowager being in some measure satiated and laid to rest by the oblivious neglect into which her very name and living memory had already fallen, he foresaw no danger of reviving influence in that quarter, or of recalling Elizabeth to the recollection of the people, by permitting her occasional intercourse with one, "by the world forgot."

So it was, that having "cast her bread upon the waters," Elizabeth "found it again after many days;" and that, when forgotten by the world, and forsaken by those of her own family whose earthly prosperity she had most labored to secure, the treasure she had "lent unto the Lord" was returned into her bosom—as had been prophetically promised—at the hour of her greatest need.

The child, to whose eternal welfare she had sacrificed so large a portion of her own happiness, was sent, like a ministering angel, to bind up her bruised and broken heart—to pour into its wounds the balm of filial love and holy consolation—to cheer, and comfort, and sustain her in the decline of age, at the time of sickness, and in the hour of death.

Of Bridget Plantagenet little more is known, than that, after fulfilling the last offices to her departed parent, she returned to her own cloister, and the humble obscurity of her conventual life; "and there," saith the chronicler, "spending the remainder of her days in devotion and contemplation, she died, and was buried in the same convent, *an. Dom.* 1517, in the eighth year of King Henry VIIIth.

The effigy of Elizabeth Plantagenet still lies at Westminster, in marble magnificence, beside that of her royal consort. Emblematic of their living union and joyless grandeur, is the cold and stern repose of those two marble images, side by side, extended in sepulchral state.

No sculptured marble, nor humbler stone, with its forlorn "*hic jacet*," marked out at Dartford, even before the dissolution of religious houses, the last resting-place of Bridget Plantagenet. Yet, in those troublous times, when "every man's hand was against his brother," compared with the royal wretchedness of the two Elizabeths, how enviable was her obscure and peaceful destiny! Pleasant and good it is, to turn for a moment from the disastrous annals of those evil days, to one unsullied page—to the life of one who, "born to great cares, the daughter of a king," early descended from that fearful eminence, and so escaping the ravages of the storm that

laid waste her royal house, lived out the term of her natural life in unmolested quiet—in the exercise of all duties and charities that fell within the sphere of her limited responsibility; and having her hope in heaven, "and her conscience clear of offence to all men," so passed away from earth—unrecorded by its proud chronicles of fame, but having her name written in that book wherein, at the great day of summing up, so many a one shall be found wanting that the world worshippeth; and not a few of those it despiseth or remembereth not, appear blazoned in characters of light.

"I Love the Flowers."

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

I LOVE the flowers—the sweet, bright flowers,
That wave in the summer air;
While nurs'd by the sun and gentle showers,
They yield a fragrance rare.
Oh, I love the flowers—the sweet, bright flowers;
They blush in the early morn,
While dew-drops gem each mossy stem,
And each leaf and flower adorn.

I love by the latticed porch to stand,
Where the rose and woodbine creep;
And I seem to breathe in a fairy land,
When the world is wrapped in sleep.
Oh, I love by the latticed porch to stand,
And welcome the rising sun;
And deck my hair with flowerets rare,
Ere the care of the day is begun.

Drawn & Engd by J.C.McRae.

I LOVE THE FLOWERS.

I love the whispering zephyr's tone,
As it plays in the petals fair;
And the dew from the glossy leaves is thrown,
Which nestled in beauty there.
Oh, I love the whispering zephyr's tone,
To the soul it speaketh peace;
And bright, bright flowers are Nature's dowers,
Until Time and its changes cease.

I love a true and confiding friend,
The pet of my wandering hours:
In eloquent silence, he doth attend
My steps in the rosy bowers.
Oh, I love a true and confiding friend,
There's a voice in his love-lit eye;
And I'll wreathe, to deck his arching neck,
Sweet flowers of richest dye.

Grace Neville.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Two or three winters ago, our little village had the good fortune to have its curiosity excited by the sudden appearance of a lovely and elegant young woman, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Martin, a respectable farmer in the place. The pleasure of talking over a new-comer in a country village—which, much as I love country villages, does, I confess, occasionally labor under a stagnation of topics—must not be lightly estimated. In the present instance, the enjoyment was greatly increased by the opportune moment at which it occurred, just before Christmas; so that conjecture was happily afloat in all the parties of that merry time, enlivened the tea-table, and gave zest and animation to the supper. There was, too, a slight shade of mystery, a difficulty in coming at the truth, which made the subject unusually poignant. Talk her over as they might, nobody knew anything certain of the incognita or her story; nobody could tell who she was or whence she came. Mrs. Martin, to whom her neighbors were, on a sudden, most politely attentive in the way of calls and invitations, said nothing more than that Miss Neville was a young lady who had come to lodge at Kinlay-end; and,

except at church, Miss Neville was invisible. Nobody could tell what to make of her.

Her beauty was, however, no questionable matter. All the parish agreed on that point. She was in deep mourning, which set off advantageously a tall and full, yet easy and elastic figure, in whose carriage the vigor and firmness of youth seemed blended with the elegance of education and good company. Youth and health were the principal characteristics of her countenance. There was health in her bright hazel eyes with their rich dark eyelashes; health in the profusion of her glossy brown hair; health in her pure and brilliant complexion; health in her red lips, her white teeth, and the beautiful smile that displayed them; health in her very dimple. Her manners, as well as they could be judged of, in passing to and from church, leading one of the little Martins by the hand, and occasionally talking to him, seemed as graceful as her person, and as open as her countenance. All the village agreed that she was a lovely creature, and all the village wondered who she could be. It was a most animating puzzle.

There was, however, no mystery in the story of Grace Neville. She was the only child of an officer of rank, who fell in an early stage of the Peninsular war; her mother had survived him but a short time, and the little orphan had been reared in great tenderdess and luxury by her maternal uncle, a kind, thoughtless, expensive man, speculating and sanguine, who, after exhausting a good fortune in vain attempts to realize a great one, sinking money successively in farming, in cotton spinning, in paper-making, in a silk-mill, and a mine, found himself one fair morning actually ruined, and died—such things have happened—of a broken heart, leaving poor Grace at

three-and-twenty, with the habits and education of an heiress, almost totally destitute.

The poor girl found, as usual, plenty of comforters and advisers. Some recommended her to sink the little fortune she possessed in right of her father in a school; some to lay it by for old age, and go out as a governess; some hinted at the possibility of matrimony, advising that, at all events, so fine a young woman should try her fortune by visiting about amongst her friends for a year or two, and favored her with a husband-hunting invitation accordingly. But Grace was too independent and too proud for a governess; too sick of schemes for a school; and the hint matrimonial had effectually prevented her from accepting any, even the most unsuspected, invitation. Besides, she said, and perhaps she thought, that she was weary of the world; so she wrote to Mrs. Martin, once her uncle's housekeeper, now the substantial wife of a substantial farmer, and came down to lodge with her in our secluded village.

Poor Grace, what a change! It was midwinter; snowy, foggy, sleety, wet. Kinlay-end, an old manor house, dilapidated into its present condition, stood with its windows half-closed, a huge vine covering its front, and ivy climbing up the sides to the roof—the very image of chillness and desolation. There was, indeed, one habitable wing, repaired and fitted up as an occasional sporting residence for the landlord; but those apartments were locked; and she lived, like the rest of the family, in the centre of the house, made up of great low, dark rooms, with oaken panels, of long, rambling passages, of interminable galleries, and broad, gusty stair-cases, up which you might drive a coach and six. Such was the

prospect within doors ; and without, mud ! mud ! mud ! nothing but mud ! Then the noises ; wind, in all its varieties, combined with bats, rats, cats, owls, pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens—and children in all varieties also ; for besides the regular inhabitants of the farm-yard — biped and quadruped—Mrs. Martin had within doors sundry coops of poultry, two pet lambs, and four boys, from six years old downward, who were, in some way or other, exercising their voices all day long. Mrs. Martin, too, she whilome so soft-spoken and demure, had now found her scolding tongue, and was, indeed, noted for that accomplishment all over the parish ; the maid was saucy, and the farmer smoked.

Poor Grace Neville ! what a trial ! what a contrast ! She tried to draw ; tried to sing ; tried to read ; tried to work ; and above all, tried to be contented. But nothing would do. The vainest endeavor of all was the last. She was of the social, cheerful temperament, to which sympathy is necessary ; and having no one to whom she could say, how pleasant is solitude ! began to find solitude the most tiresome thing in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were very good sort of people in their way—scolding and smoking notwithstanding ; but their way was so different from hers ; and the children, whom she might have found some amusement in spoiling, were so spoilt already as to be utterly unbearable.

The only companionable person about the place was a slipshod urchin, significantly termed " the odd boy ;" an extra and supplementary domestic, whose department it is to help all the others, out of doors and in ; to do all that they leave undone ; and to bear the blame of everything that goes amiss. The personage in question, Dick

Crosby by name, was a parish boy taken from the workhouse. He was, as nearly as could be guessed—for nobody took the trouble to be certain about his age—somewhere bordering on eleven ; a long, lean, famished looking boy, with a pale complexion, sharp, thin features, and sun-burnt hair. His dress was usually a hat without a crown; a tattered round frock; stockings that scarcely covered his ankles, and shoes that hung on his feet by the middle like clogs, down at heel and open at toe. Yet underneath these rags, and through all his huffing and cuffings from master and mistress, carter and maid, the boy looked, and was, merry and contented ; was even a sort of wag in his way, sturdy and independent in his opinions, and constant in his attachments. He had a pet sheep-dog—for amongst his numerous avocations he occasionally acted as under shepherd—a spectral, ghastly-looking animal, with a huge white head and neck, and a gaunt black body. Mephistopheles might have put himself into such a shape. He had also a pet donkey, the raggedest brute upon the common, of whom he was part owner, and for whose better maintenance he was sometimes accused of such petty larceny as may be comprised in stealing what no other creature would eat,—refuse hay, frosty turnips, decayed cabbage leaves, and thistles from the hedge.

These two faithful followers had long shared Dick Crosby's affections between them; but, from the first day of Miss Neville's appearance, the dog and the donkey found a rival. She happened to speak to him, and her look and voice won his heart at once and for ever. Never had high-born damsel, in the days of chivalry, so devoted a page. He was at her command by night or by day; nay, "though she called another,

Abra came." He would let nobody else clean her shoes, carry her clogs, or run her errands; was always at hand to open the gates, and chase away the cows when she walked; forced upon her his own hoard of nuts; and scoured the country to get her the wintry nosegays which the mildness of the season permitted, sweet-scented colts-foot, china-roses, laurustinus, and stocks.

It was not in Grace's nature to receive such proofs of attachment without paying for them in kind. Dick would hardly have been her choice for a pet, but being so honestly and artlessly chosen by him, she soon began to return the compliment, and showered upon him marks of her favor and protection; perhaps a little gratified, so mixed are human motives, to find that her patronage was still of consequence at Kinlay-end. Halfpence and sixpences, apples and gingerbread, flowed into Dick's pocket, and his outward man underwent a thorough transformation. He cast his rags, and, for the first time in his life, put on an entire new suit of clothes. A proud boy was Dick that day. It is recorded that he passed a whole hour in alternate fits of looking in the glass and shouts of laughter. He laughed till he cried, for sheer happiness.

I have been thus particular in my account of Dick, because, in the first place, he was an old acquaintance of mine, a constant and promising attendant at the cricket-ground—his temperament being so mercurial, that, even in his busiest days, when he seemed to have work enough upon his hands for ten boys, he would still make time for play; in the second, because I owe to him the great obligation of being known to his fair patron. He had persuaded her, one dry afternoon, to go with him, and let him show her

the cricket-ground. I happened to be passing the spot; and neither of us could ever exactly remember how he managed the matter, but the boy introduced us. He was an extraordinary master of the ceremonies, to be sure; but the introduction was most effectually performed; and, to our mutual surprise and mutual pleasure, we found ourselves acquainted. I have always thought it one of the highest compliments ever paid me, that Dick Crosby thought me worthy to be known to Miss Neville.

We were friends in five minutes. I found the promise of her lovely countenance amply redeemed by her character. She was frank, ardent, and spirited, with a cultivated mind and a sweet temper; not to have loved her would have been impossible; and she, beside the natural pleasure of talking to one who could understand and appreciate her, was delighted to come to a house where the mistress did not scold, or the master smoke; where there were neither pigs, chickens, nor children.

As spring advanced, and the roads improved, we saw each other almost every day; the soft skies and mild breezes of April, and the profuse floweriness of hedgerow, wood and field, gave a never-failing charm to our long rural walks. Grace was fond of wild flowers, which her *protegé* Dick was assiduous in procuring. He had even sacrificed the vanity of sticking the first bunch of primroses in his Sunday-hat to the pleasure of offering them to her. They supplied her with an in-door amusement; she drew well, and copied his field nosegays with taste and delicacy. She had obtained, too, the loan of a piano, and talked stoutly of constant and vigorous practice, and of pursuing a steady course of reading. All

young ladies, I believe, make such resolutions, and some few may possibly keep them; Miss Neville did not.

However lively and animated whilst her spirits were excited by society, it was evident that, when alone, poor Grace was languid, and listless, and given to reverie. She would even fall into long fits of musing in company, start when spoken to, droop her fair head like a snow-drop, and sigh—oh, such sighs!—so long, so deep, so frequent, so drawn from the very heart! They might, to be sure, have been accounted for by the great and sad change in her situation, and the death of her indulgent uncle; but these griefs seemed worn out. I had heard such sighs before, and could not help imputing them to a different cause.

My suspicions were increased when I found out, accidentally, that Dick and his donkey travelled, every morning, three miles, to meet just such another Dick and such another donkey, who acted as letter-carriers to that side of the village. They would have arrived at Kinlay-end by noon in their natural progress, but Grace could could not wait: so Dick and the donkey made a short cut across the country to waylay his namesake of the letter-bag, and fetch disappointment four hours sooner. It was quite clear that whatever epistles might arrive, the one so earnestly desired never came. Then she was so suspiciously fond of moonlight, and nightingales, and tender poesy; and in the choice of her music, she would so repeat over and over one favorite duet, and would so blush if the repetition were remarked!—Surely she could not always have sung "*La ci darem*" by herself. Poor Grace Neville! Love was a worse disease than the solitude of Kinlay-end.

Without pretending to any remarkable absence of curiosity on the one hand, or pleading guilty to the slightest want of interest in my dear young friend on the other, I was chiefly anxious to escape the honor of being her confidante. So sure as you talk of love, you nourish it; and I wanted hers to die away. Time, and absence, and cheerful company, and summer amusements would, I doubted not, effect a cure; I even began to fancy her spirits were improving, when, one morning, towards the middle of May, she came to me more hurried and agitated than I had ever seen her. The cause, when disclosed, seemed quite inadequate to produce so much emotion. Mrs. Martin had received a letter from her landlord, informing her that he had lent to a friend the apartments fitted up for himself at the farm, and that his friend would arrive on the succeeding day, for a week's angling.

"Well, my dear Grace, and what then?"

"And this friend is Sir John Gower."

"But who is Sir John Gower?" She hesitated a little —"What do you know of him?"

"Oh, he is the proudest, sternest, cruelest man! It would kill me to see him; it would break my heart, if my heart is not broken already." And then, in an inexpressible gush of bitter grief, the tale of love which I had so long suspected burst forth. She had been engaged to the only son of this proud and wealthy baronet, with the full consent of all parties; and on the discovery of her uncle's ruined circumstances, the marriage had been most harshly broken off by his commands. She had never heard from Mr. Gower since they were separated by his father's authority, but in the warmth and confidence of her own passionate and trustful love, she

found an assurance of the continuance of his. Never was affection more ardent or more despairing No common man could have awakened such tenderness in such a woman. I soothed her all I could, and implored her to give us the pleasure of her company during Sir John's stay; and so it was settled. He was expected the next evening, and she agreed to come to us some time in the forenoon.

The morning, however, wore away without bringing Miss Neville; dinner-time arrived and passed, and still we heard no tidings of her. At last, just as we were about to send to Kinlay-end for intelligence, Dick Crosby arrived on his donkey, with a verbal request that I would go to her there. Of course I complied; and as we proceeded on our way—I walked before, he riding behind, but neither of us much out of our usual pace, thanks to my rapid steps and the grave funereal march of the donkey—I endeavored to extract as much information as I could from my attendant, a person whom I generally found as communicative as heart could desire.

On this occasion, he was most provokingly taciturn. I saw that there was no great calamity to dread, for the boy's whole face was evidently screwed up to conceal a grin, which, in spite of his efforts, broke out every moment in one or other of his features. He was bursting with glee, which for some unknown cause he did not choose to impart; and seemed to have put his tongue under a similar restraint to that which I have read of in some fairy tale, where an enchanter threatens a loquacious waiting-maid with striking her dumb, if, during a certain interval, she utters more that two words—yes and no. Dick's vocabulary was equally limited. I asked

him if Miss Neville was well? "Yes." If he knew what she wanted? "No." If Sir John Gower had arrived? "Yes." If Miss Neville meant to return with me? "No." At last, not able to contain himself any longer, he burst into a shout, something between laughing and singing, and forcing the astonished donkey into a pace, which, in that sober beast, might pass for a gallop, rode on before me, followed by the barking sheep-dog, to open the gate; whilst I, not a little curious, walked straight through the house to Miss Neville's sitting-room. I paused a moment at the door, as by some strange counteraction of feeling one often does pause, when strongly interested; and in that moment I caught the sweet notes of *La ci darem*, sung by a superb manly voice, and accompanied by Grace's piano; and instantly the truth flashed upon me, that the old Sir John Gower was gathered to his fathers, and that this was the heir and the lover come to woo and to wed. No wonder that Grace forgot her dinner engagement! No wonder that Dick Crosby grinned!

I was not mistaken. As soon as decorum would allow, Sir John carried off his beautiful bride, attended by her faithful adherent, the proudest and happiest of all odd boys! and the wedding was splendid enough to give a fresh impulse to village curiosity, and a new and lasting theme to our village gossips, who, first and last, could never comprehend Grace Neville.

Wayside Flowers.

BY MISS SARAH ROBERTS.

I love the little wayside flower;—
  Its bright and cheerful face
Looks up to me so lovingly,
  From its low dwelling place;
Scattering its fragrance generously
  To every passer by,
And wondering why all linger not,
  To gaze admiringly.

God's own hand plants and watches o'er
  The humble wayside flower;
Sends sunshine and the gentle dews,
  And the soft summer shower.
The light wind is his messenger,
  The tiny seed to bear;
Though busy mortals heed them not—
  They have his loving care.

They are the poor among the flowers —
Each little wayside gem :
God ever careth for the poor,
And so He cares for them.
And ragged children gather them ;
It makes their sad days bright,
When buttercups and daisies ope
Their sweet eyes to the light.

Oh, round the common paths of life,
Sweet wayside flowers are ever springing ;
And were our ears but swift to hear,
Sweet wayside birds are ever singing.
God's voices fill the earth and air,
Wooing us onward to our rest ;
Telling of bright immortal flowers—
Mansions of peace among the blest.

A Story for Wives.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Come round to Guy's to-night, Ned," said a young acquaintance to Edward Nichols, as they stood exchanging a few words at the corner of a street, where they had paused for a moment or two, ere taking their different steps homeward.

"What's to be done?" inquired Nichols.

"Nothing very particular. But do come round, and I'll promise you a pleasant evening."

"I believe I'll stay at home with my wife," replied Nichols.

"Well, just as you like," said the other. "Happy to see you at Guy's, but if you find it more agreeable at home, stay there. Should the time hang heavy on your hands, you just drop round and help us to spend an hour or two. My word for it, you'll find more than one agreeable companion."

The young men parted, and Edward Nichols pursued his way homeward. The latter had been married about two years.

On entering the room where his wife was sitting, Nichols saw, with a feeling of disappointment, that there was a

cloud upon her brow. The cloud had appeared so often, that he was getting discouraged.

"Anything wrong, Margaret?" he asked, very kindly.

"No," was the brief reply, uttered in a complaining tone of voice.

Nichols sighed, and turned to the crib in which their babe was sleeping, bent over it, and looked down upon its pure, sweet face.

"Don't wake that child, Edward," said his wife, in a fretful voice. "I've been more than a hour trying to get her to sleep."

Nichols stood a moment or two, still gazing upon the tranquil face of the child, and then raised himself from his stooping posture, fixing his eyes, as he did so, upon the countenance of his wife. There was not an expression in it that a man could love. A peevish, unhappy temper had, for the time, absorbed every attraction. The husband felt repulsed. Leaving the room without a remark, he went down to the parlor, and taking a book, sat down and read until tea was announced.

There was no pleasant light in the face of Mrs. Nichols as she joined her husband at the tea-table.

"Don't you feel well, Margaret?" he asked.

"My head aches," was returned.

"I'm sorry. What has caused—"

"Dish water!" ejaculated Mrs. Nichols, interrupting what her husband was going to say, and setting down the tea-pot she had lifted, with a jar, upon the tray.

"Such tea!" she added, as she took off the lid and looked within the tea pot. Then she rang the table-bell, and the cook made her appearance.

"Haven't I told you, over and over, Jane, not to fill up

the tea-pot in this way ? You've made tea enough for a dozen people, but it's as weak as dish-water. Here! pour it out, and draw fresh tea, and don't fill it more than quarter full."

Jane looked vexed at this sharp rebuke ; but removed the tea.

Mrs. Nichols gave vent to a number of angry remarks about the trouble she had to get anything done right, and very amiably expressed a wish that her husband had the trial of housekeeping for a short time. He would, in that case, it was her opinion, have more sympathy with her.

Nichols was hurt at this gratuitous remark, but said nothing. He had no wish to make still heavier the clouds that came between him and the bright sunshine, and experience told him that such would be the effect of almost anything he might utter.

Five unhappy minutes passed before Jane came in with the newly-made tea. Not a word had been spoken for nearly the whole of this time. But Mrs. Nichols' pent up feelings could restrain themselves no longer.

"It's too bad!" she exclaimed, addressing the cook. "I'm out of all patience with such doings. Pray see that my wishes are better attended to in future.'

The girl muttered something as she retired, and then Nichols and his wife were alone again. Both ate in silence, but very sparingly.

On rising from the table, the wife went up to her chamber, while her husband took refuge in the parlor, and there sought to forget his uncomfortable sensations in the pages of an entertaining book. In this he was not successful. The pressure upon his feelings was too great. He loved his wife, and would have done almost anything

to make her happy; but being of a cheerful temper himself, and fond of social intercourse, he could neither comprehend nor be indifferent to her fretful, moody, unhappy states. They pained him exceedingly, and at times awakened thoughts in his mind, the knowledge of which would have been to his wife a more real cause of pain than any from which she gathered so much unhappiness.

While trying to find, in the book he was reading, a pleasant recreation, Mr. Nichols remembered the invitation of his young friend Anderson, to meet him and some pleasant companions, and pass an hour at Guy's tavern. His mind no longer took in the meaning of the sentences on the page before him. Soon after, he closed the book, and, rising from his chair, walked for a short time about the room. There was a struggle in his mind between duty and inclination. He believed that it was his duty to remain at home with his wife, while inclination drew him strongly towards the friends at Guy's. Had his wife been in a pleasant mood—had she made home bright with the smiles of affection, both duty and inclination would have been on the same side. But alas! this was not so. At home there was a repellant sphere—while, at a certain point away from home, there existed a strong attraction.

At length Nichols went up stairs, with his mind made up to remain at home, if he found his wife in a more cheerful and companionable state, or to spend the evening at Guy's, if no change for the better was visible. On entering his wife's chamber, he found her at her work-stand engaged in sewing. She did not look up, nor speak.

"Does your head feel any better?" he asked, kindly.

"No," was the only response, made in a low, constrained voice.

"It is not good for you to sew if your head aches," resumed Mr. Nichols, still in a very kind voice.

But to this no answer was given.

"I'm going out for a little while," said Mr. Nichols.

"Well," was the brief reply to this communication. And still she sewed on, without once lifting her eyes from her work.

As Mr. Nichols was altogether in earnest, he now turned away, and left the room. The moment he did so, his wife let her work fall upon her lap, and listened in an attitude of much interest. She heard her husband descend the stairs, pause at the hat-stand for his coat and hat, and then move along the hall, and finally pass out through the street door. The moment the jar of the door was heard, she burst into tears and wept bitterly. She did not again resume her work. For a while, after her tears had ceased to flow, she sat in a dreamy, reflective attitude.

"Ah me!" she at length sighed—"I wish I had more control over myself."

On leaving his house, Edward Nichols proceeded to Guy's hotel. If there had been sunshine at home, there would have been no attraction for him abroad. If he could have found companionship in his wife, he would not have felt the least inclination for such dangerous companionship as he was now seeking.

"Is Mr. Anderson here?" inquired Nichols of the barkeeper at Guy's.

"You'll find him at number eight," was the reply. "It's on the second floor, at the far end of the passage."

To number eight Nichols repaired. As he approached the door, loud and merry voices were heard within. He

did not hesitate to enter, for the voice of Anderson was distinguished among the rest.

"Nichols!" exclaimed the individual just mentioned, coming forward and grasping the hand of the new comer. "I thought you'd be here. Right glad am I to see you!"

Quite as warm was the welcome extended by three other young men, all of whom were acquaintances of Nichols. They were sitting around a table, upon which were brandy and segars.

"Help yourself," said Anderson, placing a decanter and tumbler before Nichols.

The latter did not hesitate about complying with this request, but poured out a stiff glass of brandy and drank it off.

"Take a segar," was the next invitation.

The segar was accepted and lit. Nichols began to feel himself more and more at home every moment.

"What's the business on hand?" he inquired, after he had commensed smoking.

"To enjoy ourselves," was replied.

At this moment a servant entered with a number of dishes on a tray, and commenced laying the table.

"Ah! some eating to be done, I see," remarked Nichols.

"And some drinking into the bargain," said one of the company, smiling.

"Hope you've come prepared with a good appetite." This was said by Anderson.

"It's in a fair condition," returned Nichols. "Never fear but what I'll do my part."

Soon the table was covered with oysters, cooked in

various styles, terrapin and chicken salad, with all the condiments and accessories of a luxurious supper. To these were added two or three kinds of wine, also brandy and hot whisky punch.

Upon these the five young men "with appetites" went to work, exhibiting an eagerness, not to say greediness, such as may be seen in animals who have been for a considerable time without food. As their appetites began to flag a little, they were sharpened by the punch or brandy.

"Good feeding this, Nichols," said Anderson, coarsely, looking across the table at his friend, the invited guest.

"First rate," replied Nichols, in a tone of voice that evinced the satisfaction he felt. "How often do you meet to enjoy yourselves after this fashion?"

"About once a week."

"Ah! so often?"

"Yes. Shall we put your name down as one of our number?"

"I don't know. I must think about it."

"Say yes."

"The temptation is certainly strong. Is the feeding always as good?"

"Always. And so is the drinking. Shall we put your name down?"

"Not now. I'm a deliberate sort of fellow; slow to make up my mind on any subject."

"Oh, well, take your time. But if the arguments now before you do not prove conclusive, I will set you down for an anchorite."

In truth, the arguments were strong. But Nichols was not prepared to yield at once to their persuasions. He could not help thinking of the wife he had left at home,

and whenever her image arose in his mind, he lost, for a moment, all pleasure in what was before him. Even with gay companions and the choicest things to tempt his appetite, he felt that for him, a smiling, happy wife, with books, and a cheerful, loving, social intercourse, were worth all. In the midst of these sensual joys, he sighed for the purer and higher delights of home.

But as to the repeated draughts of wine and brandy were added the superabundant appropriations of rich food, both the mental and moral perceptions of Nichols became obtuse. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the supper party broke up, and the young men separated.

The lonely hours spent on that evening by Mrs. Nichols were hours of self-communion, not unmingled with self-reproaches. She was conscious of not having made the home of her husband attractive; and yet she felt hurt that he should have gone away because she did not appear happy. Many things about the house had worried her through the day. In the morning she had felt nervous, and, instead of forcing down a spirit of complaint, had rather encouraged its approaches. This being so, evening found her completely under a cloud. Though glad at her husband's return, she failed to exercise a due self-control. She did not restrain the evil spirit of complaint, but let it still reign over her.

The consequence we have seen. Long before the hour of ten arrived, Mrs. Nichols began to look for her husband's return, and to wonder why he stayed out so late. Ten o'clock at length came, and still he was away. She now began to hearken for approaching footsteps, and to listen for his well known tread among the many sounding feet that echoed on the pavement.

"What can keep him so late?" she asked herself with a rising emotion of anxiety.

At length all became still in the street. The murmur of voices was hushed, and only now and then was heard the footfall of a solitary passenger.

Mrs. Nichols now began to feel alarmed as well as anxious Never before had her husband stayed out until so late an hour, unless he had given notice of his intended absence. Where could he be? In vain she asked herself this question. Eleven o'clock came, and still he was away. As the watchman's voice, giving notice of the hour, came loud and shrill on the air, her babe awoke, and its cries filled the chamber. Some minutes were spent in hushing it to sleep, and then the troubled wife stood again at the window, listening for the footsteps of her husband.

"Hark! Surely that is his tread? and yet in something it differs therefrom. It lacks the evenness of his step." Nearer to the window bends the anxious wife; and now she is listening with a breathless eagerness. It must be her husband; yet, why should there be a change in his walk? He is at the door. He has paused. Mrs. Nichols' face is pressed against the window pane. Her eyes are striving to pierce the darkness. Hark! Yes! It is her husband. He has ascended the steps, and now she distinctly hears the rattling of his night-key in the lock. Why does he not enter? What keeps him so long at the door? It is not locked against him.

At last the entrance was effected. The door swung heavily open, and struck against the wall with a jar. Then a shuffling sound of feet was heard, and then the door closed with a loud bang.

By this time the heart of Mrs. Nichols was throbbing with a new and strange fear. What could this mean? Eagerly she listened as her husband moved along the passage, and came with a kind of lumbering noise up stairs. A moment or two, and the door of her chamber was thrown open, and he came in. One glance was sufficient. It revealed the blasting truth that he came home in a state of intoxication.

"Good evening, Mistress Nichols!" said he, as he staggered in. "I hope to find you in a better humor than you were at tea-time." He spoke sarcastically.

The poor, stricken wife could not utter a word. She stood as if fixed to the spot, her cheek blanched, and an expression of the deepest grief on her countenance.

"Hope you've enjoyed yourself," he continued, as he sank into a chair, his head falling on one side almost to his shoulder. "I have! Enjoyed myself first rate. Prime oysters and terrapin; wine, brandy punch, and good fellowship. First-rate! Better than moping at home with a wife in the dumps! Didn't intend to go. Said I would not. Liked home best—that is, home when the good lady is in a good humor. Happened she wasn't. So went to Guy's. First-rate oysters and terrapin. Didn't promise to go again; but guess I will. Eh, Mag! What do you say. Got over your pet? Any sunshine; I like sunshine—always did. But clouds and thunder, ugh! they're my especial horror."

Mrs. Nichols could not bear this longer. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

"That's always the way," said Nichols, fretfully. "Always crying or scolding; or else looking as if you

hadn't a friend in the world. I'm getting sick of this. But no matter. No crying, no gloomy looks at Guy's. That's the place for a man to enjoy himself!"

"Edward! Edward!" exclaimed the wretched wife, now approaching her husband, and laying her hand upon his arm. "Don't talk in this way, or you'll kill me!"

"No danger," he replied coarsely. "A woman isn't so easily killed. She's got as many lives as a cat. But say, Mag, is there any brandy in the house? I must have one more glass to-night."

And Nichols arose, but, in doing so, he reeled across the room and fell upon the bed, where he remained, and was soon snoring loud in a drunken slumber.

Oh! what a wretched night was that for poor Mrs. Nichols. Wretched beyond conception. With great difficulty she succeeded in removing her husband's clothes, and getting him covered up in bed. Then, unable herself to sleep, she passed the greater part of her time till morning, in weeping or self-reproaches.

There had existed for Mrs. Nichols no real cause of unhappiness out of herself. Her husband, though not wealthy, was in good circumstances, and supplied every reasonable want she could desire. He was, moreover, a kind, cheerful, even-tempered man, domestic in his habits and feelings, and rather more disposed to seek intellectual than sensual pleasures. Of social intercourse he was fond. With such a husband it would seem that almost any woman could be happy; and Mrs. Nichols was happy in her way. She loved and respected her husband, but, unfortunately for both her peace of mind and his, she was naturally of a fretful temper, which, by long indulgence, had grown into a disease; moreover, she

had not the best of health; but indifferent health was most dependent upon mental causes. It required only a little thing to disturb the even current of her feelings, and when this current was once disturbed, it took some time for it to run clear.

Hardly anything could have been more uncongenial to Mr. Nichols than the April-day life he had led since his marriage. He had no confidence in the smile of the morning, for too often the brightest smiles were drowned in tears at his evening return. Thus it had been going on for two years, and Mr. Nichols was getting discouraged. Instead of gaining self-control, his wife seemed to be losing the portion she had possessed at the time of her marriage. The consequences growing out of her periodical fits of despondency and ill-humor, we have just described.

Ere this, although her husband had never complained, Mrs. Nichols had often felt that it was wrong to give way so much to her feelings; and she had often tried to force back the unhappy spirits that came intruding themselves into her mind. But it was hard to break a long continued habit. Her resistance was feeble, and the barriers she sought to interpose were quickly swept away.

The rebuking words of her husband, uttered in his drunken, unreflecting state, dragged the veil from before her eyes, and gave her to see the true relation she bore to him, and how she had been gradually alienating him from herself and home, and the dreadful consequences of that alienation! How the thoughts made her shudder.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Nichols had no inclination to sleep; nor that she spent most of the hours of that dreadful night in tears.

It was long past daylight when Mr. Nichols awoke. The sun was shining brightly into the room from the open curtains; but all was silent. He raised himself up and looked around. On a sofa lay his wife asleep. Tears were glistening on her pale cheeks. His head ached and his mind was confused. Some moments elapsed before he was able to comprehend the meaning of what he saw and felt. Gradually, then, the memory of his evening's debauch grew distinct, and there was a faint recollection of what he had said to his wife on coming home.

With a deep sigh the unhappy man threw himself back upon his pillow; that sigh penetrated the ear of his wife, and she started up with an answering sigh. Nichols perceived this, and let his lids fall—feigning slumber. He saw nothing, but he heard his wife approaching—he felt her breath upon his forehead, as she bent over him. What was that upon his cheek, the sudden touch of which sent a thrill along his nerves? It was a tear! A stifled sob was now heard. And then his wife moved from the bedside.

Oh, how wretched they both were! Oh, how intensely did both shrink from the moment when they should both look into each other's conscious face! Shame, deep shame and mortification were in the heart of one; and self-reproaches and fear in the heart of the other.

For full half an hour did Nichols continue to feign sleep. He could not make up his mind to meet his wife after the debauch he had indulged in on the previous night, and for which he now heartily despised himself.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he lay musing over the unhappy aspect of affairs; if Margaret would only control herself a little more. If she would only make home the pleasant

place it ought to be, nothing could tempt me abroad into such companionship."

At length, as he lay with such thoughts filling his mind, a sigh moved his lips, and forgetting that he was acting a part, his eyes unclosed. Mrs. Nichols was standing near, looking upon his face.

"Are you not well, Edward?" she said, stepping to the bedside quickly, and laying her hand gently upon his forehead. Her voice was low, earnest, and tender.

"Not very well, dear," returned Nichols, in a subdued manner, his lids falling upon his cheeks as he spoke.

Mrs. Nichols pressed her lips to his forehead, and then laid her face, now wet with tears, against his.

Thus was the matter reconciled between them, and never after was there the remotest allusion thereto. Days passed before the pressure on both their feelings was sufficiently removed to permit their hearts to bound lightly; during the time, they were particularly kind towards and considerate of each other.

In due time the sunshine came back again, and it was a more permanent sunshine. Stronger reasons for self-control were seen to exist by Mrs. Nichols than were before apparent to her mind, and she called into exercise a strength of purpose that made her effort successful. Was she not herself happier, independent of the effect upon her husband? Yes, far happier. The fretful spirits out of her mind, and cheerful spirits came in to fill their places. A new habit of feeling was established.

"Why, Nichols!" said the young man named Anderson, meeting him about two months afterwards, "where do you keep yourself these pleasant evenings?"

"At home," returned Nichols.

"Come round and join us in a supper at Guy's to-morrow night. Marsden 's to be one of the company."

Nichols shook his head and said "No," in a very unequivocal manner.

"Didn't get a curtain lecture last time, I hope," said Anderson, with rude familiarity. "Shouldn't wonder, for you went home a little high."

"If I had received one, it would have been no more than I deserved," replied Nichols coldly.

"Oh, no offence," said Anderson, seeing that his familiarity was not well received, "I only spoke in jest. But come round to morrow night. As I mentioned, Marsden will be there; and you know he's all sorts of a fine fellow?"

"Marsden had better stay at home with his family, as I shall do," returned Nichols.

"I rather think he finds almost any place more agreeable than home," replied Anderson.

"Why so?"

"They say his wife is as peevish and fretful as a person can well be. A woman who is ever grumbling, and whom nobody can please for an hour together."

"That's speaking rather broadly."

"I know. But the plain truth is, as far as I can learn, that she dosen't make home attractive for her husband, and so he goes abroad for better companionship."

"It's a pity," Mr. Nichols responded; then adding a "good day," he parted from his pleasure-loving young friend, and kept on his way homeward, where the sunshine had come back again.

Does our little story need a word to enforce the lesson to wives that we would teach! Men, especially those who

are cheerful and companionable, have many temptations to go abroad and mingle with the pleasure-seeking. Let wives who have good home-loving, temperate husbands, remember this, and let them not fail to repress a peevish, fretful, fault-finding temper, if inclined thereto, for nothing will so surely estrange a man from home as this. There are hundreds of men who go abroad to spend their evenings in taverns and at political meetings, who would never think of leaving their homes and going out after night-fall, if a cheerful fire blazed on their own hearth-stone.

Joseph.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

Twilight's soft hour approached.
Memphis—its glittering spires, and lofty domes,
All burnish'd by the setting sun, had cast
Their lengthened shadows east. The sluggish Nile
No longer fertilized the plain as wont:
The earth had ceas'd to yield its rich increase,
And famine sore was in the land of Egypt.
Reclining on a royal purple couch,
Beneath the crimson folds, its ruler lay,
Care-worn and quiet—wooing sweet repose.
Noble his form; and his fine features told
Of that within, which gave superior claim
To intellect. The curls of beauty still
Thick clust'ring o'er his high and manly brow,
Were undulating by the gentle breeze
Which kiss'd his throbbing temples. Then thought he
Of the past! Of boyhood's happier hours,
When oft his gentle mother, who now slept

In Bethlehem, parted his silken hair
To press her lips upon his snowy brow!
Felt not he the soft hand upon his head,
As she bade him remember Abraham's God,
And worship at His shrine? And thought not he,
Too, of his aged sire, who mourn'd him lost;
Whose counsel fell like music on his ear?
And his young brother: him whose infant smile
Still play'd around his heart; his darling one!
Perchance a darker shadow cross'd his mind—
His stern and elder brothers, who had sinn'd
'Gainst Heaven and him so deeply.

Lo! they come!
And the ten sons of Jacob bend the knee
To him, the dreamer! the despis'd! the slave!
What mingled thoughts oppress his yearning soul!
O! who can tell the conflict that arose
Within his throbbing bosom!

Time pass'd on.
Again the aged Patriarch, bent with grief,
Bestows his parting blessing on his sons,
Laden with treasures from fair Canaan's land:
But more than all, and dearer to his heart,
The youthful Benjamin, child of his age,
Must take the fearful journey with them.

* * * * * *

Thy eloquence, O, Judah! was not vain.
Well didst thou paint to Egypt's Governor
The anguish of thy Father's bursting heart,
If the young lad return'd not to his bosom!

" Let me abide, a bondman to my lord ;
" For how shall I go up to Israel,
" And Benjamin not with me ! lest I bring
" His gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave !"

No longer could the flood-gates be restrain'd !
The torrents from the o'er-charged heart gush'd forth—
A brother's love had conquer'd. " Cause each man,"
He cried, " to leave me !" and he stood alone
Among the sons of Jacob ! and he wept—
And, as his brethren stood, in mute surprise,
Said, " *I am Joseph : doth my father live ?*"

The Dying.

Oh, bring me flowers, my dearest!
And wreathe them in my hair;
The beautiful, the fairest ones,
And let them wither there.
Wild rose and fragile lily,
But the blossoms of a day,
And twine them round the brow of one
As perishing as they.

I may not see them growing
In wildwood or in glen;
I may not tread upon the green
And fragrant earth again;
Yet leave the casement open,
That the blue and blessed sky,
The tree tops and the pleasant hills
May greet my closing eye.

And gather ye around me,
The friends that I have loved,
The eyes that always shone with mine—
The hearts that I have proved.

In calm, unweeping sorrow,
Oh, let the lov'd draw near,
And let each low familiar tone
Fall on my dying ear.

I know that death is near me,
But yet I fear it not;
'Tis but the shedding sunshine o'er
The shadows of my lot.
A welcome from the spirits
Of the pure and sin-forgiven;
A lifting of the curtain-fold
Which shadows earth from heaven.

Child of the Ruin.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD

CHAPTER I.

"This is a lonely old house, Bridget; will you come and stay in my room to night?" said Mrs. Doane to her neighbor and fellow-tenant of a large and dilapidated building, which seemed ready every moment to tumble to the ground.

"Indade I will, misthress Doane," was the reply, "and we will take turns about—you shall stay with me to-morrow night; for sure I should not wonder if there were ghosts walking around this same house, there were such noises last night."

"I thought I heard some noise," said the first speaker. "Perhaps there are other occupants in the house. Shall we venture to go together and examine the lower rooms? There may be some other poor beings like ourselves, who have been driven to take up a residence here as a last resort, and are sick, or in some distress. Shall we go?"

"Not a bit of it the day;" replies Bridget, "for I am going to wash for Misthress Bakeman in Chimmer street,

and sure its a long way there, and I must be aff. Ay, if Dennis O'Ryan was alive noo, to care for me and the childers, I wouldn't be after living in this hobgoblin place."

"True, it is six o'clock, and I have also engaged to work in Chambers street to-day; so we will go on together," said Mrs. Doane.

The last speaker looked care worn; and her graceful carriage and delicately formed hands showed that she had seen better days; but no murmur had passed her lips to her companion. "Misery makes strange acquaintances," is a saying frequently verified—and it was in this instance. By a series of misfortunes Mrs. Doane had become destitute—a widowed mourner in a strange land; and no resource seemed left her, but to act in the capacity of washerwoman. Her quiet demeanor and patient accomplishment of her tasks made her a desirable assistant wherever she was employed; and having found places for a little son of nine and a daughter of seven years of age, she sought to obtain a simple home for herself. Having received permission to occupy an old and deserted three-story building in the outskirts of New York city, till the Corporation were ready to tear it down, she removed a bed and a few household utensils there, that she might have a home, though a poor one indeed, through the long and weary nights. Alone in this dismal place for a week, she composed herself to rest, trusting in that Power who had thus far watched over her footsteps, and provided for her in the hour of great need.

At the end of that period, Bridget O'Ryan took possession of another room just across the hall from her door,

and they immediately found means to become acquainted. Strange and unaccountable voices were heard in the house. Sometimes a window was closed—sometimes a door; or a sound as of something falling like wood—a cough—or footsteps—all these seemed somewhat mysterious, as no person had been seen to pass in or out of the house; and the upper part looked more decayed than the basement which they occupied. A week more passed—a week of terrors to Bridget—when Mrs. Doane proposed that both should occupy the same room at night.

The next day, before going out to work, they fortified themselves with all possible courage, and proceeded cautiously to examine every cupboard, corner, and nook of the other rooms in the basement. Rats and mice, unaccustomed to interruption, scampered to their hiding-places with so much noise as to disturb our heroines, especially poor Biddy, who called loudly upon her patron saint to defend her. But no discoveries were made, and as they were about to enter their own rooms, a sound startled them like the wail of an infant. It was time, however, that they should go out to perform the labor of the day, and each felt that the excitement had been sufficient for her spirit.

The following day was the Sabbath; and they considered it no desecration of that holy day, under such circumstances, to ascend the rickety staircase and seek to ascertain whence those strange sounds proceeded. Every door they could find was opened; every corner searched. The attic, filled with cobwebs and dirt, did not escape their vigilance—but in vain. They returned to their rooms disappointed and troubled. Bridget insisted that the house was haunted, and declared her determination

to get out of it as soon as possible. Her companion scarcely knew what to think; but as the house now seemed more quiet at night, and they were absent during the day, they became in a measure reconciled to their situation. Days of continued toil made the night's rest welcome; and custom renders even unpleasant things bearable. The children of each called occasionally, but seldom ascended the decaying staircase.

Two weeks elapsed, when one morning, Bridget's little boy, about six years old, who had been in to see his mother, was missing, and had not passed out of the front door. The alarm was given to Mrs. Doane, and both our tenants commenced a search. Again every vacant room and closet was examined as they proceeded to the attic. Stopping for a moment near a window at a turn of the stairway, Mrs. Doane involuntarily looked out and saw the object of their anxiety in the rear of the house, looking about him with delight at the fine open view around, so unlike the dense buildings, and smoky air in that part of the city where he belonged. Overjoyed, they hastened back—when curiosity induced them to enter the back room of the upper story, and from a window there call out to the boy. Was this movement the result of accident? or was it the power of spirit acting upon spirit, to bring hidden things to light—to perfect a link in the chain which connects the past with the present—the dead with the living? Was it an instinct prompted by the Omnipotent, thus miraculously to bring comfort to the death-bed of one of His own creatures?

They entered the room, and the door swung to as they passed in. This disclosed a half open door which they had not before seen, it being hidden by the opening of

the first. They passed through into the next room, and were horrified to find, stretched upon a poor bed, a person apparently dying. The sharpened, delicate features of a lady, pallid as if the soul had already left its earthly tenement, were turned towards the door. The feeble cries of an infant called attention to the little helpless being beside its dying mother. She faintly beckoned them to approach.

"My child!" she gasped in a husky voice, "three weeks old—take her--love her!—husband died—across the water—his name—was ———" The lips moved, but death silenced the voice, and the name was lost for ever!

Poverty—starvation—death! how horrible! The empty dishes, which seemed once to have contained food, standing upon a chest beside the bed; the dry and dusty pitcher, without even a drop of water to moisten the parched lips of the sufferer, asserted too truly the dreadful tale. Woman, timid in dread of danger, shrinks not from the performance of necessary duties, however painful, though straitened by poverty. They carried the child to their more comfortable room, gave it necessary attention, and took immediate measures to inform the proper authorities—that the last sad rites might be bestowed upon the dead. A certain benevolent institution was also notified of the little orphan, who was therein adopted among the fortunate members of that excellent asylum, till claimed by some relative or friend. Advertisement followed advertisement, but no tidings could be learned of her kindred. In the silence of the grave seemed lost all clue to the mystery of her birth in those ruins. Tenderly, and with a mother's love, did the

good matron watch with delight the unfolding beauty of the little child, as the months passed by.

Have our readers lost their interest in those kind-hearted souls who were made, through Providence, the instruments of this discovery?—those who were far more ready to extend the hand of kindness, than many of more pretension and wealth? Suffice it to say, they followed the usual round of duty, laboring in their habitual calling, receiving the reward of an approving conscience, and still toiling on. Would that we could give a better fortune to them in return; but truth forbids at present. Perhaps their good deeds, like bread thrown upon the waters, will return again after many days.

CHAPTER II.

In a little village within the Empire State, where the elevated location gives promise of a healthy and pure atmosphere, might be seen a simple white church, with its spire, like an index, pointing to heaven, and surrounded by several neat dwelling houses with green blinds, which altogether attract the notice and gain the admiration of the traveller as he pauses at the stage-house for a relay of horses. How can he stop to dine? His intellectual feast would be far preferable, while gazing upon the landscape. On every side the land is sloping, and laid out in large cultivated fields, dotted at remote distances with farm houses; and the margin of the prospect fringed with forest trees of native growth. Numberless little springs, or natural fountains, glitter in the sunlight, and meander across the gravelly road, forcing

foot-passengers to leap from stone to stone ; and afterwards trickling down the hill-side, occasionally blending with each other, and thus acquiring momentum and magnitude, till the stream becomes sufficiently large for water power. It passes on, gurgling over pebbles, and accumulating by frequent reinforcements ; while the stage-road keeping in sight of it, the traveller watches with pleasure the frequent curves, semicircles, and sometimes almost perfect circles, as it winds on through the shining emerald meadows, till it becomes eventually a river, wide and deep, emptying at last into the briny sea. To one fond of mountain scenery and mountain air, this route would possess many attractions. Occasional settlements, finely cultivated farms, and frequent school-houses, with an ample play-ground beside the road, speak well for the industry and taste of the hardy, honest inhabitants.

In the church which I have mentioned, at the sound of the sabbath bell gathers a respectable congregation to listen to sacred truths from the lips of their esteemed pastor. And faithfully does he seek to fulfill his divine mission, diligently striving to gather precious souls for his Master above. Blest with an amiable and accomplished wife, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham seemed to enjoy a large share of domestic bliss : but as a few years rolled away, both perceived a vacancy in their little circle, if circle it might be called ; and wished for some object beside the pet canary, or a favorite dog or cat, as a third companion. At length Providence crowned their wishes most unexpectedly.

A paper containing the advertisement for claimants to the little orphan, found its way to them ; and they immediately resolved to adopt it as their own, if no claimant

appeared ; thus not only gratifying themselves, but doing a deed of charity to the fatherless and motherless, and training an immortal soul for heaven. The proper measures were taken ; and the kind matron, fearful of harm to her favorite, after a long, cold, and disagreeable journey, placed the sweet Ella in the arms of Mrs. Cunningham, just as she was able to articulate " Mama !" A mutual love immediately sprang up between parents and child ; and the former felt that there was nothing to regret—that the vacancy was now filled. The budding beauty of the infant only expanded into more perfect loveliness ; and she was at once the only earthly idol of their hearts. She knows no other parents—they know no other child. She is generally believed to be their daughter, and only a few friends are aware of her adoption.

At two years of age her parents journeyed with her. How proud were they of her surpasssing charms ! Her bright eyes were " blue as the violet's cup," and her soft brown hair fell in ringlets over the snowy neck, and partially shaded a fine, intellectual forehead of alabaster whiteness. Ever caressed and petted, no wonder that her fair countenance bore the stamp of independence ; and her pouting lip would show that she could command attention. Yet she was docile and obedient. It was most interesting to gaze upon her—the helpless foundling of the old ruin. Oh, could her dying mother have foreseen the good fortune that awaited her, how much softer would have seemed her pillow—how much calmer her spirit ! Was it not in answer to her last prayer, that thus our compassionate Father provided for the bereaved one ?

Would it be gratifying to our readers to raise the veil

of the future, and trace the onward path of the orphan through life? Fancy might paint many Elysian scenes in glowing colors—the new parents' joy in the beauty, sprightliness, and undivided affection of their beloved Ella—their delight as they bent over the instrument where her fingers and voice sent forth rich tones of music to the ravished ear; or perchance produce a vision of the altar, where the honored pastor, passing gently into the vale of years, joined her hands with those of the beloved of her heart, and pronounced them indissolubly one. Wealth, pehaps, in this or a distant land may entitle her to exalted rank, and enable her to relieve the necessities of the poor; and when her singular and romantic history shall be known to her, with a grateful heart she may seek out those who listened to the dying words of a suffering mother, and cared for the helpless offspring; and by liberality and kindness she may bring peace and comfort to their old age.

At present we may only record the past—prudence forbids that we unfold that which is to come. When a few more rolling years have passed, a continuation of her history may gladden a weary hour, and afford convincing proof that "truth is stranger than fiction."

A Mother's Counsels.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

DAUGHTER! the Book Divine,
To which we turn for aid,
When prosperous skies unclouded shine,
Or dark-wing'd storms invade,
Is ever open to thine eye,
Imprint it on thy soul,
And wisdom that can never die
Shall thy young thoughts control.

Sweetest, the cheek of bloom,
Alas! how soon 'twill wear
The clay-cold covering of the tomb:
Then while thine own is fair,
Low at his feet imploring fall,
Who loves the humble mind,
And whose high promise is, that all
Who early seek shall find.

Come, ere thy hand hath wove
The first fresh wreaths of spring,
Come, ere a worn and wither'd love
Is all thou hast to bring!
Remember thy Creator's power,
While life from care is free,
And when the days of darkness lower,
He will remember thee.

Yes, give thy heart to Him,
While budding Hope is green,
And when thy mother's eye is dim
To every earthly scene;
When this fond arm that circles thee
Must chill and powerless lie,
Our parting tear the pledge shall be
Of union in the sky.

Love Matches.

"——Love—we paint him as a little child,
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world."

Unfeeling and unjust, in no slight degree, are the observations which not unfrequently escape the lips of the worldly, the heartless, and the dissipated, upon those unions in early life which are designated by the term—love matches. Now, no man in his senses would venture to defend "love at first sight," or to justify such preposterous unions as that of a peer with a flower-girl, a baronet with a bar-maid, or a member of parliament with a mantua-maker. Such jokes have, however, been passed in Worcestershire and Westmoreland before now, and have been crowned with the happiest results. I merely content myself with joining in the cry of a hearty and hospitable old friend of mine, "a match of affection against the world." To be sure, the advantages of a contrary course are many and lasting. There is a comfort in escaping the horrors of a jail by marrying age and infirmity, and then being unable to look the woman in the face ever afterwards. There is a consolation in being bribed to take age and insanity to your bosom, and then having cause to say of matrimony, during the rest of your life, that "its two days of happiness were the first and the last." There is a transport in marrying a woman to whose person you

are totally indifferent, and for whose heart and understanding you have a thorough contempt, solely to please your father and serve your party, to unite two most improvable estates, and strengthen your political influence; all which are easily and cheaply attained by the mere sacrifice of your own comfort and happiness for life. These are a few of the heart-stirring delights which so often attend "a very prudent marriage."

There is nothing, I trust, bitter in these reflections. They are the fruits of an unexpected meeting with two old school-fellows, senior in standing, and superior in station to myself, and of a merry recurrence to scenes, and times, and persons, and adventures, in which we are all most deeply interested. There is something inexpressibly delightful in such a meeting. "It is like snatching the hour-glass of Time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that marked the lapse of years." Who is there that does not linger, fondly linger, around those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood; and dwell with unabated affection upon those early friends who twined themselves around his heart, and mingled in all his enjoyments, at that springtime of life when mere existence was happiness, when hope was certainty, and the world a paradise?

They had also both been guilty of—love matches. Having wealth, and rank, and influence themselves, they had each married the object of their affections, who had neither, and what is more melancholy still, after a union of many years, they have never had cause to regret it! Let me sketch the outlines and incidents of so preposterous an occurrence.

The duties of the day discharged, and the casualties of

to-morrow anticipated, the conductress of Cumberland House was blessing her stars for the prospect of an evening undisturbed by any professional engagement, when the current of her ejaculations was unexpectedly deranged by a summons to the parlor. She found there a gentleman, young, but brave and dignified in his appearance, accompanied by a still younger, and, certainly, most lovely female. His age was apparently about thirty; hers might be guessed at seventeen. He stated himself to be her guardian. Her education had been neglected. It was his wish, as well as that of the young lady herself, to whom he had the honor of standing in so responsible a relation, it should now be completed. He was anxious that she should have the first masters; and that every grace and every accomplishment which art could bestow, should be added to the gifts of nature. Expense was in no instance to be regarded. Her comfort, her improvement, her interests alone were to be consulted.

The lady-conductress smiled; showed her house, grounds, ran over, with inimitable complacency and singular glibness, a long list of young nobility who had entered and adorned the fashionable world on leaving her establishment; and concluded an elaborate, and, all things considered, very prettily turned harangue, by a modest and rather hesitating inquiry of, "Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"That is foreign to the purpose. I can neither give you my name, my address, nor a reference of any kind. The name of this young lady will probably be sufficient on the one hand, and this note, by way of security, on the other." He laid down, as he spoke, a bank bill of very considerable amount, and turned to the window.

Madame La Roche stood amazed. "How very extraordinary! Here's a mystery. Oh! there's something wrong, beyond a doubt!"—and she glanced from one to the other. Yet, as her eye caught the noble and commanding figure of the stranger—scanned that calm and unruffled brow—and then reverted to the confiding and ingenuous expression of his youthful companion, she felt ashamed of the supposition.

"You hesitate? I have no wish of surprising you into assent. Deliberate an hour, if you please. I will await your decision. My bankers, I omitted to state, are Fry and Chapman, on whom your drafts will be punctually honored." And he resumed his station at the window.

The conductress paused and hesitated, and, for the first time in her life, was dumb. "He's monstrous young to be a guardian; but he's certainly somebody—and she looks purity itself. Yet, to come alone! to be accompanied by no female friend! I do not know really what to say." She began.—"I—" She looked at the bank note which lay on the table, cast another glance at the well-appointed equipage at the door, and concluded—"I shall be most happy to receive Miss—Miss—the lady in question."

"I will not return," said she, speaking for the first time. "Whatever I may require more than the carriage contains, can be forwarded to-morrow." There was a tone of melancholy in her voice, which touched even the selfish heart of Madame La Roche. She fancied she could discover a sob with difficulty suppressed.

"You can probably receive Miss Hamilton to-night?" said the stranger.

"To-night!" echoed Madame, evidently disconcerted

at the promptitude which characterized the measures of her new acquaintance. "To-night!" An expression of the most comic distress passed over her face. A shrug succeeded; then a smile. "Oh, certainly. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*" she murmured in an undertone, and carefully deposited the note in her reticule.

The young lady was indefatigable. In the attainment of her object, no labor appeared excessive, no confinement irksome. The rays of early morning found her actively engaged in the pursuit of improvement The dews of the evening witnessed her weariness, but she was still employed. She avoided society; she courted solitude. Yet there were times when traces of tears appeared on her cheek, and a sigh, deep and unbroken, would steal from her bosom—and an expression of uncontrollable anguish would checker a countenance fair as the poet's dream.

The only indulgence which she allowed herself was the care of a little orphan, of five years old, who had been sent over from India to the conductress, by a dying mother. For this little wayward, capricious, but engaging being, she would throw aside her favorite pursuit, enter into the whim of the moment, caress and romp and play with her, by the hour together. It seemed as if not only all the affections of her nature had fastened upon her lively companion, but that some dear and secret association was connected with her; for, on more than one occasion, the youthful beauty was discovered caressing her little plaything with all the affection of a mother, and mingling with her caresses tears.

All this was "sadly perplexing" to Madame La Roche. There was no want of wealth, that was very clear, or of

propriety; her life was of self-respect, for she would awe the most presuming. But there was "an unpardonable want of information!" The young lady was herself as silent as the grave. Not a syllable could be extorted from her by innuendo, by inquiry, flattery, or surmise, as to her guardian or herself—as to the past or the future. All she would speak of, all she would refer to, was the present. This air of impenetrable mystery—this "absence of all authentic intelligence," had cost Madame La Roche many a sleepless hour; had made her tremble many a night for "the character of the establishment."—"If," she used to say to herself, till her brains were almost addled—"if there should be anything improper? if any unexpected disclosure should take place? if all should not be 'quite correct?' I am ruined! utterly and irretrievably ruined!"—and her head grew dizzy at the bare idea of it.

Her day of trial was not far distant. Whether from intense application or feelings which preyed upon themselves, Ellen Hamilton became suddenly and alarmingly ill. The stranger's bankers were immediately apprised of the circumstance, and he himself was entreated to appear; but before he arrived, his ward was insensible. His agitation, on learning the particulars, bordered on frenzy. The first medical practitioners which the metropolis could afford were ranged round her bed; but her disease bade defiance to their skill. Delirium came on; and she raved, in tones that would have melted the hardest heart, for her husband and child—implored him to come to her; entreated him not to banish her from her boy; and assured him, over and over again, that she would be all and everything that he could wish.

Madame La Roche was half crazy. Her worst fears were confirmed. A mother, and perhaps no wife, sheltered beneath her roof!—"Oh! if I keep my senses, it is more than I anticipate." Meanwhile the unconscious Ellen, after a long and severe conflict with disease, slowly rallied; and as soon as she was pronounced out of danger, her guardian, at Madame's urgent and reiterated request, took his leave.

The first object which poor Ellen recognized, on the return of reason, was Madame La Roche musing by her side.

"I fear I have given you all much trouble, and said many foolish things? Tell me! pray tell me, has—has anything particular—that is—I mean—anything very unaccountable, escaped me?"

"Oh, no! nothing at all. You have only raved incessantly for your husband and your child!"

"How odd!—Mere delirium, my dear Madame La Roche; mere delirium. My husband and my child! ha, ha, ha!" said she, with a faint laugh "How strange?"

"It is all strange—very!" exclaimed Madame La Roche, and marched from the apartment

It was about a fortnight after this conversation, that the little orphan, to whom Ellen was so attached, begged and obtained leave to visit her "dear mamma." Half frantic with joy—for, after all her caprice, and passion, and self will, the little beauty had a most affectionate heart—she clung round the neck of her pallid friend; laughed, talked, and cried, all in a breath; kissed her again and again; and in the warmth of her caresses, disengaged a locket, which fell with some violence on the floor.

"I will get it; I will get it. Let me have it; let me have it; let me have it!" said the little wayward being, struggling with her governess. And in the contest, the spring opened, and madame beheld a portrait of the stranger and a wedding-ring!

It is credibly affirmed that this paragon of French women neither scolded, nor screamed, nor fainted. She looked at the ring and said "Thank heaven!" The next morning brought Ellen the following note:

"I wish for no disclosure from you. I ask for none. But I can bear it no longer. This mystery, this concealment, this air of indiscretion, this perpetual double *entendre*, has all but worn me to my grave. I have sent for your guardian. I suppose some dreadful disclosure awaits me. May I be able to sustain it!"

On the receipt of this alarming document, Ellen, it pains me to relate, laughed long and loudly.

"Poor madame! she need be afraid of 'no dreadful disclosure!' A rich treat is in store for her. Her appetite for the romantic is about to be gratified. To be sure, her curiosity and impatience have somewhat accelerated matters. But perhaps it is all well."

The stranger arrived, and Ellen saw him alone. Their conference was short, but apparently conclusive; for she entered the room leaning on her guardian's arm, in some little degree of agitation, though her face was radiant with smiles, and triumph beamed from her eye.

"Madame La Roche," the stranger said, "you must not charge me with dissimulation, or accuse me of want of candor, if I have delayed putting you in full possession of all the circumstances relative to my lovely Ellen."

The governess started. Prepared as she was for

the worst—"my lovely Ellen" came upon her ears like a thunder clap.

"Till now it has been impossible. Listen, and acquit me. I met with this treasure in an obscure and humble cottage in the country. I obtained her affections, and she blessed me with her hand. Truly, it was an unequal match. For my paltry acres, she had innocence and beauty; for my title, she had sincerity and worth; instead of a long line of ancestry, she had a father who adored her, a brother who would have died for her; and, in lieu of fashion and influence, a heart overflowing with the noblest feelings of our nature, and a character untainted even by the mildew of slander. I doubted not that the dutiful and devoted daughter, the self-denying and affectionate sister, would become the attached and invaluable wife. Nor have I been deceived. But my Ellen was not long in discovering that an education, carried on at intervals, and at best incongruous and incomplete, but ill qualified her for the station she now held in society, or for scenes and conversations in which she would be required, as my wife, to bear her part. She feared —such was the phantom which perpetually pursued her —that she would disgrace my choice. She importuned me for a while to conceal my marriage, and to allow her to complete her education. At her own request—mark me, Madame La Roche!—at her own urgent and repeated request, I consented to the separation, and was silent on my happiness. Upon you little or no imposition has been practised. I declared myself her guardian. Am I not? and for life. It now remains for me to thank you for the manner in which you have fulfilled our wishes, and present to you the Countess of Ilchester.

The American Harp.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

THERE is a harp whose glorious strings
  Primeval sprang from God's own hand;
Filled with creative murmurings,
  It stretched across Columbia's land:
His fingers swept it at its birth,
He reared it on the echoing earth,
And bade its tuneful anthems fly,
Immortal, through the western sky.

Its foot He planted, where the tides
  Of hoarse Atlantic chafe the shore;
The Alleghanies prop its sides,
  Where vaulted caves give back its roar:
Its golden back Pacific rests,
The Rocky Mountains shrine its crests;
From prairies and o'er floods it springs,
Our continent beneath its wings.

Ages ago, when red men came
  All through the lands where white men dwell:
Where rose the wigwam's peaceful flame,
  Where rang the warrior's savage yell,
That harp was heard. Its mournful strains
Rolled 'mid the mounds on trackless plains;
Sadly it murmured on the blast:
"Poor Indian! lo, thy power is past."

The Pilgrim came—the Cavalier—
Spreading free tents on Freedom's sod ;
Our country's harp received them here,
And mingled in their songs to God :
It led the psalm on Plymouth rock,
The chant on Jamestown's sandy dock,
And where St. Mary's lordly hand
Planted the cross in Maryland.

It echoed where the freeman went,
And hewed out empires with his stroke ;
Its clangor swept the continent,
When patriots burst a foreign yoke :
'Tis sounding where our canvass spreads,
And where our iron fire-horse treads,
And every land and every sea
Is vocal with its melody.

Harp of our country ! Pour thy notes
In grandeur through a listening world !
Wake man where'er thy music floats,
And God's free banner is unfurled !
Start slumbering nations into Life,
With Right and Might and Valor rife,
Till Freedom reigns from shore to shore,
And tyrants curse the earth no more !

The Uneducated Wife.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of a gloomy day in November, Albert Fitzgerald, a young man of a very elegant and interesting appearance, found he had missed his way, and was descending a lonely hill that ended in a thick forest. He stopped before he entered the dreary road, and cast an inquiring and eager gaze around; but saw no alternative except to go on, or retrace his steps and ascend the long, tedious hill.

"This is abominable," said he, as he pulled the reins to stop his tired beast; "I should be quite unwilling to make a supper for some hungry wolf or bear; it would be a most inglorious end to my journey, and not at all consistent with deeds of noble daring; but perhaps there are no such prowlers here, and at all events it is a straight path. I can try it a mile or two, and if I see or hear anything alarming, I can return: it will not be very soldier-like, to be sure, to run from the enemy; but there is none to trumpet my fame in this wood—so come on, my tired dapple!"

The evening was fast closing, and he could only ride slowly, and with great caution, as the stumps of the trees often stood many feet high, and much impeded his progress. After he had been riding for some time, the snow commenced falling, and Fitzgerald began to be seriously

alarmed, when, suddenly, a bright light shone through the underwood at no great distance. He galloped quickly on, and saw, to his surprise and delight, a very comfortable looking log house, with glazed windows, quite an uncommon thing in the back country.

"I suppose," said he, "I shall share with some dozen little white heads, each striving by dirt and clamor to make me as uncomfortable as possible—well! I shall at least have a shelter from the bears and the weather."

So saying, he threw the bridle around a stump, and springing over the fence, was just about knocking at the door, when a voice of great melody and sweetness burst on his ear, singing the "evening hymn." He stopped; but the music had ceased. He approached without noise to the window, and what was his surprise, his emotion, at beholding, in a secluded place like this, the most exquisitely beautiful creature he had ever seen. Her dress was that of a rustic, and her slight person, though thus unadorned, more faultless than the finest models he had ever gazed on in the halls of fashion and elegance.

Fitzgerald almost doubted his senses; for nothing mortal had ever seemed to him half so lovely. Her little white hands and dimpled fingers were smoothing the gray hairs of a most noble looking old man, who sat before a bright fire. His face was pale and careworn. His large, expressive eyes were turned on his youthful companion with a tenderness that seemed to affect her much, for she kissed his wrinkled cheeks again and again; and seemed trying, by a thousand winning ways, to divert him from his sorrows. He was dressed like a farmer; but round his chair was thrown a large military cloak, apparently to screen him from the weather, one corner of

which covered his foot, that rested on a bench before him. The room was clean and comfortable, though it contained nothing but some chairs, a table, and a shelf with books. A rush mat was spread under the old man's seat, and a few cooking utensils placed in the corner of a large stone fire-place.

Fitzgerald stood rivetted to the spot, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should break the charm that seemed to detain these objects in his sight; but the snow was falling fast, and the horse began to grow restive. He stepped gently back, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old man, and Fitzgerald entered.

"Will you give me shelter for the night, sir?" said he bowing, "I have lost my way, and my horse is worn out with this day's travel."

"With pleasure, sir," was the reply. "We can afford you a shelter; but we have no shed for your tired beast."

"Well, then, he must take his chance under the forest trees. I am so happy not to be obliged to share the same fate, that I fear I shall not feel the sympathy for him I ought."

"Isidore, take the gentleman's coat, shake off the snow, and throw it over the rail to dry; and place a chair by the fire."

She moved from his side, where she had nestled like a young fawn or a timid dove, and placing a seat, reached out that beautiful little hand for the coat; but he, bowing as low as if she had been a princess, said, "By no means," and laid it aside himself, while Isidore, blushing and composed again, drew close to her aged companion.

Fitzgerald had never felt so much at a loss for conversation. To meet two such beings in a thick forest, so far

from any human habitations, seemed so strange, that he scarce knew how to address them; but the old gentleman began asking him about the road, how far he had travelled, &c. &c., and told him he was more than thirty miles from the place he had inquired for, and which he thought of reaching that night.

"But," said he, "if you can be contented with a little bread and milk, and a bear skin for a bed, you are most heartily welcome"

"I wish no better fare, sir, and shall feel grateful for your hospitality."

"You see I am almost a cripple, so my little granddaughter must do the honors of my humble abode."

The white table was set before him, with bread, milk, and dried venison; and Albert thought he had never made a more delicious meal. They were soon all quietly settled for the night; the old man was helped to his room by his gentle child; and Albert lay before the fire wondering and thinking who they could be, until nature could no longer support him, and he sank to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning, a bright fire was snapping and crackling in the room, and the old man was in his arm-chair, with the table before him.

"We were sorry to disturb you, sir," said he; "but our place is not a very commodious one. It reminds me of the old song—'It served him for *parlor*, for *kitchen*, and *hall*.'"

While he was speaking, Isidore entered, her glossy hair covered with snow-flakes, and her whole face radiant with smiles and beauty. An Indian came with her, bearing a basket. He remained some time talking with the old gentleman, who understood the language, and Fitzgerald knew enough of it to hear him say, "Who is he?"

He turned and said,

"I think, sir, you have a right to know whom you have so kindly sheltered—my name is Albert Fitzgerald."

"Fitzgerald! was the name of your father Campbell Fitzgerald?"

"It was."

"Young man," said he, "you are more than welcome. Your father was my friend, and as brave a soldier as ever marched to battle."

"You knew my father, then, sir?" and Fitzgerald stepped before him.

"Yes, and well do I remember the day on which we parted—parted to meet no more—it was after a glorious victory! I called to say farewell, as at day-break I was to leave that part of the country. He was stretched on a pallet—the surgeon preparing to dress his wounds. He opened his eyes as I entered and told my purpose. 'General,' said he, stretching out his hand to me, and all the fire of the soldier sparkling for a moment in his heavy eyes as he spoke, 'we shall drive these intruders from our land. Heaven bless you, farewell!' He was never well enough to return to the army, and I never had an opportunity to return to him again."

Albert listened with surprise. The old man forgot his lameness—he stood up, and his tall figure seemed almost gigantic, while the whole expression of his face was changed; it glowed with animation as he took Fitzgerald by the hand.

"Thrice welcome to my home and heart," said he, "thou son of an old friend. Young man, poor and forlorn as I now appear, I once commanded armies, and this arm," extending it as he spoke, "was ever ready to draw

the sword in defence of this ungrateful country. My name is Charlton."

"General Charlton!" said Fitzgerald, pressing his hand between both his own. "I have often heard my beloved mother speak of your covering my father with your cloak, and coming for him with a litter, by which you saved his invaluable life."

"These, my son, were the chances and changes of war; but," and he sighed deeply, "we who have toiled and bled, spent all!—yes, all, even our paternal inheritance, in the country's service, cannot choose but weep almost tears of blood, when we find ourselves beggars on the soil we have so warmly defended—find ourselves unnoticed and unknown by the sons, who, at ease in their possessions, feel not, care not for the pangs of those who obtained for them their choicest blessings. Picture to yourself, sir, a young man, well born, well educated, rich, of great expectations, sacrificing all for the cause of freedom, and losing all for his country; and when, in old age, worn out, crippled, unable any longer to be useful, looking to that country for support, feeling that justice demands a prompt attention to his claims; waiting day after day, week after week, year after year, until weary, heart-sick, and disgusted, he retires to some solitary abode, and finds among savages a better home than his countrymen are willing to bestow. This—this! young man, is the fate of the veterans of the revolution."

The General covered his face with his hands, and sunk back exhaused by his emotions. Albert felt the blood mounting into his face at the recollection of the ingratitude of the government; yet remembering that he had done all in his power to aid the cause of these disinterest-

ed but unfortunate men, he told the General, after a pause of some moments, that he should feel proud to assist him in any way; that his fortune was ample, and that he could not use it to more satisfaction than in making the friend of his father happy.

"Happy!" said he, as he raised his mournful eyes to Albert; "I am almost at my journey's end; could I but behold this forest flower, this only tie to earth, safely situated in the world, I should die contented." He pressed the beautiful creature to his bosom, and sobbed audibly.

"My dear father," said Isidore, "grieve not for me; we are very happy here, and you have a new friend now, who will not let your little ——"

She stopped, blushed, and hid her face on her grandfather's shoulder, fearing she had said too much.

Albert wished she had finished the sentence, and thought that to shelter her from harm, he would willingly pass the rest of his days in the forest.

CHAPTER II.

The snow continued to fall, and the roads were impassable; the horse had disappeared, and Albert had no alternative but to await the clearing. To find his way was impossible; besides, he would have stayed with a more trifling excuse, so much was he interested with the beautiful Isidore. Weeks passed, and Albert still lingered, endeavoring to procure a horse and guide.

Conversing with the old gentleman, he learned his sad story; learned that, fired with ardor in the cause of liberty, he had left a delightful home and his lovely

daughter, Marion, the mother of Isidore, in the care of a favorite sister, and embarked for this country, where he remained during the war, constantly drawing on his own funds. Feeling certain of the final success of the American cause, he had no doubt of being remunerated for all. In the meantime Marion married an interesting young German, and the old General persuaded and finally prevailed upon him to join the army. The unfortunate young man was severely wounded in the first campaign, which caused his death in a few years after. The old General, grieved to the heart that he had been the means of interrupting so much happiness, promised his daughter that he would come and spend the rest of his days with her as soon as his claims were settled, which he thought would be speedily. At the close of the year she wrote to inform him that if he ever wished to see her alive he must come soon, as she felt she could not live many months.

The heart-stricken father embarked immediately, and found his child just alive on his arrival. He was almost overwhelmed with grief, but Marion, far from lamenting her early exit, said, "It is the will of heaven, and I have but these ties to earth," placing her slender and almost transparent hand on the fair brow of the little Isidore, and looking tenderly at her father. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, that there is a house not made with hands for me in heaven. I give you my child, certain that while you live you will be a father to her; and I trust, my dear sir, you will have her piously educated, for even my short life has taught me 'there is nothing true but heaven.'"

She died soon after this conversation, and the unfortunate old man, as he followed her to the tomb, felt almost

broken-hearted. He settled all his affairs, and found he had made such calls on his estate, that after paying all his debts, he had but a thousand pounds. Embarrassed with his little girl, (for his own sister was dead, and he had no near relation,) he concluded to write to Madam Waldorff, the aunt of Isidore, her father's only sister, and request her to take care of the orphan until he could come and claim her. He wrote that his adopted country was in debt to him for services and expenditures, and he doubted not that he would be paid principal and interest, and that he should then be enabled, when settled in his own house, to send for his grand-daughter.

She answered his letter immediately, and after, as the General said, many *sage* remarks, concluded by saying, "she had done all in her power to prevent her brother's leaving his pleasant home and lovely wife to follow a phantom—a will o' the whisp—which he called glory. It had led him where she expected,—to death! That General Charlton had made him forget what he had been taught at home, namely, that true patriotism did not consist in running after liberty, but in doing our duty as fathers, husbands, and children, in the station and *in the country* where Providence has placed us. That she declined taking the little girl, and thought that if he intended to forsake his native country, he had better take her with him, and make a savage of her at once."

Vexed and troubled at this severe reproof, he determined to quit the country for ever, and take Isidore with him.

He was soon quietly settled near Philadelphia, where he waited patiently a long time; but at last, weary and disheartened, finding his funds gone, and fearing that even

his friends were tired of him, he took the little girl, and retired quite back into the country, to hide himself and his sorrows from the world.

One day, being in pursuit of game, he met an old Indian chief, whose life he had once saved in a skirmish, taken him to his tent, and kept him until he was able to go back to his tribe. Sanaqua entreated the general to go with him.

"My nation," says he, "are grateful; they will love the white warrior who saved their chief's life—they will make a house and give him corn—he can himself shoot the deer—come with us."

The old man went, and true to the word of the chief, they supplied him with everything necessary to support life. The little Isidore they almost worshipped, called her by every tender epithet, and brought her every dainty they could find; but, as he concluded, he said, "Am I not supported by charity—by the charity of savages, while my countrymen refuse to share with me the blessings which I have toiled and bled to obtain?"

He trembled and turned pale, his limbs seemed to lose their strength, and but for the support of Fitzgerald, he would have sunk on the floor. He tried to soothe and comfort him by telling him that as soon as the weather was fit he would provide a vehicle, and take him, with Isidore, to his own paternal mansion; he should have his father's study and his room, with all the comforts his old age required.

"I shall leave you for a few days, as I have a tract of land in this country that I wish to see; then return with such a conveyance as will render our journey agreeable."

Fitzgerald dared not trust himself to say anything of

Isidore. He felt he loved her, and he thought the old General would object to his speaking of marrying the child, as he always called her. The old man said, as he took his hand, "My dear son, you are a friend indeed—I rejoice to see that America has still some noble scions from the parent tree, that promise to overshadow the land."

While Fitzgerald remained, he had constant opportunities of seeing the beautiful and gentle girl; he saw her devoted attention to her grandfather, her patient sweetness at all times, her industry and neatness.

How often did he wonder that with so limited a wardrobe she was always so neat and becomingly arrayed. He knew not, that rather than appear to disadvantage before one that she thought quite too perfect for a human being, she had sat up nights that all might be in order during the day. A more disinterested, lovely creature *nature* never formed, but she was just as *nature* formed her, and Albert Fitzgerald, enamored with her beauty, delighted with her artless loveliness, forgot that he did not live among savages, and that a wife for him should be well educated and accustomed to good society. He forgot that all his life had been spent in cultivating and improving his own mind; forgot how often his beloved and accomplished mother had drawn the likeness, with a master's hand, of the woman she should be proud to call daughter.

But Isidore, the sweet, the exquisitely beautiful Isidore, had put all reflection and reason aside, and he determined to ask her of the old General on his return.

Some days passed ere he could procure a guide to suit him. Watapan, a friend of the General, consented at last

to go with him. Ere he left, he took Gen. Charlton by the hand, and begged he would lay all his cares aside, and try to get well enough to accompany him back. The old man sighed, looked tenderly at his grand-daughter, and said,

"God bless you, my son; if anything happens to me, I know you will be a father to this innocent child."

Albert's face was crimson; the word "father" had embarrassed him so much, that when he took Isidore's hand, instead of speaking, he only pressed it to his lips, and raised his eyes to hers. She was as pale as marble, and trembled so much, that Fitzgerald was surprised, and almost inclined to think he was in some way the cause. He said,

"You are ill, Isidore; come into the air:" and leading her to the door, stood by her until the blood came rushing to her cheeks and temples; then again pressing her hand to his lips, he mounted his horse and galloped away, leaving her leaning against the door.

Isidore had never seen any one to love but her grandfather; she was grateful to the Indians for their goodness to her, but Fitzgerald was above anything she had ever conceived, and she looked up to him with such devotion and reverence, that he was *worshipped* more than loved. She only thought of him as a friend of her father. To be his *wife*, never entered her innocent thoughts.

A month passed, and no tidings of Albert. The old General had been quite ill for some days. Isidore had made him a bed of dried leaves and bear skins near the fire, and had exhausted all her skill as a nurse, but his pale looks and faltering voice alarmed her. One evening, after a restless day, she knelt down beside him to bathe

his temples, and began singing the evening hymn, but the General drew her close to him, and putting aside the glossy curls that hung over her polished forehead, said, as he gazed on her,

"I have made shipwreck of the happiness of all that I loved. As your aunt said, I have followed a *phantom*—I fear something has happened to our friend Albert, and my stay here is short."

Isidore shuddered, trembled, and seemed almost fainting.

"Grieve not for me," he said. "I am an old man, and can scarce expect to remain much longer with you. Should you see no more of Fitzgerald, get the Indians to take you to the nearest sea-port, and go to Germany to your aunt Waldorff. She is noble and well educated, and cannot, when she sees you, refuse you her protection. But you may trust our young friend without fear."

He drew her head to his bosom, and raising his eyes to heaven, seemed for a while absorbed in thought. The noise of voices disturbed them, the door was thrown open, and Fitzgerald entered with a joy-beaming face, exclaiming, "I have come for you, my dear sir!" but the pale cheek and trembling hand of Isidore checked his eagerness, and when he took the old man's, he was startled at its feverish heat.

"You are ill," said he, "but you will, I trust, soon be better, for I have many comforts for you in my snug, warm vehicle."

The General looked kindly on him, pressed his hand, and sighed deeply. The Indians entered with his baggage, which they assisted him to open, and he produced many little comforts that seemed to revive his friend, for he sat up and conversed quite cheerfully. Isidore re-

signed her place for the night to Albert, and took some repose, of which she was much in need. Several days passed in the same way, and Albert began to fear the old man was failing fast.

One morning, after a very restless night, he said, "My dear young friend, I fear I shall never be able to go to your home, but I shall die in peace if you will be a father to my child."

Again the blood rushed to the cheeks and brow of Fitzgerald, and for a moment he was silent, but recovering himself, he said,

"I will protect and defend her with my life; but my dear sir, will you not give me a nearer and dearer claim to protect her? Give her to me for a wife!"

The old man started, and looked up to Fitzgerald—

"Wife! wife!—she is a mere baby."

"I know she is young; but she is old enough to take good care of you, my dear sir, and old enough to make me happy."

"Young man, son of my friend, do nothing rashly—a wife is not the plaything of an hour, a toy merely to look upon—but a companion for life; choose one that will be a *companion*, a friend, one who will at all times be ready to assist you with mind and heart: you have a vigorous intellect, a mind stored with useful knowledge, and should have a well educated and intelligent wife."

Fitzgerald sighed; he recollected how often his mother had cautioned him against being fascinated with beauty; but the soft voice of Isidore in the next room, singing one of his favorite hymns, put all reason and reflection asleep.

"She must be mine, father, if you do not object, and she will accept me."

The General smiled.

"Oh, *she* will not refuse you—and alas! I know too well how headstrong and self-willed the young are. If you are determined to marry her, I will say no more. For myself, I should be proud to see her your wife."

Albert's eyes sparkled with joy, and he soon made known his hopes and wishes to the beautiful and gentle Isidore.

The weather was delightful, and Albert felt extremely anxious to be on his way, but the General was evidently failing. One day they had been talking of their journey, and had just raised him into the arm-chair, that he might see the sun set, when the old Indian entered with a large packet. The General opened it with eagerness, and saw that his claims on his country were acknowledged and settled. He started convulsively from his chair, "*It is too late!*" he exclaimed, then clasping his emaciated hands together, crushed the papers between them, and fell dead upon the floor!

CHAPTER III.

It is impossible to give you any idea of the agony and grief of Isidore; she seemed almost beside herself; and Fitzgerald, alarmed for her health, hurried her away as soon as possible after the burial of the old General, who was followed to his humble grave by his two children and the faithful Indians.

I shall pass over their journey; Isidore's wonder at the towns and cities they visited; and the consummation of their wishes in an union, which, as it was founded on the most disinterested attachment, promised uninterrupted happiness.

It was many months after their marriage, before Fitzgerald took his wife to his residence, on the banks of the Hudson. It was a most delightful place—large, convenient, and elegant; and the gentle Isidore thought, as she wandered through the superb apartments, how gratified her dear grandfather would have been to see her mistress of such an establishment, and the wife of such a man as Fitzgerald. The library was her favorite apartment. There was a most romantic view of the windings of the river from its windows; it was commodious and well furnished with the most valuable books, and all that was necessary for the employment of an enlightened and cultivated mind, and the requisites for improving an ignorant one. Isidore was too timid to ask questions. She idolized her husband; looked up to him with a reverence, a respect, that placed her at such a distance from him, it was impossible for him to enter into the feelings of her mind or heart. Indeed, there was no one that she could make her confidant.

They had now been six months married; part of the time had been spent in travelling, and part at their delightful residence. Fitzgerald had brought home a distant relation of his, for a companion and friend to Isidore. She was fashionable and appeared amiable; and he thought that the genteel Caroline Moreland would be useful to his lovely wife, as she would need initiating into the polished circles which she must unavoidably enter. Many of his friends had called to see them; all were loud in praise of the exquisite little girl he had married. The house, he knew, would soon be filled with visitors from the city. He relied upon Caroline as a chaperone; but still he was too proud to acknowledge that his beautiful

wife needed any instruction; and he feared it would pain her affectionate heart to inform her of her deficiencies. He was astonished to see that the charming creature, who, in the forest shades, moved with the grace of a young fawn, was, in the drawing-room, when surrounded with a fashionable party, stiff, awkward, and embarrassed. "But she is so young,—so very young," he would say, "it will soon wear off." Yet the very remedy he had provided, only increased the evil. Caroline was envious, indolent, and selfish; and the gentle and amiable Isidore could not unbosom herself to the cold-hearted votress of fashion. She sighed often when she felt her ignorance and awkwardness. Her devoted love to Albert made her so fearful of saying anything to mortify or disturb him, that she would often hesitate, stop, and tremble, when she was conversing, and saw her husband's eyes fixed on her. Fitzgerald had expected, for several days, some particular friends, to whom he wished his wife to be agreeable. He told her one morning, as she stood by the glass, arranging her hair, that Major Harcourt and Mr. Campbell would be with them on the following morning; and, gently pressing her hand, he added:

"Be yourself, my dear Isidore: imagine that we are in the forest; that my friends are Sanaqua and Watapan; let me see you easy and cheerful before them. Shake off that timidity and fear that destroys all your movements. They are both elegant, polished gentleman, and—"

He stopped—for he felt that Isidore, though exquisitely beautiful and amiable, was not a companion for an accomplished man. She raised her timid eyes to his, and endeavored to smile away her emotion; but her heart was full, and she took down her hair again to hide the tears

that fell upon her bosom. He lifted the curls from her brow, and gently kissing her, left the apartment.

"My fears are true!" said she, as soon as the door was closed; "he is ashamed of me! Oh! my revered grandfather, you was right when you said a *child* like me, without education, could never make such a man as Albert Fitzgerald happy."

She pressed her forehead with her hands, leaned on her dressing table, and wept bitterly. Little did the noble-minded and kind-hearted Fitzgerald know the pain he had inflicted. He loved the gentle creature deeply, devotedly, and would have pierced his own bosom sooner than wound hers; but he began to see they had no sentiments in common, except their love of nature. She looked upon her husband almost with wonder, when she heard him display the rich treasures of his polished mind. Worlds would she have given, could she have commanded them, to have understood and conversed with him. She read—but her untutored mind, with none to regulate and guide it, was little benefitted by books; besides, they had crowds of company, and her time had been much occupied in walking the grounds, riding, sailing, music, dancing, visiting, &c.

Isidore often thought how much happier she should have been with Fitzgerald in the wilderness. *There* she was at home; "but *here*," she would say, "I shall be almost a burthen to him for whom I could toil for ever."

The two gentlemen came, and Isidore, knowing they were her husband's particular friends, took great pains with her attire, and she never looked more beautiful than when she entered the room, leaning on Fitzgerald's arm. They gazed on her with admiring eyes, and soon procured

a seat near her. Had her husband left her, all would have been well; but her wounded spirit shrunk from his observation, and she answered only in monosyllables. Finding it impossible to draw her into conversation, they soon retired to another part of the room. Caroline Morland, as she seated herself on the sofa beside her, inquired,

"What is the matter with my good cousin, to-day? You look quite forlorn. Has your canary bird taken flight, or your little spaniel run away?"

Isidore blushed; she saw that Major Harcourt had heard the salutation, and she was confused and distressed. After a few moments silence, she said in a low voice,

"I have been indisposed, and had some idea of not leaving my room; but I thought a walk in the air might be of service to me."

"You don't look very ill," said Caroline. "I never saw you have more color; but you might as well have remained there," she continued in an under tone, and with a scornful look; "we should scarcely have missed you."

Isidore felt too wretched even to reply to this unfeeling speech The visitors were very animated and agreeable. The only one who appeared listless and dispirited was the innocent mistress of the mansion. She was unacquainted with fashionable life, and the fear of saying something that might displease her husband, kept her silent. He saw she was dull; and, drawing her arm within his, he proposed a walk around the garden, inviting as many as chose, to follow him.

"Come, Fitzgerald," said Major Harcourt, as they left the house, "you are too selfish; allow me the honor," and attempted to take the arm of Isidore; but she clung to her husband, who, confused at her showing so much

reluctance to accept the proffered attention, said, as he hurried her down a retired avenue,

"Mrs. Fitzgerald is indisposed. I will return to you directly."

When they were quite out of hearing, he begged to know what was the matter, and why she appeared so unhappy? She sighed, and a tear shot into her eye.

"I am not well; and—"

"Oh, if you really feel ill, retire; and I will apologize to our guests."

She was glad to avail herself of the opportunity, and was soon quietly seated in her own room.

Many weeks passed much in the same manner, and Isidore grew more and more weary of society. She was alone! Her only enjoyment was walking around the estate, gathering and decking herself with choice flowers, comforting the sick, and playing with the children of the tenants. One evening she was returning from such an excursion, and as the sun was setting behind a rich curtain of crimson and gold, she threw herself on a bank under the wall of a summer house, covered with honeysuckle and grape-vines, to enjoy the scene. She had not been there long, when she heard voices, and not wishing to be seen, drew still further under the vines.

"It is in vain for you to excuse her, on account of her being young. I tell you, Harcourt, she is a beautiful fool; and I pity Fitzgerald most sincerely. He has been fascinated by a pair of bright eyes. Did you see the expression of his face this morning, when some one asked her which was her favorite hero?"

"I did, Campbell, and felt for the distress of his lovely wife; but do you not see that it is her timid sweetness,

united with her love for him, that makes her appear so much embarrassed and so awkward? She looks upon him as a being of superior order; and her very anxiety not to mortify him, causes half her mistakes. There was no cause for her tears this morning. There are many agreeable and polite women who make their husbands very happy, that know nothing of Julius Cæsar or Alexander; but the timid creature thought she ought to know, and feared that her husband would despise her for her ignorance."

"Well, you will acknowledge she appears like a fool, and that she can never make Fitzgerald happy."

"I fear she never will; but she does not seem like a fool to a close observer. It was unfortunate for her, as well as our friend, that she had not married some poor man; then the duties and cares of her station would have wholly occupied her attention, and she would have been contented; yet, I am convinced, that she has mind enough, if it could be properly strengthened and cultivated. Were she a fool, she would be happy here, surrounded with everything, as she is, to please the eye; but you see she is not, and I fear never will be, for Fitzgerald cannot send her away to school. He would not wound her gentle nature; and she has not resolution to leave him for a few years. If she had but a real female friend to advise her—if the mother of Fitzgerald were but alive—but Caroline Morland is too envious of her beauty ever to be a friend to Isidore."

"I see how it will be; his house will soon be uninteresting to him, and he will travel again; perhaps go to Europe for a few years. Do you think, Harcourt, such a *baby* as she, is fit to leave without a protector?"

"But you know, my friend, she will not always be a baby."

"I don't know that; I fear she will; but, soft, here is Fitzgerald coming down the lawn; let's join him."

They left the summer-house; and the trembling Isidore, with her heart swelling with grief and mortification almost to agony, remained till they were out of sight; then, hastening to her room, she locked her door and gave vent to her feelings. When the servant came to call her to tea, she was really indisposed; she desired him to tell his master that she was in bed with the headache, but should be quite well soon, if left alone. When Fitzgerald retired for the night, she seemed to be in a sweet slumber, and he stood by the window some moments watching the moon, over which the fleecy clouds moved rapidly. He saw the spire of the church illumined by its rays. There reposed the bodies of his parents. He sighed deeply.

"Oh! my mother, my highly gifted and accomplished mother," said Albert, "how much I miss you. I fear—"

Again he sighed, but said no more. Isidore was so much agitated she found it almost impossible to feign sleep. She passed a restless night; but felt more calm in the morning, for her resolution was taken. She had determined to leave her husband; and, much as she loved him, to leave him for ever, unless she could qualify herself for the station in which he had placed her. She was much more composed, and appeared to more advantage than she had since her arrival at the mansion. She felt that she should make a great sacrifice in leaving one who was beloved beyond expression; but the thought gave firmness to her step, and expression to her countenance.

An opportunity soon offered to put her design in execu-

tion. Fitzgerald concluded to accompany his friends to the city, and stay a few weeks, to settle some business. He knew that his wife and Caroline were invited to make a visit, at a country seat some miles distant, and told her, when he took leave, to ride, visit, walk, and amuse herself in her own way—he should not be gone long. Their visitors had all departed. Caroline said she should go the next day to Mrs. Bensel's, as the house was too lonely with no one but Isidore for a companion. "Now," thought Isidore, "is the time." The first day after Caroline's departure was spent by this disinterested and amiable woman in planning and arranging her dangerous undertaking; the next, in packing her clothes and writing to her husband. She told the old steward that she wished him to speak a passage for her in the stage, on the morrow, as she intended to visit her husband.

"Going alone, madam?" he asked; "did not master wish me to take you down in the carriage?"

"No, David; you are to stay here. I shall leave the key of your master's room with you; so you can send us what we wish for in the city."

The old man bowed and retired. She wandered round the rooms, wept long before her husband's picture; but retired early, as the stage was to call for her at seven. The next day she was on her way to the city, towards which she travelled until night, after which it was impossible to get the smallest trace of her.

Fitzgerald returned in a few weeks; and when he approached his house, was surprised at not seeing Isidore, even at the window. Caroline was leaning quite over the balcony, and seemed looking for some one. He asked for his wife.

"Your wife? why she went to you three weeks ago!"

Fitzgerald turned pale, and, sinking on the steps, seemed lost in an agony of thought. He summoned all the domestics, but could learn nothing, only that she had left home to join him. He went to her room, examined everything, but could find no clue to guide him.

"She cannot have left me," said he. "Oh, Isidore! who has torn you from my arms?"

At length, on opening his own desk, he discovered a letter addressed to him, in the hand-writing of his wife, and what was his astonishment at learning that she had left him, and—for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

Her letter was short, but tender and impressive. It concluded by saying, "It will be useless to seek me, for I leave no trace behind; if you hear nothing from me in five years, think me with your blessed mother; and obtain a wife of whom she would not be ashamed. If I *can* make myself worthy of you, I *will* return."

Fitzgerald was in an agony of grief; he remembered nothing but her artless loveliness; felt a thousand fears for her safety; scoured the country in every direction; spent months in seeking, but without ever getting a hint to guide his search beyond the night on which she left the stage. He went to the log cabin, but the Indians had heard nothing of her since she sent them presents of blankets, beads for their moccasins, &c.

A year passed away, and Fitzgerald began to think he should never hear from her more. He left his fine residence, where he could not remain, for everything remind-

ed him of his lost wife and departed mother, and removed to the city.

Year after year rolled on, and the lovely Isidore was forgotten. Even Fitzgerald thought of her only at times, and as a bright vision that had long since passed away, for he had ceased even to hope that he should ever behold her again.

And where was the heroic girl who had made such sacrifices for him she loved? It would be beyond the limits of this narrative to relate all the perils she encountered; the toils, the dangers, and the difficulties she overcame, before she reached her aunt Waldorff in Germany, where she at last arrived in safety, and was kindly received; for Madam Waldorff, though she had her prejudices, and disliked the Americans, (rebels, as she always called them,) was an elegant and accomplished woman. She entered warmly into the plans of her lovely niece, procured for her every instructor necessary to improve, cultivate, and strengthen her really powerful mind; and Isidore was astonished at her own progress. It was indeed rapid, for what will not love accomplish? The first years were entirely devoted to her mind and heart; the last to accomplishments. Music was her favorite among these; and she performed delightfully upon the harp.

She said to her aunt, one day, after playing for her some time.

"I have succeeded on this instrument beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"My dear Isidore," said Madam Waldorff, "I am pleased and proud of your progress; but I shall grieve to part with you. I have often, since your arrival,

lamented that I did not take you from your grandfather; but I felt vexed that your father should have been urged from his home, and thought the General deserved all the anxiety he felt. I have long since overcome such feelings; and now, my dear child, you are wound round my heart so firmly, that it will ache to part with you. I have seen for some time that your thoughts are wandering to that dear one for whom all your exertions have been made You are anxious to see your husband in your assumed character; and though I dislike all deceit, I think if it ever was excusable, it is in your situation. I have a friend in whom I can confide, on the eve of embarking for America. You shall go with him as a relation, which you really are, though distant. He knows your story, and will aid you in every way. You shall see your husband. He cannot know you, for you are no more like the little trembler that came here five years ago, than I am."

"How good you are, my *more* than mother. Do you think my husband will not know me?" said Isidore, as she walked up to a large mirror. "I am very tall now, and have, I believe, a rather more dignified and womanly appearance. But he will know me by my hair, which is of a peculiar color."

"I think not; besides, my dear, you can easily conceal it with a head-dress."

"Ah, true; but I shall betray myself, dearest aunt, by my emotions."

"Isidore, have you overcome so many difficulties, shown yourself so superior to most of your sex, and have not yet learned to control and conceal your own feelings? Be yourself, my child, and all will be well."

"I wonder if Mr. Campbell, when he now sees me, will recognize the *baby*, the *fool*." Isidore blushed as she said this, for she did not exactly like the resentment that rose in her bosom. "Alas, my dear aunt, I have so many faults and foibles yet to correct! for I would not return with any feelings but those of affection and tenderness towards my friends. My only wonder is, that my husband ever could have loved me. But now, I am sure that I am worthy of his love; sure that I can make him happy; sure that I possess, in the resources of my own mind, treasures that, but for your kind attention to me, when I came a little ignorant child to your bosom, would have been lost for ever."

Isidore left her kind aunt soon after this conversation, with the friend she mentioned, and was on her return to America.

* * * * * *

"Can you tell me, Emma," said Major Harcourt to his wife, as he seated himself beside her on a sofa, "who that elegant looking female is, leaning on an elderly gentleman's arm, by the door?"

"Yes; it is the beautiful stranger I told you of; a relation of Mr. Weiland's, the great Holland merchant, and some say, heiress to his immense wealth. She is very much admired. Is she not lovely?"

"Exquisitely beautiful indeed, and uncommonly graceful! I have been watching her for some time."

"Come, I will introduce you to her, Henry; she is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful. But you seem amazingly struck. See, your earnest gaze has quite disconcerted her; that fair face is covered with blushes,

and she has turned to her protector, with whom she is conversing very earnestly."

Harcourt felt a singular interest in the stranger, and said,

"Let us follow her, Emma. I never saw but one being that interested me half so much;" looking expressively at his wife, and pressing her arm as he spoke. They were soon by the side of the person who had attracted their observation, where they spent an hour delightfully. Emma promised to call for Miss Walstein next day, to walk on the Battery; and Major Harcourt, as they rode home, declared he had never conversed with a more intelligent and agreeable woman.

"My dear husband," said Emma, "if I was at all inclined to be jealous, I think I have some little cause for it now, for you have appeared perfectly fascinated with Miss Walstein, and have scarcely taken your eyes from her face."

"Indeed, Emma, she reminds me so much of some one I have seen, though for the life of me I cannot tell who, that I thought we must have met before; but it cannot be, as she told me it was her first visit to this city. I will go with you to-morrow, and take Campbell; he will lose his heart, you may be sure, as she is exactly the woman I have often heard him describe, and wish to obtain."—Emma smiled. "Why that smile? Do you not agree with me?"

"I think, my dear husband, your sudden and warm admiration is not consistent with your usual prudence and judgment."

"True, true; and I will say no more. Albert would have a fair right to laugh at me, should he know of

my sudden and warm admiration of a beautiful woman."

The conversation then dropped. Emma told her husband that Campbell had called to say adieu: he was to sail for France in the morning.

Major Harcourt had made a most judicious choice when he selected from the beautiful and accomplished women that he visited, Emma Green. She was rather plain in her person, though graceful and elegant in her manner. He was sure of an agreeable companion, for her mind was well cultivated, and her disposition amiable.

Often would Fitzgerald, who was very intimate there, when he witnessed their perfect union and happiness, sigh and say,

"Ah, Harcourt, why was I so weak as to be fascinated by beauty alone? The voice of the good old General still sounds in my ears: 'Son of my friend, do nothing rashly.' Why did I not listen to his advice?"

"My dear Albert, you have learned a useful lesson, and I hope your next choice will do you honor."

"I shall never marry again," replied Fitzgerald.

In a few weeks Sophia Walstein and Mr. Weiland were familiar guests at Major Harcourt's.

"I think," said Emma to her husband, "that Fitzgerald rather avoids us of late. I met him this morning as we were walking in Broadway, and introduced Sophia to him; but he had little opportunity of seeing her, as her veil was down, and none of conversing with her, as she was seized with one of those fits of trembling that alarmed me so much the day you returned with him from the country. I hope she is not nervous. Albert ordered his carriage, and the ride soon restored her. I wish he

would become acquainted with her. She is exactly calculated to make him happy, and it is quite idle to suppose he will ever hear from Isidore."

"I think as you do, Emma; but still his situation is an embarrassing one, as it would be dreadful indeed to marry one woman, and be claimed by another."

"True, Henry, but it is now almost six years since she left him; and could he obtain this lovely creature, he would be fortunate indeed. I never saw any one so much admired, and so worthy of admiration, that valued it so little. She prefers a social evening with me to the most splendid party, and a game at romps with your pet, Albert, to a walk with our most fascinating beaux. To-morrow she spends the day with us, and I am to send for her harp. Bring Fitzgerald home with you, and say nothing of our guest."

"I will," replied Harcourt.

After a day of social and refined enjoyment with her friends, at evening Miss Walstein took her harp. She was playing a Scotch air, when Harcourt came home with Fitzgerald. They stood some time at the open door, charmed with the melody. The latter seemed spell-bound. Was it the music that entranced him, or was he admiring the beautiful creature that touched the strings with her white and delicate fingers? His eager and admiring gaze delighted Emma, and she spoke to him. The music ceased, and the fair musician hung over the instrument, pale and trembling. Her agitation was attributed to fatigue from playing so long; but she soon recovered herself. Fitzgerald was constantly examining her face, when he could do so without absolute rudeness; though after an hour spent in her society, he listened more than he

looked, for he thought her uncommonly agreeable—still he appeared thoughtful, and at every pause in the conversation, quite dull.

Days and weeks passed, and Fitzgerald visited Sophia Walstein every day.

"Harcourt," said he, "you have drawn me into the society of this charming woman, whom it is impossible to know and not to love; and yet, whom it would be dishonorable for me to seek to obtain. Why do you smile? Do not trifle with me, Henry; you know not the struggle between my attachment and my sense of honor. I sometimes wish I had never seen her."

"I would not trifle with you, Albert; but you must have discovered Sophia's preference for you. Why not declare yourself?"

"Are you mad, Harcourt? Am I not a married man? The lost Isidore is forgotten by the world; her beauty and her virtues buried in oblivion; but *I* cannot forget the tenderness with which I once almost adored her. Yet I *love* Sophia, devotedly, ardently. There is something about her, though I have never mentioned it before, that often reminds me of Isidore. The expression of her eyes sometimes, when she gazes on me; the tone of her voice, particularly when it is a tone of tenderness, brings the artless, self-sacrificing creature before me, so forcibly that her name is involuntarily on my lips. It was this resemblance that first drew me to her; but it is her noble, cultivated, and accomplished mind, and lovely, amiable temper, that irresistibly attach me to Sophia Walstein. It has become almost impossible for me to conceal my feelings towards her, and this night I will tell her my history. It may be unavailing, and perhaps

selfish ; but I cannot resist the impulse that prompts me. If she despises and avoids me, I can but relinquish her society, which is already become so dangerous to my peace of mind, and quit a country in which I seem doomed to meet with nothing but sorrow and mortification."

Fitzgerald walked the apartment in an agony of doubt and anxiety. Harcourt endeavored to soothe him, by telling him to fear nothing, and striving to convince him that he might indulge his attachment and seek its return with horor; but he continued pacing the room until the servant announced Miss Walstein, when he took his hat and rushed into the street.

He returned more composed, and, seating himself beside the object of his solicitude, attempted in vain to converse with his accustomed freedom. Sophia was talking of the importance of education to females.

"Will you hear my story, Miss Walstein ?" at length he somewhat abrubtly said. "It is a melancholy illustration of what you have just been saying ; but I think I can tell it to *you*, though I scarcely know why I ask you to listen to it."

She turned very pale, and trembled excessively when he spoke of his wife ; her artless loveliness, his regret and sorrow for her loss, and his long search for her. She looked on him with a tenderness that assured him he was beloved Still he became embarrassed as he began to speak of himself.

"This," said he, taking Isidore's last letter from his pocket, "will explain what—my"

Sophia started from the chair, threw off the head-dress that confined and covered her luxuriant tresses, and

letting the rich glossy ringlets fall over her neck and shoulders, cried,

"Well, well do I know the contents of that letter; Albert, my dear, beloved husband!" and sank almost lifeless into his arms!

He gazed on her as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, then pressing her to his heart, exclaimed—

"Isidore! My wife!" with such a frantic cry of joy, that Harcourt and Emma rushed into the apartment.

To describe the surprise and happiness of all interested, would be impossible.

"Dear Isidore," said Fitzgerald, when they were all quietly settled, "how could a young, timid, and ignorant girl—pardon me for the word—leave her home, her husband, and thus alone travel to Germany, without leaving any trace behind? It was the last place in the world I should have sought for you, as I knew you had a perfect dread of Madam Waldorff, on account of her treatment to your grandfather."

"True, Albert; but he told me, in his last moments, if I never saw you again, to go to her; and said she was noble and well educated, though proud. I knew she was rich, and had ample means to do for me all I wished. Had you examined your old wardrobe, you would have missed two suits of boy's clothes, that your mother had preserved, because, as you told me, your life had been saved in one of them, and the other you wore on your return from your first absence; these I wore after the first day, cutting off my hair, and staining my skin. You could not have known me yourself. You ask how I could leave you. To make the effort, it needed all the

consciousness I felt of my unworthiness for the station in which you had placed me ; needed all the misery that I constantly suffered, and the mortification I caused you. Oh, Albert ! before I could summon resolution to leave you, I heard myself called a fool ! yes, a fool ! and by your best friends. I do not wonder at it ; for how can any one, perfectly uneducated, and ignorant even of the most common things, appear other than a fool, in the most intelligent and polished society? Riches may dazzle, and beauty may fascinate, but a highly intellectual and cultivated man cannot long love an ignorant woman ; and you will acknowledge that it is a dangerous experiment for any such man to take an uneducated girl, however beautiful, for a wife."

"Yes, yes, my love, I will," said Fitzgerald, "unless every woman were an ISIDORE."

The Awkward Man.

I AM, among the familiar few of my acquaintance, denominated "the awkward man;" and I have never demurred at the title, but have worn it with as good-natured an acquiescence in the justness of the appellation, as self-suspicion, amounting almost to self-conviction, could bring me to. Awkwardness with these, or bashfulness with the more delicate and sentimental, or *mauvaise honte* with the French, is in a man, to a certain degree, degrading, as it unfits him for well-bred society, renders him miserable to himself, and deprives him of giving that happiness to others which should spring from a communion of hearts and agreeableness of manners. Boldness—that modest degree of it which is not to be mistaken for assurance—is as necessary to the character of a man, as modesty is to that of a woman. Manners too bold are certainly offensive; but the want of a sensible boldness, perhaps, shows the want of sense.

Should chance throw an awkward man into polished company, at his *entrée* he is as much a matter of polite silent surprise to them, as the fall of Apollo was to the goatherds he dropped among, when he was flung out of heaven for contempt of court and disregard of the frowning old thunderer. Well-bred people perceive, in the very entrance of an unpolished man, a painful preluding of the awkwardness which is to annoy them through the

time of his stay with them, in spite of all their silent determinations not to seem to notice his slips of behaviour, and their humane intention of striving, against their convictions, to make him think that they do not perceive anything remarkable or disagreeable in his conduct, or awkwark and rugged in his person. At his bow, they discern embarrassment in every movement of foot, head, and body; and though, as I have said, they will not seem to notice it, he thinks they do, and that is sufficient for him—a bad impression being, as he supposes, once undoubtedly made, it will not be easy for him to rub it off by any after-polishing. He makes his awkward way to the chair which is set for him; but his courage failing him in the ordeal of running the gauntlet of a standing circle of polite persons, he drops into the chair of some one who has politely moved from his ground to let him pass to his seat with more freedom. He is, at last, to the ease of all parties present, safely seated, and the company resume their chairs again, with that sort of subsiding alarm of feelings which a bevy of elderly peeresses feel, when they are waiting in their sedans at St. James's for their turn of *entrée*, and the lord mayor's horses take fright at a troop of life-guards bursting on their unaccustomed eyes with bannerets and blazonry, carbines and cuirasses, and all the panoply of war in the (piping times of peace.)

Our awkward man being safely seated, the conversation is taken up just where it dropped, as Penelope took up the web of her weaving, after having been disturbed for a space by the entrance of some clownish courtier to her domestic heart and delicate graces. And now Mynheer Awkward, should he gain sufficient courage to utter a sentence upon the subject on the *tapis*, it misses the

board like an ill dealt card, and is as much out of place as his handkerchief, which, at that moment, has insensibly fallen from his hand on the carpet. But his auditors, from that genuine politeness which is the result of feeling, are determined to think well of his awkward attempt at pleasing, and smile favorably on his remark; and this smile—for such men are always fearful and suspicious—he construes into an elegantly diguised sneer, or agreeably masked deception. And now he makes up his mind to say "no more at present," and thus erects one of those high barred impediments which keep him, like a rough colt, on the barren common of restraint, when, by a courageous use of his powers, he might overleap all bars and banks, and fare sumptuously in the smooth, well-cultured paddocks of polite conversation. But, as Solomon hath nowhere said, "you may lead a horse to water, yet you cannot make him drink." And now he sits like one of those immovable marble-men in the stone city, and among petrified people of Arabia; or, like the wall between Pyramus and Thisbe, who would willingly be nearer to each other, shuts out all intercommunion; and, like saw-dust between thin partitions, dulls the music of two sweet voices, which might, but for his marring, "discourse most eloquent" matter; or, like a fish-slice as a sandwich between two slices of bread and butter, serves only for something to grind your teeth upon, and set them on edge.

Yet, though I know the awkward man to be this senseless stone-wall of separation between the church of Cupid and the synagogue of separation, I am one of those insipid, dull creatures, who are so wise out of the world that they pass for fools in it. But I can better illustrate

the character; I begin to grow weary of playing in this excellent drama of life, yet cannot "shuffle off," by relating my own adventures in this way.

I am, I confess it with some shame, as ignorant of the world as the world is of me; and have only been used to look at men as children look at an eclipse—through glasses darkened and dulled with the smoke of my midnight lamp. But a kind, yet mistaken friend of mine, who insisted that the "proper study of mankind is man," after numberless invitations, polite pressures, and gentle tuggings, pulled me up by the roots from my studious bower, as a gardener plucks up a thriving weed, disentangling my very heart-strings and eye-strings from the richly-cultured ground of the muses' garden, and dragged me from my learned lair, to accompany him on a visit to some moderately fashionable friends in town. It was not till after much hesitating, apologizing, and entreating him not to push me, so soon following my arrival in town, into that vortex which I dreaded—into gayeties so opposite to the seclusion in which I had passed my late pupilage in the West of England; till after inquiring, over and over again, whether they were *very* fashionable people, and being assured that it was a plain, worthy Scotch family, the widow, and son, and daughter of Colonel ———, who had but lately arrived in this country, from the East Indies, where the gallant colonel had died, leaving them in very handsome circumstances —that I submitted at last to go, with as good a grace as Barnardine did to be hanged; and it cost me as many efforts to step up to the door, as him to mount the steps of the scaffold. The knock was given, the door opened; and my friend—must I call him so?—perceiving that I

would fain have retreated, dragged me in, as the young oxen were dragged into the temples of the ancients where they were meant to be sacrificed. We were in, however; and I passed very successfully along the line of cane and lap-dog carriers, and other gilt gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, without being openly quizzed; and I therefore began to augur favorably of my future success.

It was the chilly month of November, and we were ushered into a handsome dining-room, where were seated mine hostess, four or five elegant females, her daughters, and their young companions, a captain of foot—her son—a fashionable clergyman, a beau cousin, and two sundries, without anything distinguishable about them; the whole party being very snugly circled round a warm, welcome-giving, autumnal fire, and earnestly employed over the dessert-table, as we were announced and entered. The whole company rose as we appeared, and with them rose my heart to my mouth: the courage I had felt in the hall slipped through my fingers like a live eel additionally oiled, or a buttered Chinese pursued by a Canton ship's-crew for naked night-rogueries. I made something like an oblique bow, which, for anything I know to the contrary, was meant for the company present, but it might be mistaken to have been intended for the bust of Shakspeare on the side-board, as for the use I put it to. This would have passed unnoticed, had I not in the first place, in retreating my right foot from a bow in advance, come with my heel, which was new-pumped, sharp against the footman, who was politely waiting to see me to a chair—had I not in the second, in shaking hands with each one of the party on being introduced, nipped one of the young ladies' fingers almost in the bud, and dropped the hand

of a second without shaking it, that I might grasp that of a third, who was waiting to go through the ordeal; and, had I not, in the third place, so long and so cordially shook the hand of the friend who had introduced me, that you would have supposed I had never seen the man before in my life, instead of having been brought there by him. Whether I shook the captain's hand, and did, as my friend schooled me afterwards for doing, refuse the clergyman's proffered hand with as much unconscious indifference as an atheist would feel for one of the cloth, I know not, for all the rest of my blunders were as much done in a dream as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was seen in one.

But we were at last securely seated; and my friend and I much blamed that we had not dined with them. "It was impossible," he said; and I felt glad that it was so. The wine was placed before us, and the captain, who sat on my right, paid me the compliment of taking, as he said, a glass with me, though, at the time, I certainly thought that I had been introduced to take a glass with him. But, *n'importe*, as the French say in England. I felt inclined to toast the ladies, in the excess of my gallantry; but, just as I had screwed up my courage tight to the peg, it cracked, as you have perhaps seen the first string to a fine cremona snap itself and a note in two, and have heard the imperfect sound die under the bow: so died my gallantry in my breast; and I congratulated myself the next minute on my forbearance, for there was no estimating what a long succession of awkward mistakes it might have led to. But the spirit of unaccustomed gallantry was still effervescing within, and I thought I might venture on being polite to the lady on my left. I

watched her wants, therefore, with the eye of a lover, seeking occasion for saying some gallant thing, or for doing one. Her eyes, which were the prettiest pair of blue eyes I had ever seen out of poetry, settled upon a peach, like two sister butterflies, of that azure hue which gives to the blue seraphs of the vales of Cashmere the sovereignty for beauty. I was all haste to serve her eyes, and so to win her heart; but darting my arm too hastily, I threw down a decanter of wine, whose issuing tide divided and subdivided itself into as many streams as you may sometimes see issuing from an allegorical urn in a county map. Great consternation ensued: the captain feared a stain on his military coat, the clergyman on the sacerdotal cloth, and the ladies looked after the unsullied snow of their gowns, with as much care as they would after their spotless fame. Many apologies were made by my blushing friend for my blushing self, which was very handsome in him, as I was too confused to apologize for myself, and was fully employed in stopping up the main stream with my handkerchief, till the assisting hand of a footman at my elbow, who was as welcome to me as the sun to the rain-drenched meadows, had dried up the vinous inundation. My friend lied for me like truth. I was, first of all, very near-sighted, and could not see across a table, though he had very often envied me the length of my sight; and next, I was very nervous, though he had often declared me to be too strong in our gymnastic exercises. The accident was soon forgotten, the company was again calm, and Awkward "was himself again."

As if with the kind intention of making me easy, my fair friend on my left began to be on the best of terms with me, and said everything that was agreeable, and

nothing that could possibly remind me of disgrace. She was witty as wine, which in a woman is not expected, but is never disagreeable. I grew familiar, and said several sentences which were neither in Sterne nor in Sheridan; and she gave me so much encouragement, that I at last begged the honor of cracking for her a walnut, which had mastered the strength of her tender hands, and the teeth of her polished steel nut-crackers: I was honored—and, like a boor, forgetting myself, and delicacy too, I popped the nut between my teeth, and cracked it.

From this indelicate act arose this very diversified choice of perplexities:—if I kept the nut, she might think me a greedy man; if I threw it away, and declared it to be a bad one, her eyes had seen it was good, and she must doubt my veracity; if I gave it back, she must needs think me a very ill-bred fellow—in short, let me have done what I would with the nut, my reputation had been cracked with the shell of it. She, however, like a humane human creature, saw that I sat self-convicted of a fault in politeness, and beholding, too, my embarrassment, relieved me from all further perplexity, by declaring that nuts were crude, unhealthy things; and, in her humorous way, began wondering what physician without patients first introduced them to the dessert-table; and I answered her question by surmising that it might be Dr. Squirrel. This poor pun saved me; and while she was laughing, I took occasion to slip the nut into my pocket, and resumed as much confidence as I could.

And now, by abstracting myself as much as possible from the whole circle, and confining myself to a *téte-à-téte* with my fair wit, though, in so doing, I was guilty of one breach of good manners, I was at least spared the morti-

fication of committing twenty: this was my apology to myself; and I flattered myself that the company felt they were gainers in the end by my want of attention to them. Thus the dessert-hour passed to a safe conclusion, for I was guilty of no other impropriety than the one I have mentioned. But now came on the dreaded hour for tea, and now began my trepidations afresh.

If there is one species of circumstance in which I am more exquisitely awkward than another, it is in the polite etiquette of tea-table ceremonies. Oh! how I envy you, ye nice-handed Damons of the tea-board! ye insipid sippers of the fragrant lymph! ye man-millinery men, who coolly mince down the hot and nervous *liqueur*, which "not inebriates," with nerves as true and well-tuned to your will as the strings of the violoncello of Lindley are to his exquisite hand! ye gallant cavaliers of high-dried, that so delicately and gracefully perform the ceremonies of a tea-party before the approving eyes of the attended fair! Oh, how I envy ye the calm composure of your crossed knees and more composed faces, unruffled as the tea in your cups!—would I not give the dearest and most difficult-to-be-purchased Aldine classic out of my unique library to attain that easy jerk of yours, of one of two feet swinging over the knee! Ah, how I hope, and then despair, ever to attain to that perfection of precision, which enables you to lift your cups to your lips without striking and chipping off the brittle rims against your teeth—that decision of hand and intention which makes you, instead of lifting the cup to the eyes, to carry it to the expecting mouth, and no farther; and that, too, at one punctually-performed movement! But ah, I envy ye in vain; it is "a grace beyond the reach of art" A very

clever poet in his day has said, that the gifts of reading and writing come by nature—so does the gift of drinking tea like a well-bred lady-like gentleman. Men are born to excel each other in various ways. One man, who shall "shake the senate or the bench," shall not handle a cup of green tea without shaking himself; another, who shall wield a sword to the dissatisfaction of the enemies of his country, shall not hold a silver spoon at a tea-party without losing all his laurels, and being silently sneered at by all the male butterfly creatures that usually perch and flutter about the sugar-basins and the other sweets of a tea-table; another, who shall solve the most perplexing problem in Euclid, shall not understand the mystery of a muffin: so true it is, that one man is born to handle a silver tea-spoon, and another a wooden soup-ladle!

The dreaded tea-torture was served up, and the first cup handed round by the politest of all possible footmen. Everything went on well till the second cup. I had borne, with the patience of one of Fox's martyrs, the overflowings of the first full cup—which, owing to the unsteadiness of my hand, dropped like "minute drops from off the eaves," scalding my hands and knees; if no one observed it, no one should have heard mention of it; but my severest trial was reserved for the second cup. I was raising it with a faltering hand to my quivering lips, when, all at once, I felt a something warm and soft rubbing against me: I paused, and looked down: it was a black cat, who was expressing her approbation of my visit, as I suppose, by rubbing her silky sides against my chair. Now there are but three things to which I have an antipathy: the first is Dr. Daniel Doubledull, my late tutor—the second, sitting with five talkative Frenchmen

in a small room—and the last, a black cat, which I never could consider as any other than an epitome of the devil on four feet, for the use of small families. No sooner had I ascertained "the nature of the animal," than, with a convulsive start, I bounced back, chair and all, against the dexter arm of a footman, at that moment passing behind me with a replenished tray. The wreck of bread and butter, and the crash of cups that followed, may be imagined, but cannot be described. Suffice it to say, that the cat was well scalded, the footman well scolded for what he could not help, and I well excused by my friend, who declared, with the most good-natured lying face in the world, that I had been frightened by a black cat when an infant; and, besides this, that there was a family antipathy to black cats, my mother being the grand-daughter of the eccentric Bonnel Thornton, of "cherry-colored cat" memory; neither of which circumstances was true; for I know not why I have an antipathy to black cats, nor do I know my mother's grandfather from Adam the First. These well-told falsehoods, however, served me so well, that every person present pitied me as the unhappy victim of a hereditary antipathy. The *blackness* was ordered out of the room, though a silver-collared pet of my young lady's; and the conversation turned on the constitution, character, and domestic virtues of cats in general.

And here I recovered my wits so far, as to join in the discussion with more vivacity than is my wont; for I thought it would be grateful in me, after having given so much unwilling pain, to give a little willing pleasure. Many opposite opinions were held of the domestic virtues of cats in general: and the captain told us, in a very viva-

cious way, that he had a man in his company, who had an unhappy predilection for brandy, and had declared, that he could never look at a cat with one tail without a painful remembrance of a cat with nine tails. My fair wit, too, had some inclination towards the belief of Pythagoras, and doubted whether cats were not metamorphosed old maids, from the attachment they displayed to those dowager spinsters. Inspired by my aversion to cats, I was bold enough to declare at large my doubts of the correctness of this opinion, and strongly to insist that they were selfish, hypocritical, cruel, and not to be trusted in breakfast-parlor or pantry; for that they had always their tongues in the cream of the one, and their paws in the butter-coolers of the other.

With a voice becoming firm from self-satisfaction, and countenance brightening up with confidence as I beheld the approving smiles of my auditors, I pronounced a lively anathema against the whole race of cats, that was received, in its progress, with many single small laughs, which kept going off at intervals, like those involuntary or impatient guns which are the precursors of a volunteer volley; and when I had concluded, it was declared, *una voce*, to be a lively estimate of the character of cats as they run in these degenerate days; and my previous offences were so thorougly redeemed, that I saw there was a considerable balance in my favor.

But this good hour was not to last. Adam did not remain long in Paradise, nor I in the momentary blessedness of my parlor Eden. The servant had been despatched below for some purpose or other; and I, being immediately over against mine hostess, was very smilingly requested to succeed him in his very pleasant office of

waiting on the ladies! What could have induced the good old lady to confer such a distinction on me, of all men else, seeing what she had seen, I know not; but it was my fate; it was perhaps meant in kindness to me, that I might, by a short course of honorable employment, qualify myself for future honors. Oh cruel kindness—kind cruelty! I could not refuse—what man could?—I accepted, therefore, with an outward smile of satisfaction, but an inward shrug of chagrin, an office which I could not relinquish, and knew I should disgrace. I left my seat with the fearful plate of toast in my trembling hand; and whether it was the fear of its slipping from my hold, which induced me to pinch it too tightly with my finger and thumb, or whether it was the brittleness of the china, I know not, but, just as I reached the first fair one of the circle, split went the plate, and splash went its well-buttered contents into the muslin lap of the shrieking lady, leaving me convulsively nipping the fragment of the plate more tightly than ever, and blushing with shame and confusion as I vainly stammered out an apology, interrupted by more *dashes* than you will find in ten chapters of Sterne. My young lady could not conceal her chagrin at being so much bedaubed: my friend refused to lie for me any more—there could be no hereditary antipathy to a plate of toast and butter! But here my fair wit, who, I verily believe, "loved me for the dangers I had undergone," as I love her "because she did pity them," saved me from the frowns of the gentle partner in this last dire accident, by wittily remarking, that her fair cousin was never before *toasted* by any gallant. My dear friend who had refused to lie for me, could not, however, refrain from laughing at me, and that

most heartily—as for me, I could as soon have laughed at my own death-warrant, as have laughed then. The scattered toast and china were, however, collected from the stained carpet and lap of the young lady, and carried out of the room; and if I had been carried out at the same time, it would have been a great kindness to me, but a greater to the company. To increase the misfortune, too, the tea being poured out into the cups, during the time occupied in preparing the duplicate plate it necessarily became cold; my friend, too, cruelly rallied me on the subject, till I was almost choked in endeavoring to suppress my choler. I persisted, however, in sipping my tea, lest I should upbraid him; I could not drink, but gulped it down; and this, if it was observed, was no doubt construed into another breach of good behaviour, deeming, as they must have done, that I drank so greedily as to be in danger of strangling from the haste I used.

A sudden storm is generally succeeded by as sudden a calm; but it was not so with me; the raillery of my friend increased, and threatened quite to overwhelm me. Perhaps he thought by this to cure me of my faults; but he might as well have hoped to cure an irritable wound by scratching it with a gooseberry-bush, patch a splintered arm with sticking-plaster, or bind up a broken heart with cobwebs. My fair friend still was "true to the defeated side," and parried off his sharp sarcasms, by entering into a diverting dissertation on the brittle nature of china and friendship, in which she gave him some smart home-thrusts for his unfriendly desertion of his fallen friend; in every word of which I silently and perfectly agreed. In short, so far and so fiercely did my friend carry his sarcasm against me, that I had much difficulty to persuade

my fair ally that he was indeed my friend, and much more to persuade myself. If I had listened long to her reproaches of him, I should have forgotten friendship, and listened only to love, who is, I am already seceder enough from friendship to think, much truer in heart, considerably more eloquent in speech, and amiable in manners. But, happily for me, harmony was at length restored; though "the *toasted* beauty," as she was now called, whenever she let fall her eyes on her dress, seemed still to be at war with me in her looks. I felt it, indeed, a thorn in my heart, to be but a moment an object of disapprobation with a pretty girl of blooming eighteen.

Time waits for no one. My fair friend now left the chair, at the sound of a carriage drawing to the door, and the entrance of a smart gentleman, who would have done honor, by his appearance, to my lord duke's rout in "High Life Below Stairs;" my gentle ally declared she must retire; and gracefully complimenting her fair young friends, curtseying, with much elegance to all the circle, and smiling graciously on me, she prepared to leave the room. At this moment mine hostess, and much louder my heart, whispered me to see the lady to her carriage: at the thought my head grew giddy, and my heels twisted under me in such a lively manner, that if it was ever possible for a man to turn his back on himself, I think I could have accomplished it then. But I persevered, as cowards often do, and descended the stairs, with her soft warm hand gradually freezing, as it were, in the death-like coldness of mine; for my cowardly blood was I know not where, and I was, indeed, as cold as the statue of—I saw not who—that stood in the hall.

With shame I now tell the tale—in my extreme hurry

to get before the fair creature to the carriage-door—accursed be all narrow, old-fashioned hall doors!—my right foot—with shame do I confess it—got entangled in her sweeping train of muslin, more delicate and finely trailing than the train of the strutting and consequential peacock, which in him is pride and vain showiness, but in woman is grace and beauty. I bounded instantly off again; but, alas! alas! it was to render my situation the more distressing—my awkwardness the more complete; for with my left foot flew the train, and the sudden jerk curtailed the dress of its "fair proportions." My ruin seemed inevitable. She uttered not a word, but her silence spoke volumes to my ears, which tingled with the red blood of shame as hotly as if they had been boxed for the awkwardness of their antipodean relatives, my heels. O fortune, fortune! thou art the arrantest trull and baggage that ever followed a foot-cavalier to the field of enterprise! Like a will-o'-the-wisp, that draws the unwary traveller into a ditch, and then disappearing, leaves him in his extremity, so didst thou desert me in the moment of need, and leave me the prey of the most enthralling circumstances and soul-shaming sensations!

To finish my catalogue and climax of miseries, I expected that my fair friend would have refused any further assistance of mine; but she bore her loss of train with a philosophy not usually to be found even among female philosophers: she absolutely turned off the accident with a laugh, and said, in her vivacious way, that if I would spare the small train of admirers which dangled after her heart, I was welcome to curtail the train which dangled after her heels. And saying this, she stepped into her carriage, with the grace of the Goddess of Beauty into

her dove-drawn car, leaving me in mute admiration of her wit and womanhood, and bound to her for her loving-kindness as long as my heart has one fibre that can cling about her image, as the weak ivy clings about the limbs of some sylvan sister of the woods, and never loses its hold till that which should support it falls to the earth with it.

Yet, though I was pardoned by her, this last vile accident did not pass unnoticed by the groom-porter and the other servants; and I concluded that I should hear of it again, notwithstanding their suppressed sniggers and giggles, which were, nevertheless, oozing out at the compressed corners of their mouths, and were, no doubt, exploding in all corners of the hall where they could give vent to their laughter with safety to the half-crowns they expected at my departure. With these consoling assurances I returned slowly up stairs, where I had no sooner reappeared, than it was perceived, by my cowering confusion, that I had been once more involved in awkwardness, and a buzz ensued, as of a swarm of bees when some unfortunate traveller for the firm of Honey, Wax & Co., returns back with a broken wing and a bankrupt scrip. My very good friend looked a very ingenious set of queries at me, and followed me with his surmising eyes till I was securely seated behind a wide-branching candelabra, where I dodged him a bit till the breath of his impatience was gone, and that of mine was beginning to chafe itself into an inward storm. After a few minutes had passed away, I mustered courage to say that we must depart. He took the hint, for he saw that I was completely discomfited; and with some few of the usual ceremonies, and being pressed to stay, and pressing as heartily to go, and receiving many invitations to come again, we got

away without any fresh scrape, save of my elbow against the pedestal lamp at the stair-head, in sidling through two or three of the party who would see us down; and, except my saying, "Good night, captain," as I shook the old lady, his mother, by the elbow instead of the hand; and, "Good evening, Miss," to the beau—and we then bade adieu to a circle of pleasant, intelligent, kind, and accomplished beings, whom, though I wish to meet again, I shall never have the impertinence to venture among.

I retreated hastily, and, in some measure, gladly, from the place where I had been involved in so many troubling accidents to myself and others; and as I walked home in moody silence with my companion and co-author of all my misfortunes, I reflected on the necessity of banishing bashfulness from my person, for that certainly was the cause of all my disasters. My heart expanded in freedom when I arrived at my chambers, where I could enjoy my own sovereign sway and will in everything, and have the free use of my hands and joints; and after some time spent in musing on the adventures of the day, and bidding my friend a sullen and cold good night, and blaming him in my thoughts for faults which were mine only, I sat down in the silence of my study; and after, in the anger of a minute, stirring up the fire with something like a spiteful thrust of the poker, I committed these memoranda of my misfortunes to paper, in the faint hope that this faithful picture of my awkwardness may serve as a warning to the awkward and inexperienced, and teach them, that bashfulness renders a man a miserable companion, stamps him of vulgar breeding and imperfect manners, and reflects no small stigma on his character as a creature of sense and a citizen of the world.

The Death of the Flowers.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, thro' all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The Wind-flower and the Violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the briar Rose and the Orchis died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the Golden Rod, and the Aster in the wood,
And the yellow Sun-flower by the brook, in Autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold Heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, tho' all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet, not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

Autumnal Musings.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

I LOVE a bright October morn,
Its keenly bracing air,
When in the cloudless, azure sky,
The glorious sun is there:
When the frosty grass is crisping
Beneath the careless tread,
And the summer flowers have pass'd away,
All silently and dead.

There seemeth yet a secret charm
In Autumn's saddening hours—
The leaves are falling mournfully:
Fit requiem for the flowers.
The grape-vine lowly drooping,
Its day of beauty o'er;
And wither'd is the bitter-sweet
That climbs my latticed door.

The green-house beauties proudly stand,
Tho' desolate the plains,
And the moisture on the window glass
Is trickling down the panes;
Yet the voice of love is sounding
In Autumn's hollow moan;
For we know our Father governs all,
And careth for his own.

A solitary robin sits
  Upon a leafless tree,
And swelleth forth its plaintive song
  In sweetest minstrelsy:
And the little snow-bird chirping
  In soft prophetic strain—
All chant the summer's parting song,
  And tell of winter's reign.

Oh, grant me, Father, evermore
  To worship Thee alone;
To spend the life that Thou hast given,
  A suppliant at Thy throne:
And when from earth departing,
  Tho' few my days and brief,
I may lie down as peacefully
  As falls the forest leaf.

Leaves from my Life Book.

BY MRS. C. E. R. PARKER.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, were there ever hearts or skies,
Clouds might not wander through?"

"It is a weary, weary way over the sea, a weary, weary way!" said my little cousin Effie to me, as we sat beneath our favorite tree, just in sight of the great ocean rolling in its immensity before us, farther than our eyes could reach. We had been upon one of our frequent rambles in the woods, and we seated ourselves awhile to rest and chat as was our wont often and often, until the moon's silvery light warned us to hasten home. We sat that evening in the beautiful summer light, our straw hats thrown beside us upon the turf; Effie's pet dog, Darling, was gazing wistfully at me as I sat plucking

"an early bud apart,
To learn the dainty color of its heart."

"Yes, yes, Effie, it seems a weary way to you, no doubt," said I, "but to me it seems so grand—the great ship—the rough sailors—the rolling waves—and when a gale comes—whew! Effie, won't I be the little reefer to climb to the topmast, and reef the sails? But don't cry, Effie; don't cry for me; why, I shall like it, child, above all things—don't cry."

Drawn & Engd by J. C. McRae

THE YOUNG LOVERS.

"But, Freddy, you will be so far off; just think of that; the great waves between us, Fred—and I—I—oh, dear!" and she dropped her pretty head upon my knee, and wept aloud. I remember that I felt very manly as I raised that gentle head and bade her not cry any more; and really felt quite "grown up," as I wiped away her tears with my pocket handkerchief of stripes and stars; and told her she would still have grandmother and her dog, Darling, and most of all, her flowers which she loved so dearly. "Oh, I shall be so glad when uncle George will be ready for me! for, Effie, you know we are going to China, and I shall see so many beautiful things—such a pretty fan as you shall have, and a bird of Paradise, and some Chinese puzzles, too."

"Oh, no matter about these, Freddy; I would rather have you remain with me than to have the whole of China, and everything in it, emperor and all. But when do you think uncle George will send for you? I hope not for two years, at least."

"Two years! two fiddle-sticks, Effie," I said; "why, you simple child, before two years are up, I shall wear buttons, I hope, the navy buttons on my coat. Two years, Effie! it may be two weeks, but it cannot be two months: if I have to wait much longer, I shall be quite in despair. You remember that uncle George wished me to be ready upon a short notice; but then you know that I shall not have much getting ready to do, as uncle said he would purchase all I wanted in Norfolk. I suppose I shall be absent some time—perhaps more than two years. It is a long cruise; you know uncle only takes me this voyage to have me become a little acquainted with things, and see how I like salt water, and

all that—I shall have my warrant when I come back, and you will see cousin Fred with a gilt band on his cap, and the anchor and stars sparkling on his jacket. But don't worry about me, Effie; I shall be safe enough, even if you don't hear a word from me in a year—that will be nothing—you must look after grandmother and Darling—and don't lose your love for flowers, they are such company for you."

Dear little Effie! I knew not what a woman's heart was beating in that young bosom. Smiling amid her tears, she tried to encourage me, and let me think that she should be contented: she did not speak of herself, but winding her arms about my neck, and placing her soft cheek against my own, she tried to seem cheerful. She did not speak of her lonely, friendless future—the long days and years which seemed so dark to her in their dim silence, her heart gladdened only by the poor satisfaction she might enjoy in trying to do her duty to those who so little understood her gentle nature—her flowers—her dog—these were her only pastime. I had been her joy and companion; we had been all in all to each other, and the thought of losing me seemed like losing half her life—but so it must be.

Effie and I were both orphans. My father, who had gallantly served his country in his youth, died upon the battle-field; my mother's heart was broken by the loss, and soon she was laid in her quiet grave: and when but three years old, my kind old grandmother took me to her home. I had been an inmate in her family but two years, when she received the tidings that her daughter Effie had died in Italy, leaving behind her the little Effie, whom she commended to her mother's care. My uncle Grey was

to bring the little creature across the waters to our western land, but he sickened on the passage, and died when within a few days of land; and little Effie watched him with childlike and fearful interest, and her little heart seemed broken when they told her he was dead. She stood upon deck as they brought up the lifeless form, and consigned it to its fathomless bed in the deep—deep sea, but all on board felt kindly to the little orphan, and she wanted not for friends till she was safely placed in her grandmother's care. Well do I remember when she first came among us, just four years old; so pretty—so tearful—so winning: how soon did she find her way into our hearts, and we could not choose but love her. But grandmother had become feeble and deaf; and aunt Susan, my grandmother's only living child, was a maiden lady. She tried to be kind to us, no doubt, but she was often cross; she wanted the mother's heart to bear and forbear with children's whims and notions. No doubt we often teased her, as many a torn frock and ragged jacket could testify—but then all children tear their clothes, at least none were ever on record who did not—so I supposed all did; and Effie asked aunt Susan once, in her pretty way, if when she was a little girl, she never tore her dresses; and aunt Susan told her to mind her work, and not keep talking—so we have been left in the dark to this day as to the probable fate of aunt Susan's juvenile wardrobe.

Little Effie! little Effie! angel Effie! I recall that evening again as we sat together beneath that sheltering tree—her little loving face close to mine—the tears dropping upon our clasped hands—her fair hair rippling in the sunlight like waves of gold—her full red lip trembling

like a rose-bud wet with dew—and her blue eye, like a violet's cup, raised to mine in gentle sadness. I am a man now—many, many years have passed over my head, a weather-beaten sailor, and long tossed on life's billows; yet I love to recall these young times—they come back to me, God knows how vividly, how freshly—a grave is made beneath that sheltering tree; the sunshine and the rain have visited it, and the grass is green, and the flowers most fair—little Effie's grave! I think of the fairy form, and the little grave—is it the same? But the flowers, with their silent faces, look heavenward, and I look heavenward. Effie is no more of the earth, earthy; but her corruptible has put on incorruption, and her mortal, immortality. And yet that sod has often been wet with my tears: I have pressed my cheek and burning brow against the green turf—I have kissed the senseless mould. That was in my great agony, but light dawned upon me; despair is changed for hope, and I, like the flowers, look heavenward.

CHAPTER II.

"Flowers are the brightest thing which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish,
Gay they appear as childhood's mirth,—
Like fading dreams of hope they perish."

I HAVE spoken of Effie's love for flowers—sweet wild flower that she was herself all the while. Hers was a genuine heart-love for the beautiful things. I remember well when she was a little creature, that the sight of a fresh flower would quell all her troubles, and smiles would light up her face, while tears were in each eye. In early spring, we would always go together "to hunt violets,"

and when she found one, "when the rain was in its blue cup trembling," she would press it to her lips and heart with a feeling of such ecstacy, as if it were some human thing most dear to her. She loved to see

"The coy anemone that ne'er uncloses
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

the star-flower, with its pale blue face looking upward from its bed of emerald; the "tufts of pale-eyed primroses," the trailing arbutus with its world of perfume, the gorgeous columbine,

"Nodding its heavy bells 'mid pliant grass;"

and

"By the brook, with downcast look,
The nodding hare-bell's fairy form!"
"The meek-eyed daisy that at evening closes."

and

"The violet, with an eye blue as the midnight heavens."

These were dear Effie's pets and treasures; we made a garden on the southern side of the wood, and filled it with these fair creatures of beauty and freshness; and Effie would date events by the time her wild rose opened its petals, or the day the young daisy looked up with bright eye.

And we had what we called a "house garden," too. I loved to turn up the moist earth with my spade, and rake it over to make the little furrows, and I would watch Effie with her little fingers busy in burying the seeds in their hopeful bed, knowing that they would "break forth in glory," to cheer our eyes and hearts. Her fairy hand trained the delicate vines over the frail trellis, and arranged the flowers in beautiful order on the beds. She loved all flowers,

yet had her favorites, even among them. She did not spurn, as many do, the homely

> "Marygold that goes to bed with the sun,
> And with him rises weeping,"

but yet it gave her more delight to find

> "The sweet lily o' the valley wi' blossoms of snow,
> And green leaves that turn the cauld blast frae their stems."

And she loved roses of all nature, from the little four-leaved rose to their acknowledged queen, the Moss Rose in "her regal velvet trappings:" but we both had a favorite flower—one I think which had the warmest place in our hearts; you may laugh at our simplicity, and yet I think we were not unwise in our choice. Our favorite flowers were

> "Sweet Peas on tiptoe for a flight,
> With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
> And taper fingers, clinging at all things,
> To bind them all about with tiny rings."

Perhaps I taught my dear Effie to love this flower best, for it was always most beautiful in my sight. There is something so feminine in these delicate flowers, their "taper fingers clinging at all things," so like the tendrils of a woman's gentle heart, which twine and cling to the stronger supports that surround—and then the tints are so delicately fair and so softly blended, and their perfume is so pleasing and so lasting. I shall ever love these flowers—they were Effie's pets—Effie's and mine, when we were little creatures, and flowers were half our joy.

It is a beautiful love, this love for flowers—to watch and care for them—to see the first green sprout—the

opening leaf—the forming bud—the perfect flower—and then

> "How happily—how happily the pale flowers die away,
> Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they,
> Just live a life of sunshine—of innocence and bloom,
> Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb."

They are beautiful in their life—beautiful in their death—and most beautiful in their resurrection. What lessons of hope have they not taught the aching heart! Bless God for the flowers—for which we had no need; they are a gift of love as play-things to the child. Our Father gives us so much more than we desire, or deserve, or need. Bless God for the gift of flowers!

CHAPTER III.

"A life on the ocean wave."

A FEW days after the evening which introduced myself and little Effie to our kind reader, orders were received from my uncle George, to visit him in Norfolk without delay. And, oh, how ready was I to start; not but what it grieved me for awhile to part with those with whom I had passed my merry childhood. I promised grandmother some nice snuff in a real japanned snuff-box; aunt Susan a real China silk dress, "bought on the spot," as I emphatically impressed upon her mind; and Effie a world of pretty things. I believe I even spoke of diamonds and pearls as things easily to be obtained for her. When the stage-coach was actually at the door, I could hardly

stand—a feeling of suffocation came over me; it is but a dream, I said to myself, all a dream—I shall awaken from it. But when my good old grandmother folded me in her arms, I felt that it was a reality indeed—she clasped me to her heart, and the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks: "God bless you, my Frederick's son—God keep you—God bless you, my dear, dear boy!" Aunt Susan seemed kind to me then; she had a great fear lest I should starve riding all day with nothing but a tavern dinner, she said. She filled my pockets and hat full of cakes and apples, and as she gave me the parting kiss, she succeeded in cramming two more large seed-cakes in my well-stocked pockets. But Effie! pretty creature! she clung to me—she kissed me—she sobbed aloud. She could not let me go; but I at last disengaged myself gently from her, and sprang into the coach. I felt sorry that I had not a tarpaulin to wave them as I took my seat—but I had on a striped shirt, and open collar, and broad, black ribbon, and really felt quite like an "old salt," as I saw my sea-chest (once my father's) "hauled up" and myself fairly "under-weigh." My heart turned, once in a while, to those I had left behind me; but the future was so bright, I did not allow the past to trouble me much. Life was all new to me, and I thought riding in a stage-coach the manliest thing a boy could do; and when I paid down the three shillings for my dinner, I felt three shillings richer, rather than three shillings poorer, there was something so "grown up" about it; I put my little purse (Effie's gift) back into my pocket with the air of "I do this every day when I choose" about me.

In due time I arrived at Norfolk. Uncle George met me kindly, and said two years had improved me much.

"You look like Frederick," he said, "my twin brother—he was Freddy—you are like him; were I twenty-five years younger, we might play together as twin brothers;" and my uncle George turned his head away, and passed his hand across his eyes, and was silent for a while.

The day after my arrival, my uncle took me on board the man-of-war, lying at anchor. I thought her the noblest vessel that ever rode the waters. I felt as if my uncle might have considered a little more in introducing me to the ward-room officers; or not have called me "little Fred," when I passed among the middies, who looked so delightfully to me in their buttons, as they leaned round, in a lazy way, over the coils of cables, or dreamingly looking over the ship's sides into the quiet waters: but I really suppose they could not see such a little boy as I was. I was only fourteen, and some of them may have been two or three years my senior.

"This is my cabin, Freddy," said my uncle, "and here is my state-room; is not this convenient for a sea voyage? and this berth, beneath mine, is fitted up expressly for you." He took me to the ward-room, and showed me the different accommodations for the officers; the purser's and surgeon's room, and the lieutenants' snug state-rooms. I could not help noticing, in each of these state-rooms, there was seen, prominently, some little memento of the home they were to leave. In one was hanging a pretty oil painting of a cottage among beautiful shrubbery—its low trellis piazza, and creeping woodbine, with miniature figures of little children, and a large dog frolicking on a grass-plat. In one was the fairy form of a little boy, with large soft eyes and gentle smile—in one, two old-fashioned cut profiles of an old lady and gentleman—

probably the gift of dear parents to an only son—in one I saw a most beautiful painting of the Holy Family, and just beneath it, the half-finished head of a fair girl, and as the sunlight fell upon the golden hair and eyes of blue, I thought of Effie, and wished I could tell them how much more beautiful she was than anything else in the world. I envied the midshipmen their quarters, though they were not as convenient and comfortable as my own, but then there seemed something so independent to me, to see them altogether. I was then taken to the steward's room, and the black cook grinned most extensively as he touched his paper cap with true naval courtesy, and proceeded to enlighten me, at the captain's request, upon the subjects respecting which I was quite in the dark, as regarding his own peculiar arrangements and accommodations. I was shown the great bread-room, which was a wonder to me: the little "Jack-o'-the-dust" stood by, with smiling face, as he noticed my surprise, and said, "them biscuit is nothing to what I have seed." I felt as if even that little fellow had the start of me; it was my first visit on board ship, and he had the advantage of me one cruise. I went between decks to see the sailors—they were all partaking of their evening meal—the can of grog—the hard bread, with a small allowance of salt junk—they eat heartily, and looked up, and made their obeisance to the captain in a pleasant way—a rough looking set of fellows, each in his broad tarpaulin and fathom of black ribbon, the blue shirt and white braid—the *nonchalant* air of the loose pantaloons and leathern belt, quite won my heart. There were nearly three hundred seamen on board then—the number would be completed in two days, and we should sail the first fair

wind. I slept on board ship for the first time in my life. The slight uneasy motion of the ship, at her moorings, made me rather unsteady at first. Uncle George laughed at me, and said I would find my sea-legs one of these days. The next day, my uncle took me to a slop-shop, and fitted me with a neat sailor's trim, tarpaulin and all, at my particular desire ; and the third day after my arrival, the noble ship slipped from her moorings, the white sails fluttered in the breeze, and our native land soon faded from our sight.

I had made up my mind to keep a journal, for I thought all sailors did ; and for that purpose I had prepared myself with a large blank book. I begged the master to let me have a glance at his log-book, and he kindly showed me all I desired, and latitudes, longitudes, &c., seemed very like Greek to me ; then I thought I will keep my blank-book for a log-book, and write what I can for Effie and grandmother, and send it to them when uncle George sends.

I do not think we had more than our share of perils by sea, but I fancied that we had much more than our portion at first ; a high sea always found me in my berth, and I began to fancy I never should enjoy a sailor's life, and I was home-sick, and when uncle George was not by, I often cried for Effie and grandmother, and even aunt Susan : for two or three weeks, I could not sit up long enough to get out my writing materials ; and I began to fear that all of my writing would have to be done while we were in port, somewhere or other ; but we made no port until we stopped at the Cape de Verd Islands to replenish our sea stock a little. I had always a childish dread of these islands, from the volcanic impressions

received from my geography—but the pretty town of Porto Prayo tended to obliterate all these impressions. I had not fancied so large a town upon such a lofty eminence, but uncle George allowed me to accompany him upon a visit to the govr no r, and when we returned to the ship, I sat down and really took notes of all I had seen and heard; not forgetting to insert, in full, a lively description of some negro girls, whom I sat watching as they drew water for the inhabitants of the town; and with the well-filled jars nicely balanced on their heads, ascending the fearful height of the path up the hill-side, how eagerly I watched lest a false step should dash them in pieces. I counted the days until we should arrive at Rio de Janeiro, I had heard so much of it, and my uncle had told me to look out for the old man lying on his back, referring to that curious range of hills seen just before entering the harbor, and I exclaimed,—

"There he is, uncle! the forehead—the nose—the chin —how perfect!" This, of course, was noted down for Effie. I was enchanted with all I saw, and who would not be at the beautiful panorama which is there spread before the eyes—the noble granite peak piercing the skies to the height of thirteen hundred feet. Nature seemed in a gala dress; every point seemed crowned with beautiful flowers; even the rocks were festooned with parasitic plants—the wooded hills in the distance—then scattered here and there a venerable chapel or beautiful cathedral—around us were vessels of all nations, each with her broad pennant floating on the breeze—and the river was studded with little boats, laden with articles for the market of the city. I recollect now, how vivid was the impression made upon me by the first sight of

this South American city. We had been becalmed all night, but at day-break a light breeze sprung up, and with the sunrise we entered the beautiful harbor.

I wrote full accounts of all this home, and Uncle George forwarded it for me to the United States. I remember well the high gale we experienced soon after leaving port. The ship was more than once submerged by severe squalls, and the gun deck was ankle deep in water. I felt very sure that the ship and whole crew would find a watery grave; and I think now that my fears were not groundless—but He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand safely brought us beneath quiet skies and into calm waters.

I will not go over the too often trodden track of a voyage round the cape of Good Hope; and the thousand and one adventures every one meets with, who is upon a cruise in the Indian ocean. My first impression of new places was very strong, and seems more vivid now as I recall them, than any one impression since received in my last cruise, when I passed over the same ground: suffice it to say that my first cruise was in the Indian Seas, and in about two years and a half I returned to my native land—received my midshipman's warrant with orders to join a ship at Pensacola. Immediately our ship set sail for the Mediterranean, and it was more than two years before we were ordered home. So about five years had elapsed ere I again visited my own home.

CHAPTER IV.

"And that fair girl!
What can the heart foresee
Of her young love, or of its destiny!
There is a white cloud o'er the moon—its form
Is very light—but yet there sleeps a storm.
It is an omen."

Five years seems a great while to be absent from one's own home—and I had seen much of life in that time; and when I thought of the old familiar place from which I had so long been separated, I felt as if it could not have remained unchanged—I could not find it the same.

Our good ship had been in port about two weeks, when I received leave of absence to return home. I had not written that I intended coming among them, as I wished to take them all by surprise—it was a boyish fancy, and I humored it. My last letter from home had been written ten months since, and it was with a heart vibrating between hope and fear that I approached the village. I allowed the coach to land myself and luggage at the hotel, and proceeded on foot through the well-known paths that led to our cottage. "I wonder if the old tree is still living," I said as I neared the charmed precincts—there it stood just as I had left it five years since, its sheltering arms outspread as green and fresh as in my earliest boyhood.

It was a lovely afternoon late in June as I approached the cherished spot; as I came near the tree I descried a form beneath it which I fancied must be cousin Effie's, and yet it could not be. I counted the five years since we parted, and then felt it must be her. As I neared

the spot, my heart beat quickly—the fair head was bent over a book which lay in her lap—her golden hair fell like sunbeams over her snowy shoulders and white dress, the eye was bent, and the lashes lay upon the cheek, as if resting on a rose-leaf; but tear after tear fell upon the open book—the heaving of the bosom—the quick drawn breath told me that there was some heart-sorrow—"She cannot be weeping over the fictitious sorrows of some heroine of a tale," I said.

I stood beside her—she started quickly. "Effie!" "Frederick!" and I folded her to my heart—kissed again and again the glowing cheek and rosy mouth—forgetting she was not the child I left five years ago, and I was a dignified navy character nineteen years of age. The cause of her grief was quickly told—the news of the arrival of our ship in port had been brought to them some days since, and hearing no word from me, with a woman's powerful imagination, she had been picturing all possible disasters, for which anxiety, I, feeling my thoughtlessness had caused it, felt sorely grieved.

The old home was the same—yet it seemed contracted to me. The parlor looked like a toy room, and the garden seemed wonderfully dwindled down. Grandmother had grown very old and infirm, and aunt Susan did not look much more amiable. Grandmother could not at first believe that the tall stripling in navy buttons was Frederick's little boy, grown up; and aunt Susan seemed to respect my cloth, I thought, as she warmly welcomed me. But Effie! how beautiful she was—her simplicity, her grace, her earnestness—the tint of her soft cheek—the rounded fullness of her rosy lips—the dimples lurking round her mouth—the fair brow—the soft golden light

of her hair—her blue eyes' liquid tenderness—beautiful Effie! I felt with the poet,

> "She was so beautiful
> That in the angelic choir she will not need
> Rest in another form than that she wore on earth,"

I looked upon her as something holy and pure, something angels would love to look upon.

Oh, those were happy days—bright, happy, cloudless days, and I felt that my presence made it all seem so happy. I descanted largely upon the delights of a sea life—of the fun I had enjoyed—of the perils through which I had passed. I had lost none of my selfishness, and they seemed to think my stories very entertaining and wonderful. I knew I was a handsome fellow—I have a miniature now which I look upon once in a while, and try to trace in the rough, weather-beaten man the features of the fresh handsome fellow I was then—hardy, athletic, sun-burnt—a fancy moustache, and navy buttons were quite the making of me, in my eyes,—perhaps in Effie's too. Effie and I had many pleasant hours—we would walk together in our gardens, and roam in the forests at our will. But did I not fall in love with Effie? why to be sure I did, I was always in love with her—had never dreamed of any other love—and I knew that Effie loved me. I thought it quite a nice thing for her to have so stylish-looking a lover; and I knew I had in my power the happiness of the gentlest creature upon God's earth; but I was rather nonchalant in my expressions of attachment—I always took it as a matter of course. I remember well when I first, in an off-hand manner, alluded to our future; it was a sweet summer

night, and the moon had just sunk to sleep upon her pillow. "I hope, Effie," said I, "when I come home from my next cruise, I shall pass—and then get better pay. I may get to be sailing master; uncle said I could keep a log-book as well as any of them; and then think, Effie, how soon I shall be lieutenant; I suppose you had rather wait until I am lieutenant; I don't think it well for young officers to be married, do you?"

I noticed Effie averted her head, and did not answer me—I repeated my question. She looked up at me with tearful eyes, as if she would inquire my meaning.

"What is it, Effie? what is it?" I said, "why, shall we not be married one of these days? I never thought of anything else—but, dear me, Effie, I forgot to offer myself, that's a fact—what must I say—will we not be married, Effie, one of these days?"

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" said she, and a smile lit up her tearful face, "are you in earnest? I thought you loved me only as a sister, Fred."

"I don't know how I should love a sister, if I had one, Effie—but I hope not as I do you. But we are cousins, Effie, and we can be so happy. I never thought of loving any one else."

Effie put her pretty hand in mine. "Oh! Frederick! it is too serious a thing to talk about lightly. God knows how I have longed for this love, and how I feared that I was throwing my heart away. God bless you, Frederick, for all this—we may be happy—so happy! Oh, how can I bless God enough for all his mercies!" She paused a moment—I pressed her to my heart, and kissed away her tears—were we not happy?

My leave of absence being up, I was ordered to a

receiving ship, where I remained some time, and often had an opportunity to go home for a few days at a time; and these were precious hours to me and Effie. But again I was ordered to sea, and it was with a sad and sorrowful heart that I announced the tidings to Effie. I had passed, and hoped when I next returned to be promoted—and then—Oh, Effie."

"Be true to me, Frederick—oh, be true to me," said Effie, gently and earnestly, as we sat together the evening before my departure; "sometimes I fear—you have not been tried—no other has come upon you to claim your love—but oh, be true to me! I shall die should you prove faithless—you are my only hope on earth, Frederick,—oh, be true to me!" As she spoke, a fearful shudder passed over her frame—I looked at her—her face was as pale as marble, and her lips colorless.

"Oh, what is it, Effie?" I said.

"Oh, I do not know," said she, with trembling lips, "but something seemed to whisper you would not be true."

"It was a fancy, Effie—why, indeed, may I not doubt you, now you doubt me so strongly?" but somehow it seemed as if a pall had been thrown over our hopes for a while, and I promised as young lovers always promise. But it was no young girl's heart I had to trifle with. Effie was a woman in heart and soul—her head was older than mine, though I had known more of life and years than she had.

Did I not love Effie? yes, I did love her. I had never known another love—but I was untried, as she said. Effie seemed to me the personification of all that was lovely, and I was satisfied. But oh, what man can mea-

Drawn & Engd by J.C. Mc Rae

THE RIVAL.

sure a woman's love ! what man can understand the loneliness and tedium of a year's separation from the beloved of her heart ! I fancied I was the sufferer, to be obliged to leave my home and Effie—my home comforts, to be subjected to vicissitudes of all kinds. But it is not so—these very changes make the separation less hard to bear—but to live on in the same spot, day after day, year after year, the endless round of trivial household duties, and the heart far away. Oh, indeed, woman "beareth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things." And did I not think of Effie ? Oh, yes, and when I thought of her, it was with a feeling of satisfaction that there she was safe, and loving me, and one of these days we will be married. I thought of her as of a pleasant picture to which I could refer at pleasure—but did she have all my heart ? Alas ! I was to be tried, as the reader will see. How did I pass through the fearful ordeal ?

CHAPTER V.

"Why did'st thou come,
To stand betwixt me and the heaven of my love ?"

"You believe in broken hearts, then Frederick ?" said a rich musical voice to my ear, one lovely summer night, as we sat in a vine-woven bower, and looked forth on the beauty and freshness that was every where around us.

"I hardly know whether I do or not," said I, laughingly ; "Washington Irving does, and I do not pretend to be half as wise as he is."

"But then, Frederick, I always had a strong doubt

there, for I think Miss Curran lived on wonderfully, and then she married young Sturgeon afterwards, and was happy enough for all we know to the contrary."

"Ah, Florence," I answered, "you forget that Irving winds up the touching tale with the sad truth that at last she sank into the grave, the victim a broken heart."

Florence was silent a moment, then looking to me with flashing eye, she exclaimed, "But then this little Effie, this cousin of whom you speak, is a different kind of girl, I fancy; and besides that, you are not to be executed for your over patriotism, and she will not have your grave or scaffold to break her heart over."

"No indeed," I said seriously, "but there is a death in life far worse than death itself—and should I prove untrue—but I have proved untrue—I trusted in my own love too much—but I was untried—I knew not how I could live, dearest Florence, till I saw you—my love for Effie is unlike this, as the light and heat from the candle is, when compared to the sun in meridian brilliancy and warmth. I did love her—the warmest love I then knew was hers, but it was no love at all, more than I might feel for a sister, I am convinced of that, so different from this," I said, as I took the beautiful Florence's jewelled hand in mine, and pressed it to my lip with wild emotion.

"I suppose that was all," she said; "and when this little Effie happens to meet some dashing fellow, she may fall in love with him, and say, 'Oh, I always shall love Fred, but then it is only brotherly affection after all.' Why Frederick, those boy and girl fancies are nothing. I have been in love with about one hundred, I believe, and I am not very old. I lived bravely through it, you see."

"A hundred and one including me, I suppose, dear girl?" I answered.

"No, Frederick," said she, looking down, while a deep blush mantled in her eloquent cheek—"the hundred may all go together; but I began life again with your love—it shall only count one."

I was completely infatuated with Florence Lestrange. I had met the radiant creature at a ball in one of our Southern cities; she was the star of the evening, and most kindly did she allow me to come within the rays of her fascinating light, and I was half crazy in my admiration. What a glorious creature she was to look upon! so different from any one I had ever met—so entirely the reverse of Effie in every way. Tall and commanding in her figure, yet rounded to most perfect symmetry in the beautiful proportion, with a hand and arm which an artist might envy—her large black eyes, sometimes "flashing like a sunlit gem," and again quenched beneath the snowy lid with its lashes, seemed softened into gentleness and even tenderness—the rich color upon the cheek—the full ruby of her lip—the teeth of pearl—the hair black as the raven's plume—the finished manners—the graceful polish of fashionable life—all these had won upon me until I was perfectly bewildered. I had allowed myself irresistibly to be carried away, hardly knowing whither, until I laid my heart and life and fortunes at her feet, and she had not cast them from her. Then, alas! too late, the thought of gentle Effie came over me. "Be true to me, Frederick, be true to me!" sounded in my ears as if she had just spoken the words; but I heeded them not, though a feeling of self-reproach often and often came over me,—but then I would say to myself, it

was but boy's and girl's love after all; if I can get over it, she can. But there was my plighted word—her pretty miniature next my heart. Little Effie! was I not untrue? can God forgive such heartless transgression?

I have wondered since, what became of my reasoning faculties while I was thus enamored with fair Florence; how could I exchange this fancy of a few weeks, for the warm, pure love of such a heart as Effie's; a life-love, if I may so call it? I could not see into the selfish heart and the practised arts of a professed coquette—no, I had never encountered such a character before, and moreover, I do for the time believe that Florence loved me—the very best love that she was possessed of she gave to me. And then she reasoned with me so artfully respecting the nature of my love for Effie, and convinced me that my little cousin was, perhaps, quite as capable of forming another attachment as I was.

"Just give her the chance," said Florence; "why don't you take out some splendid fellow with you—Harry Selwyn, for instance, and see if she is not as ready to fall in love with him, as you have been to fall in love with Miss Florence Lestrange!" and she laughed merrily, as if it was a fine joke; and I thought the idea quite possible, so agreed to carry it out.

"I must return to Pensacola on Wednesday, dearest Florence," I said, a few days after the conversation just noted down. "If I can I shall steal a few days to be with you before I leave this part of the country, though we may be ordered around to New York immediately; but in the course of two months or less, I shall come again, and then, dearest Florence, we shall talk of our future plans."

Ah! but you may see little Effie in the meantime,

and then all your protestations will amount to nothing."

"Do you fear," I asked, "if I go home with such a dear token as this near my heart?" and I took out the beautiful miniature, so life-like and so perfect, which she had given me but the day before. I had never told her that Effie's beautiful features had once occupied the same place, and had been removed only that hers might lie there. "And then you see, Harry Selwyn has promised to go on with me, and no doubt he will lose his heart in half an hour, Effie is so winning. You will let the hundred lovers remain deep in oblivion," I said laughing; "now mind, Florence, with the miniature of this handsome fellow staring you full in the face—the artist has done me more than justice—I am much obliged to him, but perhaps you will be all the more contented to be true, if you can be made to believe that I am as good-looking as this." I put the miniature in the hand of Florence—she looked at it eagerly—she laughed aloud—she said it was perfect, and how she should prize it; and that she could not have a chance to forget me now. I heaved a sigh unconsciously, for a vision of Effie passed over me—I remembered her emotion when I had given her the same remembrance—how the gentle creature pressed it to her lips, and the big tears chased one another down her fair cheeks, as she gazed devotedly upon it.

"When you think of little Effie, take out this miniature, and look at me, Frederick. Now I will tell you what I will do: let me go and cull for you one of my perfect roses—I will be back in a moment," and she ran away to another part of the garden and returned with the most

beautiful bunch of Moss Roses I had ever seen. "Is not this perfect, Frederick?" she said, reseating herself; just see! the delicate pink—the soft green—and this bud, Frederick, shall mean 'think of Florence?' I will place it here," and with a pen-knife she dexterously removed a little glass in the back of the miniature, where was placed one curl of her raven hair, and inserting this fresh rose-bud, she replaced the glass and handed it smilingly to me. "Now, Frederick, when you see this, think of this evening, and of me, and that I am number one, despite all the Effies in the world."

I looked at the radiant creature as she stood before me in her regal beauty, her little hand pointing at the miniature—her face beaming with smiles—her eyes sparkling like gems—her raven hair thrown back from her fair brow—how beautiful she was! "I cannot forget, Florence," I said, "you will give me no chance; perhaps you wish me to be doubly guarded, and have placed a rose on one side, and a rose on the other, so whichever side I turn, I can but think of you." Oh! as I think over the past, this evening stands out in bold relief. Florence seemed even gentle to me; there had always appeared something so wild and passionate about her, that this gentleness seemed doubly winning: I had never loved her half so much—it was a wild delirium.

That night, when I returned to my lodgings, I sat long meditating upon the change that had come over me—it was late before I could compose myself to sleep—and in my dreams did the form of the bewitching Florence haunt with her wildness and her beauty? No, no; Effie ever visited me in my sleeping hours, and to-night she appeared with tears dimming the blue eyes—the rose-tint gone

from her fair cheek—her fairy hand pointing heavenward; and I turned my eyes thither, and behold! another Effie stood in shining raiment, with angel wings. I turned to the Effie who had pointed her finger to heaven, but she was no more. The angel form looked reproachfully at me—I essayed to question it—but awoke.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh, agony, keen agony,
For trusting heart to find,
That vows believed, were vows conceived,
As light as summer wind.
WM. MOTHERWELL.

In a few days I left for Pensacola: our ship was soon ordered round to New York, and I had no opportunity of again meeting Florence. Henry Selwyn, one of my messmates, had promised to pass a few days in the quiet village of my childhood. He was what Florence would call a dashing fellow—very handsome—elegant in dress and manners, gay and fashionable. Ladies generally fancied his society; he was much courted as a pleasant companion; but I had never heard of any hearts having been broken for him.

Upon arriving at New York, we soon obtained a short leave of absence, and immediately set out for our pretty village. Effie was tearful and sad when I first met her—perhaps her mourning dress made her seem doubly so to me, for our grandmother had died a few months since, leaving Aunt Susan and Effie together; but there was a softness and gentleness about Effie, which was almost

irresistible, perhaps it was the contrast with one from whom I had not long parted, and to whom I had plighted my faith. I had determined to watch Effie for a few days, and enable myself to sound the depth of her regard for me—throw her in Selwyn's fascinating society, and see if she was proof against the gallantries of the dashing fellow; and then I intended to speak of my engagement to Florence in a matter-of-course kind of way, as if it was nothing of any moment to my trusting cousin. Effie regarded Harry Selwyn kindly, and seemed to enjoy his society; she looked upon him as my friend, and I saw that Harry was immediately struck with her delicate beauty and winning gracefulness. I was so bent upon my plan that Selwyn should fall in love with Effie, and she in turn yield her love to him, that I believe I magnified all that I saw and heard, into something of more moment than it really was. I took the opportunity, a day or two after our arrival, to ask her opinion of Harry.

"I think him companionable and pleasant, Frederick," she said; "but then I am very selfish,—it will take much from my enjoyment of your visit here, your stay will be so short, at best, and we have, as yet, seen so little of each other. Come with me—will you not walk to grandmother's grave? We have laid her at rest beneath the old tree we loved so much when we were children,—it will not make the place less dear to us, Frederick, that she who was our friend when father and mother were taken from us, sleeps at last beneath its quiet shade."

We walked to the cherished spot—a small space around the tree had been enclosed by a simple railing, and the long, narrow, grassy mound, with its plain head-stone, pointed me to the spot where rested the beloved dead.

"She sleeps sweetly after her life-long trials, Frederick," said Effie gently, as she seated herself beside me; "see how freshly the flowers bloom about her bed! this shall be a garden, Frederick, a grave-garden—does it not seem pleasant to you to feel that at last you may sleep in the spot which we have loved so well,—where our sunny childhood passed its happiest hours, and where we first learned the beautiful lesson of love and truth, dear Frederick?"

I turned my head away—I dared not look at her whom I had so shamefully wronged.

"I think her rest must be blessed," she continued, "to feel no more anxiety or trouble, to feel no more heart-sickness and weariness in waiting, until in God's good time we may be happy. The grave is peaceful for the weary body, and heaven is peaceful for the wearied spirit. I am weary often, Frederick; I often fear that I am so ungrateful for God's many, many mercies; my days are so monotonous since grandmother died—I seem to have nothing to occupy my time as I would—I feel I am not what I might be—what I ought to be."

We sat a long time that perfect September evening, conversing in a quiet manner. She told me of grandmother's sickness and death, and of other events that had transpired about our little village—she occasionally referred to our future—and there I sat, feeling so like a criminal, that I was looking into the eyes of my blessed Effie, listening to her low, gentle tones, feeling that her heart had but one love—one hope on earth—and that was myself, who was so cruelly deceiving her. Can God forgive me?

I laid awake all night, revolving all this in my mind;

at one time I resolved to write Florence, and tell her that I would not give Effie up; but then I thought of that radiant creature, I looked upon her ravishing features, and then at the rose-bud and the lock of raven hair. I felt that I could not relinquish her; my passion for her was still in its zenith. Finally I resolved to break the matter to Effie as warily as I could; speak of our love as a boy and girl love; ask her if she did not think Harry Selwyn would be a fine match for her; and, in fact, I had planned out a long conversation, wherein I was to be very successful. Effie was to become indignant—by-and-by Selwyn was to become Effie's acknowledged lover.

But, ah! how little did this well-planned scheme avail me when the time arrived! I proposed next morning to Effie that we should go and visit our wild garden, as we called one in the woods; she told me that it had suffered much for want of care since I had been absent, and she so wished it could be restored to its former beauty. Never shall I forget our visit to that garden—every word there uttered—every glance of the eye—every tear that fell are registered within my memory's deepest cells, and come up to me so vividly—God forgive me!

"You seem very sad to-day, Frederick!" said Effie in her bright way, so like the tones in which she talked years ago. She had seemed in good spirits, and cheerful, and very happy when I had proposed to walk to the wild garden. How my heart misgave me, yet I had resolved. "Let us talk of old times, Fred," she said; "come sit by me on this rustic seat. Don't you remember the day we twined this rose-bush and vine together, to make this pretty shelter? Come, do smile, I want to have you feel as happy as I do." I tried to smile, but it was mockery

—my mouth seemed parched and dry—my breathing became rapid—my lip quivered, and I felt like a culprit as I sat there.

"I have something to tell you, Effie," I said, "which I think will not make you very unhappy, but perhaps you may not want to hear it after all." I tried to speak lightly, and in an off-hand manner, but each word fell back into my heart like a leaden weight.

Effie looked astonished at my evident confusion. "What is it, Frederick, dear?" she said. "Is it good news, or bad?"

"I leave that for you to decide, Effie," I said, and I paused where I was, and drew forth the beautiful miniature of Florence from its hiding place, and disengaging the chain, I placed the treasure in Effie's hand. She started, and looked upon it with wondering eyes.

"How beautiful! oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed.

And indeed it did seem as if it had never looked more perfect—the sunlight fell upon the chiselled features, and lighted up the eye, the lip, and the brow, as if touched by some magic wand.

Effie held the miniature in her hand a moment, then replacing it in mine, she gave me one long, searching, never-to-be-forgotten look—and that searching look seemed to read my inmost soul—my love for her was past—another had filled her place in my heart, and she, alas! I dare not say all she felt—all she saw in that deep, searching gaze—her hand fell to her side—a deadly paleness overspread her features, and with a deep sigh, she fell back upon the seat. "I have killed her," I exclaimed, as I caught her in my arms. I looked upon the lifeless features of the lovely Effie; I bore her to a little

spring in the woods; I bathed her temples and brow, and after a while symptoms of returning life were visible: a slight rose-tint trembled on the cheek, then vanished—the eyelid was feebly raised, and the gentle light of the soft blue eye was seen for a moment, but the lid fell quickly as though the light were painful. After awhile she seemed gradually to be restored to consciousness; her breathing became more regular—a hue of light overspread her features, but still the snowy lids were closely pressed over their beautiful treasures—she looked so like a sleeping angel as she lay there—I gazed on her with an aching heart—her fair hair lay around her in golden clouds, and the beautiful outline of her delicate face and form were like those of some sleeping cherub. A deep sob ever and anon escaped from her overcharged heart, and soon tears, blessed tears, pressed from under the closed lids. I gently soothed her, and tried to say what I could to make her like herself again, but words seemed powerless. She looked up sweetly between her tears, in answer to some of my soothing words—

"Frederick! dear Frederick! my brother!" said she, "we will speak of it by-and-by—not now; it is no new thought to me. I read my doom when we first met—I was not to you what I had once been—God bless you, Frederick! and God bless me—He doeth all things well." The face dropped upon her open hands, and she wept aloud.

Nothing was said upon this painful subject for some days. Effie looked pale, yet a pleasant smile lighted up her face—it was not a *heart-smile*—I knew it came not from that breaking heart. Had she reproved me—had she treated me with scorn, and defied me, I could have

borne it better. Had she spoken of plighted word—my broken promises—of our early days—I should have felt that I could have reasoned with her; but she said not one word; she was pleasant and cheerful, to all appearances; but I did not know, then, that her heart was breaking. Little Effie! blessed Effie! canst thou forgive me? thou, in thy gentleness and holiness—can God forgive such sinning?

Harry Selwyn was quite enraptured with the little wild flower, as he called Effie. "She is an angel, Fred—a downright angel! you are a selfish fellow not to have her beauty more extensively known and acknowledged. You carry out in full the lines of the pretty song,

> 'But there's a rose in yonder glen,
> Which shuns the gaze of other men.'

I mean to cut you out, Fred—or is she yours now? if really so, I won't try; but of course I am the same luckless fellow I always was—the day after the fair. If you have not secured the pretty bird, you are verdant—such a little heart is worth half the hearts of the fashionable world. I would like just such a little angel myself."

"You may try, Harry," said I. "I give you a free chance; I am already mortgaged—and my lady-love does not live in your cold northern latitudes. I could wish Effie no better luck than to entrap the affections of a noble fellow like you."

"I'll try," said Harry, laughing, and he did try. He walked with Effie, he rode with her, he read with her, and I watched them closely, hoping that such devotion might win upon her; but though she accepted his civilities cheerfully, she always seemed relieved when left to

herself; and Harry at length resolved to leave and come again when I was absent. He was really smitten; I did not doubt him.

A day or two before I was to leave, she asked me to walk with her. She looked very pale; and yet there was a light and beauty about her which seemed new and strange to me. We sought a retired spot, and seated ourselves upon the grassy bank.

"Will you let me see it again, Frederick?" said Effie, appealing to me. "I want to see if it is as beautiful as it struck me when I first saw it." I understood what she meant, and put the miniature of Florence into her hand. She looked at it carelessly—then turned to the back, and pointing to the rose-bud and the lock of hair, said she, "And what does that mean, my brother?"

"It means, 'be true to Florence,' dearest Effie."

"It is very beautiful," said she, as she returned the treasure into my hand; "now tell me all about it, dear; I can bear it now, and I never may again. Oh, Frederick! God only knows if my heart is breaking."

I then gave Effie a full account of my acquaintance with Florence Lestrange, and enlarged upon her charms and her fascinations—spoke of the polish of fashionable life, and the highly educated and refined mind of my inamorata. Effie sat with her hands folded on her lap, and her eyes cast down; now and then a faint flush would kindle up the eloquent cheek, and then a paleness of strange death-like aspect would succeed—but she would not let me stop; if I paused, she would ask me some question which led me to continue my descriptions of her rival in my heart.

I then thought I would speak to her of Selwyn, of the

evident impression she had made on his heart—and jokingly asked her how she would like the honor of bearing off the palm in his affections; he who had so long been the idol of the ladies, and the sun in the fashionable world. Never shall I forget the look she cast upon me—a look I can hardly describe, though it burned into my soul. She did not speak—she could not utter one word—but that look conveyed this to my mind, as if she had said it in words, "Oh, Frederick! have you known me so long, and yet know me so little? My heart is not mine own to give—all the love I have, I have cast upon you; and those *never love* again who say that they loved once. The grave will soon cover my aching head and weary heart—and then—"

Effie and I sat long together, she so drooping like a fair lily at my side, and I full of health and life—the destroyer of her peace, her happiness, her life! Oh, sometimes I have thought could we live twice on earth, and be allowed to make reparation for the evil we have caused, would it not be a blessed thing! but in the grave is no wish and no device—no chance for reparation—the sin and guilt lie at our door—and there is a Judge who shall punish the wicked deeds in the body, and reward the patience, and faith, and long-suffering of the righteous.

What a life has been mine since that hour! it seems as though I had been sitting with an angel—an angel-voice was sounding in my ear—an angel-hand knocking at my heart, begging me to come in and seek rest, and make peace within. And I had spurned the holy visitant—I had cast her out—not harshly—not with loud taunt or bitter word—but had slighted the love—had said there is no need of such love—and I was justly punished.

CHAPTER VII.

"And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams
Of home, of happiness, and quiet years?

L. E. L.

I would not remain long in the village after the interview alluded to in the last chapter. I felt that there was something so irresistible about my little cousin—something so touching and winning, that I feared to trust myself with her, lest the favored Florence should learn of my devotion, and in her turn cast me off—and I felt just then that I could bear anything but that. I did not flatter myself that if I renounced Florence, Effie would again receive me to her heart and love. No; that was past. That she loved me I had never doubted, but that a change had come over her feelings toward me I could plainly see.

I left the old house with a heavy heart—it seemed as if a pall were thrown over the whole house and household—and were there not joys buried in that cherished spot which I never could taste again?

Harry Selwyn joined me soon after my return to New York, and he still continued to talk of Effie, and wondered if he had made any impression upon the gentle creature's heart. One day I took the opportunity to show him the miniature which she had given me years ago, when she was so happy, and which I begged her to allow me to retain as a brother and cousin. Harry went into ecstacies over the pretty treasure—vowed it should be his—but I would not give it up, of course; only allowed

him an occasional glimpse of it, enough to keep his passion alive. In a few weeks he again obtained a short leave—and without telling me that he even intended going from the city, I learned afterward that he proceeded directly to our village, and Effie was again favored with his gentlemanly attentions.

After about two weeks' absence, he returned to the ship, and I noticed that he seemed sadly depressed, and quite changed. I joked him a little, telling him he must have lost his heart in his last trip, and asked him if he did not want to see his angel's miniature, and forthwith I placed it in his hand. He looked at it earnestly a moment, then returned it to me.

"No, Frederick," he said seriously, "no, I can look at that no longer—I dare not—beautiful as it is, it can never be anything to me. Since I have been absent from the ship, I have seen your cousin Effie. I was in the village over a week. I rode and walked with her often, and she was very kind to me. One afternoon we were walking together, and I ventured to speak to her of love. I pleaded a sailor's excuse—little time on shore, and said I might be ordered away any time, and I felt that though any declaration would of course seem premature to her, still I felt that I could not rest till I had found out if her affections were disengaged, and I had any ground for hope. I looked up at her as I spoke, and oh, Frederick! could you have seen that look—she fixed her gentle blue eyes so tearfully and tenderly upon me—and oh, so mournfully!

"'Oh, do not speak thus, Mr. Selwyn!' she answered quickly, 'never, oh, never! I have no heart for any one.' She sobbed aloud, and then rising quickly, she left me.

I dared not intrude upon her, and hardly knew what to say or do—so gentle, yet so sad, and so abrupt—how strange it all seemed! I met Aunt Susan that evening, and walked with her to the gate. I had quite won the old lady's heart by the set of Chinese crotchet needles which I had brought her. I spoke of Effie, and said in a careless way, that I saw her affections were won, and there was no chance for a poor fellow like me. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'she and Frederick have been engaged ever since they were born, I believe. I suppose they will be married, after he returns from his next cruise.'

"Did I not think very hard things of you, Frederick, when this announcement was made? fool that I had been! I thought of course you were engaged to her—the miniature and all—but then I recollected that after our first conversation respecting Effie, you told me that I stood a fair chance—spoke of a certain Southern lady, and I lay awake all night trying in mind to arrange how matters really stood, and concluded, just before I dropped asleep in the morning, to speak seriously to Effie—not urge my own suit—but just to see if there remained the least chance for me.

"So early the next morning I drove over to see her—she had walked out, Aunt Susan said—no doubt had gone to her grandmother's grave, and said, if she had not some other duties to perform, she would just walk over with me. I readily excused the good spinster, and proceeded to the place her aunt had mentioned. As I approached, I noticed that Effie sat beneath the tree. It was a clear October morning, and everything looked radiant in the change which was coming over the garb of nature. Effie's hat lay upon the grass beside her, her beautiful

hair hung like a veil over her person, her face was resting in her open hands, and as I approached, I made a slight rustling in the shrubbery, so as to announce my approach. She lifted her head quickly—I thought she had been weeping—but, no; not a tear was there—her face was as white as the face of the dead, and her eyes seemed sunken and hollow. She arose quickly, and a delicate flush overspread her face, giving a life-like glow—she put back her perfect hair from her fair brow, and held out her hand kindly to me.

"'I regret allowing myself to have appeared so like a child to you last evening, Mr. Selwyn,' she said, 'but I am not well; my nervous system is much deranged, and tears stand ready to start at the slightest emotion. But as you value my peace, do not again speak to me upon that most painful subject. Alas! I have no heart to give.'

"I made some blundering speech, no doubt, and said, of course, I was not aware that she was engaged to her cousin, or I never would have alluded to the subject.

"'No, Mr. Selwyn; Frederick and I are not engaged—we love each other, but then we are only cousins.'

"'No, no, you cannot deceive me,' I said, 'it is something more than cousins' love; else why this emotion!'

"'Do not—do not question me, Mr. Selwyn; but Frederick is engaged to another lady—and I, of course, cannot claim his heart.'

"'Oh, I read the whole story now, Miss Effie,' I said, 'pardon me—but in time perhaps——'

"'Never—never—never—' she said emphatically; and again the tears poured down like rain—her heart seemed almost broken.

"I only saw her once more. Aunt Susan was in the

room; Effie seemed calm, but very, very pale. She talked cheerfully of you and the ship, and everything that came up in the way of conversation. She gave me her hand kindly at parting—little delicate hand—I could have crushed it like a rose-leaf. Aunt Susan was not looking—I raised it to my lips, and as it fell, one of her burning tears fell upon my hand. And Frederick! I do believe that gentle creature's heart is breaking—and you have broken it, Frederick—and I would not have such a sin upon my conscience for all the diamonds of Golconda."

I tried to laugh it off—but could not—I still hear, tremblingly, Harry's words,—"you have broken the gentle creature's heart."

In early winter I obtained leave of absence, and immediately hastened south to see Florence once more. I found her, if possible, more charming than ever. She always passed the winter in the city—her father being very wealthy, had one of the finest town houses, as well as country houses in the vicinity. Florence seemed the star of a brilliant circle—gay, fashionable, fascinating and rich—what more could heartless lover wish! I was perfectly enraptured with her. She inquired warmly for "petite Effie," as she pleased to adopt this diminutive appellation whenever speaking of my fairy cousin. She called me a conceited fellow to flatter myself that any pretty girl could break her heart for me. I told her that Effie had mixed very little in society, and had never had the opportunity of forming other attachments, and perhaps her interest in me was stronger on that account.

"Oh, she will get over it bravely, no doubt," continued Florence; "perhaps she may break her heart, and require some William Sturgeon to mend it for her, as did Miss

Curran, Irving's heroine of broken hearts. Did you give her a chance to fall in love with young Selwyn, about whom you are always talking? You said that you intended to take him out as foil to you."

"Oh, don't question me too closely, Florence," I said, "I must not betray Selwyn's secrets. He did go out with me, and did see Effie, and he may have fallen in love with her for all you know to the contrary;" said I laughing.

"Oh, then it has all turned out just as I predicted," said Florence, "and my petite Effie's heart was not so wonderfully invulnerable as you fancied, Frederick."

"But what if I should tell you that Selwyn had fallen in love with Effie, and had proposed, and had been decidedly rejected?"

"No, no; he would not be so rash as to do a thing like this upon so short an acquaintance." But I explained the matter to her, and our conversation ceased for awhile upon this topic.

"By-the-by, I wish I could see this Harry Selwyn—does he never come south? Do write, and tell him what a delightful society we have here—we might find a balm for his broken heart, Frederick."

Florence was a great talker—a very entertaining companion—and could, with as little effort, entertain a dozen persons as one individual, and felt proud of her colloquial accomplishments, and I loved to hear her bright and witty conversation; but sometimes the thought would come to my mind—is she the being calculated to make my life happy? Is she one to whom I could look for comfort in trouble? Is she the fairy for the quiet household, and the quiet hearth? Then the thought of simple Effie—her plain

dress—her fair, soft, loving face—would come up to me, but I would drive away her image, that Florence might reign sole empress of my heart.

I was delighted, one evening, to find Harry Selwyn's name entered among the arrivals of the day, at an hotel. He seemed very glad to see me, and wondered where I had dropped from, but soon guessed my story. He said an uncle of his had lately settled in the city—a rich West India planter, with more money than grey hairs; and having buried his wife and children in Cuba, had concluded to leave that region altogether, and establish himself quietly in this city; and he had written for Harry to come and see him, "and he may make me his heir, Frederick, and then won't I cut a dash?" Harry was in fine spirits—neither of us alluded to Effie—probably it was one among the many *affaires du cœur* which such a fine young man as he often encountered, and it did not make a very deep impression.

In due time I introduced Harry to *ma chere amie*—and Florence pronounced him a splendid fellow, and thought the rich old uncle very charming—"just like a romance," she said, laughing; "I have half a mind to fall in love with Harry, or the uncle; which do you recommend?" But I felt very safe in the love of Florence, and should not have been alarmed if a whole squadron of Harry Selwyns and rich uncles to boot had fallen in love with her.

Things ran on pleasantly for some time: Florence was as brilliant as ever, and Selwyn was at her house about as much as myself. One evening we were sitting together in her elegant drawing-rooms. Many visitors had called during the evening, but one by one they had dropped

away, and none remained but Selwyn and myself;—suddenly, a quick rap was heard at the door, and the waiter brought me in a letter which he said must be delivered immediately. I trembled from head to foot as I took it, and went towards the candle—it was one short line only, in Effie's hand-writing—so weak and tremulous must have been the little hand that penned that line, I could scarcely read it. I looked at it again and again—the line ran thus:—

"Come and see me, once more, Frederick—I am dying.

"EFFIE."

"What is the matter?" asked Henry and Florence in one breath. I pressed my hand over my burning eyes, and placed the billet in Selwyn's hand. He passed it to Florence. "I must go," I said, "as quickly as possible."

"Not to-night," said Florence.

"I must not wait a moment," I replied; "you shall hear from me soon;" and without another word, I left the house, and hastened to make preparations for my departure, and before midnight was on my way to my old home. I travelled as rapidly as possible, but the third morning after I had started, I found myself really sick—unable to rise from my bed. My brain was affected, and for a week I lay unable to move; but as soon as the disease left me, I rallied quickly, and proceeded as rapidly as my health allowed me. But this illness detained me some weeks from the bedside of my dying Effie.

Will it seem an inconsistency if I say that Effie was uppermost in my mind during this delay, and the queenly Florence scarcely ever was the subject of my thoughts? My heart seemed to dwell entirely upon my

early home—my early playmate—each grove and garden, and deep shadowy wood, seemed present with me—little Effie, as she was years ago, when she spoke of the weary, weary way over the wide waters—pretty creature—and I had broken her heart!

CHAPTER VIII.

"The spirit breaks that bendeth not,
Withereth—but upbraideth not—
And calmly takes its peaceful flight to Heaven."

WILLIS.

It was a chilly morning, early in March, as I entered again our quiet village. I alighted at the hotel, and proceeded on foot to our cottage, as I had done upon my first return from sea, with a buoyant, happy heart. Alas, now how changed all seemed to me! I had the same fancy I then had, to go first and visit the old tree which was so cherished an object in my young days—but how different were the motives that prompted me now! "I will go round by Effie's grave-garden," I said, "perhaps another mound is now thrown up beside our grandmother's—perhaps the snows of winter have rested on my Effie's grave. I approached the enclosure—all was silent. The one mound stood there in its loneliness, and a sickening feeling came over me as I saw another spot marked out, and bordered with flower-roots and shrubs, but the sod was unbroken. The snows were melted, and the timid green grass seemed "creeping, creeping everywhere." I felt that Effie had chosen this spot for herself, and must have planted these favorite roots in the autumn

time, that in the spring—alas! they might bloom upon her grave. I knelt upon the sod, and thanked my God that she was still living, or at least that the grave had not yet hidden her from my view. I then proceeded towards our cottage—I opened the door softly—Aunt Susan sat at the window with her knitting work in her hand. She looked years older to me than she did six months since, and there were traces of tears upon her face. She raised her finger as I entered, as if to implore silence, and pointed towards a little room that opened from the parlor.

"Yes, she is still living, Frederick; she is sleeping now—very sick—dying!" she said in answer to my questions; "but she feels that she must see you before she dies. We do not know what ails her," she continued; "she is in a consumption, the neighbors say. She was so sad for awhile, months ago, then grew pale and thin and weak; and now she only sits up a little while at a time, and she will soon rest in her grave-garden, Frederick!" and Aunt Susan looked so sad as the tears dropped from beneath her spectacles while she talked. Presently she arose softly, and crossed the room—unbidden, I followed her on tiptoe. She entered the little chamber where Effie slept, and gently removing the curtains, she beckoned me to approach. There slept my gentle Effie—but, oh, how sadly changed! The once rounded and rosy cheek—now so thin and hollow—and the long lashes seemed as if resting upon marble. The once rose-bud lips had lost their fulness, and the golden hair was all that remained as it was lang-syne—it lay about her like clouds of amber. I should have thought that I was looking upon some lifeless statue, were it not for the quick, irregular

heaving of the chest, and an occasional sob, as if from an over-charged heart. Beautiful, suffering, gentle, dying Effie! my tears fell fast as I gazed upon her. I stood looking at her a few moments, and suddenly she uplifted her heavy lids, and the full blue of her beautiful eye rested upon me. She started quickly—the life-blood rushed to her temples.

"Frederick! my Frederick!" she exclaimed, "mine still, oh, mine for ever!" As I leaned over, she threw her arms about my neck, and pressing her cheek against my own, she wept aloud. "They cannot take you from me, Frederick—mine in life, mine in death, mine in eternity. Come! we will be children again—so happy, so happy—we will gather flowers. There is no grave there, Frederick—only the old tree—no grave for the old, no grave for me, Frederick—the weary, weary sea shall not separate us, Frederick,"

She talked in this manner a few moments.

"My head throbs and burns. Oh, this can be but a dream, Frederick—will you come? oh, I shall die happy if you are by me—see here—this is the place—look! close by grandmother, is it narrow?—is it cold?—no—see the flowers—no coffin—no coffin—they will not lower me until Frederick comes—it is among flowers—our grave-garden, dear—see our flowers, Fred—the robins sing here—I shall not be lonely. Grandmother sleeps quietly—she has been laid here a long time—the violets and daisies look up from her grassy mound. Oh, cover me with the mould, that flowers may spring up above me—but not till Frederick comes—he will come—then the angels will bear me off—gently—gently—their arms are under me—oh, heaven will be so peaceful—no throbbing

head—no aching heart. I will go—yes—when Frederick comes." She rambled on awhile—her voice grew fainter and fainter—her arms relaxed their hold, and she seemed now sleeping as quietly as when I entered. I sat down beside her—I took one of her hands in mine—it lay like a rose-leaf in my broad palm—it was a very little hand—the delicate tracery of the veins through the transprent skin seemed like flower pencillings. Aunt Susan soon came, and softly closed the curtains, and I retired to my room—and there upon my bended knees, I prayed long and earnestly to my God and Saviour. I prayed that Effie might be restored to us—that my sins and transgressions might be pardoned for His sake who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. I arose, and feeling calm, I seated myself to write to Florence. I had not sent her a line since I had left her. I had been ill and troubled, and I wrote her a full letter—telling her of my illness—of the disordered state of my nerves, and of my arrival again at home, and of dying Effie. Having despatched this, my mind felt relieved, and I went again to the parlor.

Aunt Susan said Effie had been awake once since I had left the room, but seemed to recollect nothing of what had happened, and made no allusion to me. She said that Effie would often have those delirious turns and talk wildly, and when she awoke again, seemed to have no recollection of them. "By-and-by she will awake, and will sit up in her easy chair, and then you can sit with her, Frederick, while I go and see our minister's wife. She is sick—very sick—and Effie has needed me so much, I have had no time to go out: she is lonely if I go away; but you can sit by her—don't let her talk too long. The

Doctor says it will not hurt her, but I see it weakens her, and while she is awake she talks much. I read to her often in our blessed Bible, and she will sit and listen, and then will recite to me some beautiful psalm, or verses from the gospels, and she seems so happy—death has no sting to her now, for she is redeemed—Christ has purchased her, and made her one of His blessed fold."

Towards evening Effie awoke, and Aunt Susan went up to help her to rise, and having placed her by the window in a low chair, I heard her ask Effie if she would like to see Frederick, saying he had come at last. She answered quickly, I noticed, and Aunt Susan said, "he arrived when you were asleep, dear!" "Let him come to me, Aunt, dear, please!" "Yes, I will call him to sit with you while I go to see good Mrs. Morton—she is very ill."

Soon Aunt Susan came out, and in a few moments she allowed me to enter the chamber of my gentle cousin.

Effie smiled sweetly as I entered the room, and kindly held out her hand to me. I took the little treasure between mine, and kissed it gently: "Oh, Effie! Effie!" I said, as I pressed my hand upon my throbbing brow, "oh, Effie! and have I come to see you thus?"

"Hush! hush! Frederick; indeed I am better than I was—so happy, Frederick!" How pale was that sweet face—how calm and gentle! I looked upon her, and I felt as if I were looking upon the face of an angel. I pressed the gentle creature to my heart with all the ardor of other days, and again, and again I kissed the pale lips and the fair brow. "Oh, Effie! Effie! it is all my work—God forgive me—God forgive me!"

"You must not talk so, Frederick; I am weak and may not say much, but oh, let me tell you, that God overseeth

all things, ruleth all—permitteth all—doeth all—and can the Judge of the whole earth do wrong? Frederick dear—a few weeks since I thought I was dying; I wrote you a line. I felt I could not go without once more seeing you. God has, indeed, been very merciful to me, in permitting me to see you again. Perhaps this may be my last day on earth, I feel as though my hold upon life was so feeble. I had feared that we might not be permitted to meet again on earth. I prayed that I might see you once again, long and earnestly; and with the prayer still went up the petition that God's will might be done in this, as in all things—still the wish was stronger than the prayer; but I schooled my heart and learned in time to say, 'Thy will be my will, my Father!' for I had prayed that the will of God might be my will. It is hard to wish against ourselves—to give up our desires, lest they are not His will who ruleth all things. My prayer has been answered, and now I shall sleep quietly."

Long and earnestly did my gentle Effie talk—she spoke as one from whom all earthly passion had passed away—and no love but the love of Him who died to save, reigned in her heart. She spoke of her love for me as an idolatry, a sin against God, in wishing another than him to reign in her heart; but her lip quivered, and the tears stood as she spoke, as if that memory was painful. She spoke of Florence kindly and affectionately—she would not hear one word from me for exchanging such a heart as hers for a glittering toy like Florence. But mostly she loved to dwell upon her future. She spoke of the grave garden. "I have bordered a spot with flowers and shrubs, in which I wish to be laid, Frederick. Let me always have fresh flowers about me—come to me

sometimes, and sit upon the lowly mound, and think of our younger days, Frederick, when we were so happy—and then think of my glorified spirit with God and His holy angels; and strive so to live that we may meet in that world where partings are unknown. Christ Jesus died for me, yea, is risen again, that we might have life. Oh, Frederick, I am happy in my dying moments—God is so good to me."

"Frederick!" she at length said, "I shall not live to see the morning light—I feel it—I know it—stay with me while I pass through the dark valley, and see that death has no sting since the Saviour has died." I looked upon her—her eyes so bright—the rich hectic tint upon her cheek, and I felt that yet she might be spared. Suddenly a faintness seemed to come over her, and I took her in my arms and laid her upon the bed. I rang for the servant—Aunt Susan came quickly in.

"Dear Frederick! dear Aunt Susan! I am dying—you think it is not so—but I shall not live until nightfall—and I shall be glad to rest at last in the bosom of my Saviour. Frederick! oh, Frederick! best beloved still—God bless you! I feel now as warm a love for you as long ago—but we part to meet again. Do not—do not wander from the path that leads heavenward." She spoke kindly to Aunt Susan, who stood weeping beside her—she took my hand between her dying hands, and uplifting her eyes to heaven, she prayed that God would bless and keep me, and bring me at length into her Father's house. As she uttered this last prayer, a slight shudder passed over her frame, and the pallor of death settled upon her features—one quiver of life—and all was over.

I was as one petrified. I fell upon my knees beside her—I sobbed aloud, I called upon her—I prayed that she might be restored to me; and in my agony, I wished that I too were dead—but I arose from my knees, and looking upon the lifeless form before me, so beautiful in its stillness and perfect beauty—a smile of Heaven's own light resting upon the features—I gazed and became more calm. Oh! what self-reproach was mine—what remorse—what agony of heart, to feel that I had broken that gentle heart—that I had brought that young head to its early grave. That I, who had given her my love—who had been her hope in life—and who should have been her comfort and support, had cast her from me—had trodden that tender heart under my feet, and had valued that priceless treasure so slightly.

I retired to my room, and sat for hours in a state of moody despair. When all was silent again, I descended to the chamber of death. I softly opened the door, and closing it after me, I entered the silent room. There was a chilly feeling in the air of the apartment, and a shudder came over me as I saw the stiffened form of the gentle Effie outstretched—each outline so distinctly visible through the white sheet that covered her. I lifted it from off her fair form, and there she lay—so cold and stiff, and yet so beautiful!

My candle cast a dim uncertain light about everything, and made the shadows of the furniture upon the wall seem tall and ghastly, and I looked about me with a sickening feeling of almost boyish terror—but turning to gaze on my dead treasure, I was calm again. I took the lifeless hand in mine—how changed had it become in a few hours! Now so like a marble block—then like a rose-

leaf—so soft and fair. I kissed the marble brow, and shuddered at the coldness. I smoothed back the sunny hair, and sat and gazed on her. I knelt beside her, and long and fervently did I weep and pray—oh, how earnestly! I know not when I lost my consciousness—but that I must soon have become insensible, I do not doubt—for when I recovered my recollection I was in my own room—upon my own bed, and Aunt Susan and the servant girl were watching over me. How the day passed until the hour arrived when the gentle creature was to be laid in her grave-garden, I cannot say. I was hardly able to leave my room—yet as the time approached for the funeral, I reproached myself that I had been so heedless of others' comfort, and had left Aunt Susan, with such a sorrow at her heart, to perform so many sad duties alone.

I followed gentle Effie to the grave—the air was warm and soft, and bore promise of fragrance from flowers and woods. The procession was long—for Effie was dearly loved—yet that I heeded not. We stood around the open grave—the holy priest stood with his open book, and read of the resurrection and the life. There lay the coffin at my feet—its jewel hid within the casket—the open grave to receive her—the blue and blessed sky above us—the fragrant air—the suppressed sobs of the many mourners. The voice of the holy man ceased, and the coffin was lowered into its narrow home; the clods rattled upon the coffin-cover:—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust," then the words, "Looking for the general resurrection of the last day." Oh, how vividly does all this come to me! "Blessed are the dead," I said to myself, "'who,' like my gentle Effie, 'die in the Lord.'"

I returned home, and for weeks was stretched upon the bed of sickness. My brain was seriously affected, and Aunt Susan nursed be carefully. She has since told me that all expectation of my recovery was given up many times. As soon as I was able to read, she handed me two letters, which she said were received the day I was taken ill. I immediately recognized the hand-writing of Florence. I opened it quickly. Oh, how did its cruel words cut me to the heart! so cold—so sarcastic—so few!

She had received my letter, written about six weeks after I had left her—alluded to my unceremonious manner of leaving her—and concluded that my long silence was intended for neglect—that Mr. Selywn had been her constant companion, and he had a very rich uncle, and if I concluded to think that petite Effie must take all my thoughts and affections, she had concluded to give hers to Harry. The rich uncle thought not poorly of his taste—and they were very happy.

The other letter was from Harry himself—a pleasant letter, stating that he did not propose cutting me out, at all, but believed he was terribly in love; and without I came soon to claim a right in Florence, he should secure the prize, as she had about a hundred lovers, and had been engaged at least a dozen times.

I read these letters over, calmly and coolly; weak as I was, they really disturbed me very little. I asked for pen and paper, and penned a few lines in answer to each—apologizing for my delay—releasing Florence very readily to Selwyn, as he seemed her choice; and writing Selwyn that he was welcome to one whom I once had loved, but for whom now I had not one tender feeling.

I did not mention Effie—I would not let that angel name appear upon the pages. I do not know but I felt happier for all this—but still I was so wretched—I had no peace—no joy—no hope. As soon as I was able to walk, I proceeded to Effie's grave, and hours at a time have stretched myself upon that turf-clad bed, and wept and bewailed for utter despair and agony of mind.

One afternoon I was there as usual. As I sat upon the grave, it seemed as if Effie were with me again, and she soothed my tears, and asked why this mourning without hope. Was there not a blessed hereafter—might we not meet again? From that time I became calm. I prayed much and earnestly. I read God's holy word, and with my kind Aunt Susan for a companion, we would visit the sick and suffering, and there find consolation. Light seemed to dawn in my heart—my despair was turned into hope, and heaven seemed a goal for which I must press forward.

It became a calm pleasure to me at last, to go upon quiet evenings, and sit on Effie's grave—to think of her as an angel above me—still loving me. The flowers seemed to grow nowhere so freely as on Effie's grave; they bloomed and sent out their fragrance, and the robin hopped lightly over her; the squirrel paused in his merry play in that silent spot; the children of the village love to come there, and indeed it is a grave-garden; and at last the beautiful corruptible will be raised in incorruption, and the mortal, clothed in immortality, will walk forth at the general resurrection of the last day.

Reader! these are rough Leaves from my Life Book, and I have sketched them slightly—but to me they are sad heart-lessons. I am now in middle age, and still

have never thought to find one to take Effie's place in my affections. I had broken one heart, and I was pledged to take none other to my bosom. Aunt Susan sleeps in our grave-garden, and I am alone in the world—alone—though ever among many; and though I often mix with the gay and happy, and watch the light of soft blue eyes and the wavy beauty of golden tresses, I turn from them with a thought of her who sleeps her last sleep, far away—and whose young head I brought to an early grave, while in the freshness, and beauty, and loveliness of the fair spring-time of life.

Oh, may those who read my Life Book, as Harry Selwyn said, not have the breaking of such a gentle heart upon their conscience. Though time brings such wondrous healing, still it is ever with a sigh, and often with a tear, that the memory of early times comes up to me—and the thought of my future—my hope for heaven—my trust in Him who died for me—yea, rather is risen again—is all that supports through the rest of life's weary journey.

Napoleon.

BY MRS. E. P. HOWARD.

Napoleon! Napoleon!
Alas! that such as thou,
Whose intellect doth brightly beam
Upon a lofty brow,
Should wash thy hands in human blood,
To chase the phantom Fame;
And make this lovely earth a waste,
To win a martial name.

Brave Corsican! thou might'st have shone
With a far holier light,
Had not Ambition lured thee on,
To such a fearful height:
But once her slave, what reck'd ye then?
Within thy grasp a crown;
Thrones fell beneath thy conquering arm,
And empires totter'd down.

And she, the peerless Josephine,
Whose heart was all thine own;
Who ruled thy star of destiny,
And raised thee to a throne—

Why sighs she thus in widowhood,
While Austria's princess shares
The regal splendor of thy home—
The partner of thy cares!

Ambition—demon of thy heart,
Still urged thro' fields of gore,
To plant thy standard o'er the land,
Amid the cannon's roar:
And bade thee wave thy banner high
O'er Ocean's vaultless deep;
And cross the lofty Alpine heights,
Thy sword in blood to steep.

Aboukir saw thy valor yield,
And Lodi's Bridge, thy power;
And Moscow's blaze lit thy retreat
From many a lofty tower.
Dark Beresina's rolling flood
Gave rest, that thou denied,
To thousands of thy soldiers true,
Who sank beneath its tide.

And Waterloo—the closing scene
Of horror, and of war,
Is chang'd for prison far away—
Dim is Napoleon's star!
Art not thou, Josephine, aveng'd?
A sea-girt isle his home;
A barren rock his resting place;
Lash'd by the ocean's foam.

We may not write thy epitaph,
Thou brave, but erring one!
The widow's and the orphan's tears
Proclaim the deeds thou'st done!
Thee, Heaven's high chancery alone
Shall judge when time shall cease!
Now, in thy own lov'd France again,
Rest, if thou canst, in peace!

B.P.L. Bindery,
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